THE LITERARY DIGEST

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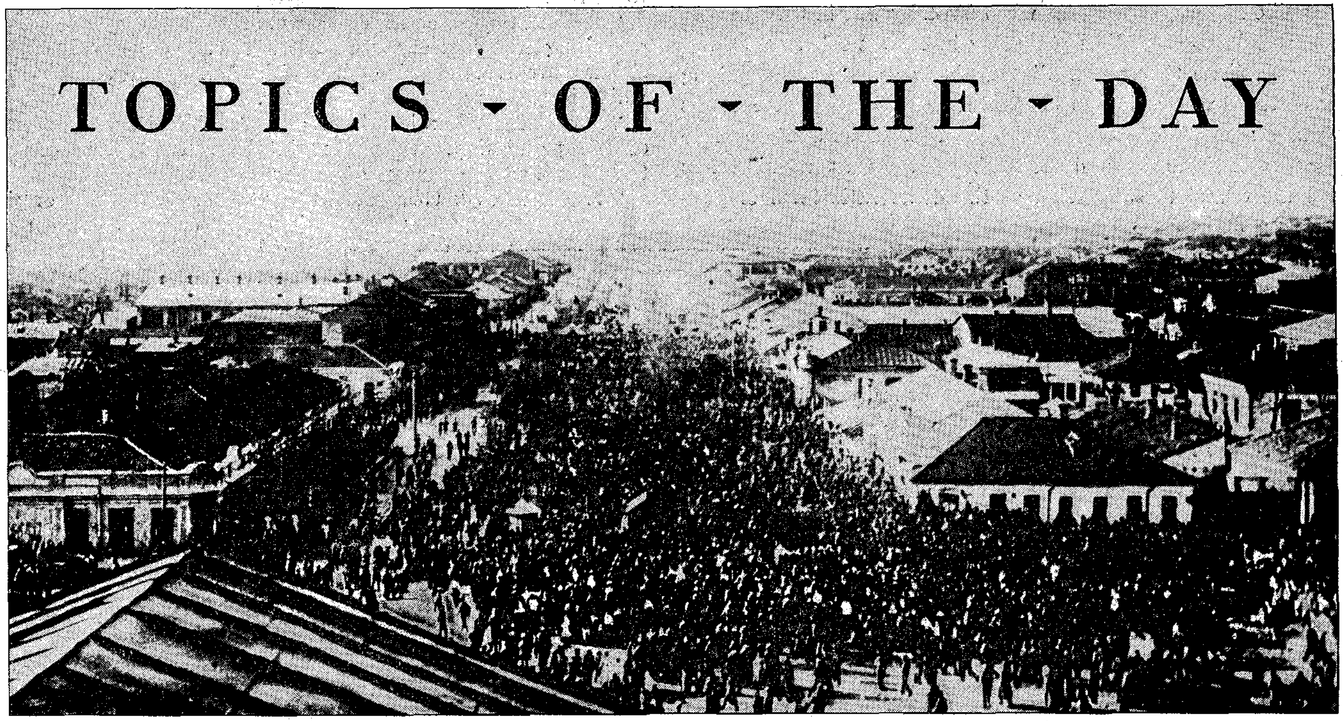
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY



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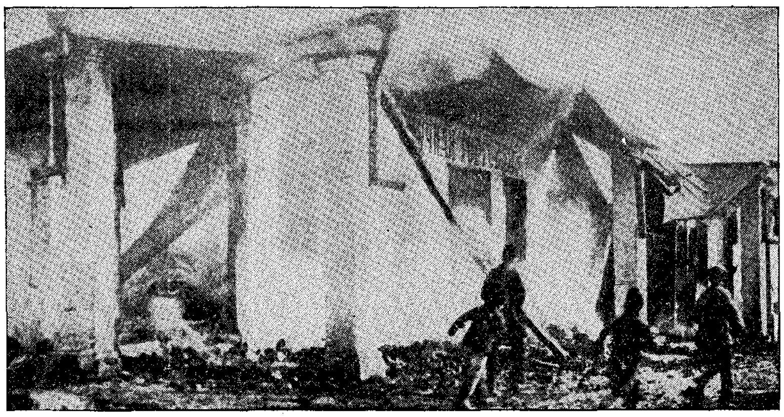
ARE WE TO HAVE SCENES LIKE THIS IN AMERICA?

A murdering, pillaging Bolshevik mob taking possession of a Russian city.

BOLSHEVIKI IN THE UNITED STATES

THE OVERTHROW OF EXISTING GOVERNMENTS everywhere in the interest of Bolshevism, according to Senator King, of Utah, is the rather grandiose idea behind the world-wide propaganda emanating from the Russia of Lenine and Trotzky. And so seriously is the Senator's warning taken by his colleagues that they have ordered a thoroughgoing investigation of Bolshevik activities in the United States. The Bolsheviki, as ex-President William H. Taft reminds us, "are crusaders, pushing their propaganda in every country, seeking to rouse the lawless, the discontented, the poor, the lazy, the shiftless to a millennium of plunder and class hatred." And the idea which animates them, remarks a writer in *The New Europe*, is "the negation of all those political principles which the modern world has acquired through the crucible of three great revolutions, in England, in America, and in France." For liberty, the same writer adds, the Bolsheviki substitute terror, and for equality and fraternity, class hatred and the dictatorship of the proletariat. "Bolshevism," believes the Los Angeles *Times*, "is a right-here-now American menace, and the sooner the American people wake up to this fact the quicker the problem will be solved." And in support of this view our attention is called to such recent manifestations as the revolutionary strike in Seattle, where the strikers tried to take over the government of the city and were only prevented by the sanity of union labor and the courage and firmness of Mayor Ole Hanson. In Canada, also, according to the head of the Canadian Department of Public Safety, there is a large Bolshevik element which, if not dealt with promptly and fearlessly, "will almost of a certainty lead to trouble which may assume most serious proportions and consequences." In Canada, according to this authority, Bolshevism is affiliated with the Social Democratic party, as in the United States it is affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World. Bolshevik propaganda here has "assumed sinister and dangerous proportions," according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who quotes "Administration authorities" to this effect, and who calls attention to "a notable increase of 'parlor Bolsheviki' who are



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IN THE SAME CITY—A FEW HOURS LATER.

defending the principles of Bolshevism and who are agitating in an effort to force the Government to recognize the Bolshevik régime in Russia."

The Augusta *Chronicle* confesses to a "sense of impending calamity" when it contemplates the evidences of the spread of Bolshevism in this and other countries, and the Manchester (N. H.) *Union* thinks that "not a minute too soon has the United States Senate authorized an investigation." The Nashville *Banner* recalls that when Trotzky was in this country he once advised a radical gathering in New York to "destroy this capitalistic Government." "Nobody who knows anything about the matter doubts that Russian Bolshevism, and its German equivalent represented by the adherents of the late agitators Liebknecht and Luxemburg, aims at nothing less than the complete subversion of the democratic form of government which we have in the United States," affirms the Boston *Transcript*, which adds:

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BOLSHEVIK PRISONERS UNDER AMERICAN GUARD IN SIBERIA.

> "So long as the Government of the United States stands, the schemes of the Bolsheviki—of those who would replace the rule of all with the rule of a single class—will be mocked before the world. Our freedom and the general welfare under the representative system are the strongest possible refutation of the Bolshevik theory. Therefore, get us out of the way! That is the Bolshevik motto. The results of this Senate investigation will tend to show how many there are among us who want to destroy the system for which our fathers first, and now our sons, have died, and must suggest the adoption of means to forestall their attempts."

The purpose of the Senatorial investigation is to determine, according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun*—

> 1. Who is paying for propaganda for the overthrow of the United States Government and the substitution of a *Soviet* Government.
> 2. What steps the Government has taken to combat this propaganda.
> 3. What laws Congress should enact to clean out the Bolsheviki.

It has often been charged that the whole Bolshevik movement in Russia was in the interest of, and instigated and financed by, Germany, the idea being to reduce Russia to chaos and helplessness in order that Germany might ultimately reorganize and control it. In the United States also, according to one of the first witnesses called before the Senate committee, German gold has been stimulating the Bolshevik campaign. The testimony of Dr. William C. Huntington, former commercial attaché of the American Embassy in Russia, and of Prof. Samuel M. Harper, of Chicago University, a specialist on Russia, is thus summarized by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune:*

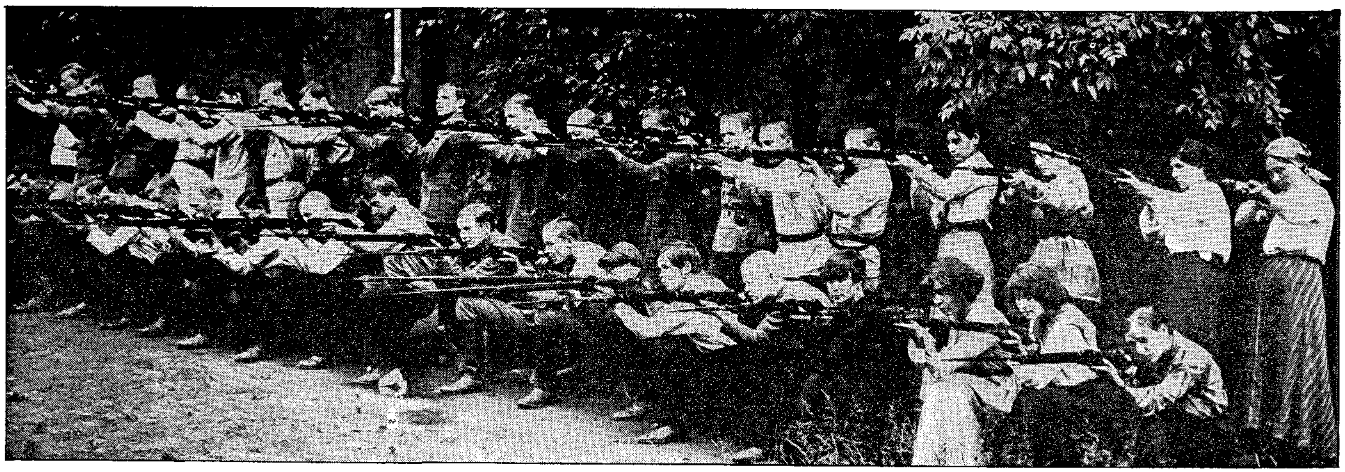
> "The American people have been systematically deceived by propagandists as to actual conditions in Russia.
>
> "Great sums have been sent from Russia to pay for this propaganda. A single shipment of $10,000,000 was named.
>
> "In some cases, at least, the Bolshevik propaganda has had very recently direct support from the Germans.
>
> "The Bolshevik Government has failed morally, politically, and economically, not only as regards the better class of the people, but as regards the masses in whose benefit it is supposed to be run.
>
> "The country is, contrary to some recent reports, rapidly approaching complete chaos, and it is likely that starvation and sickness are overwhelming whole cities behind the veil of secrecy which is covering Russia this winter.
>
> "The Bolshevik rulers have alienated the larger proportion of the population, and are maintaining themselves only by terrorism and the control of transportation.
>
> "The Bolshevik Government in practise is existing only by denial not only of all the recognized principles of free and decent government, but of the principles which it has itself maintained."

Another witness, the Rev. Dr. George A. Simons, who from 1907 to October, 1918, was in Russia as head of the Methodist Episcopal mission and college there, brought out the fact that Russian Bolshevism was largely a product of New York's lower East Side, and that its leadership was almost entirely Jewish. Last December the *Soviet* of the northern commune in Petrograd, said Dr. Simons, consisted of sixteen Russians and 265 Jews from New York. Among other things to which he testified, according to the *Tribune's* report, were:

> "The strong enmity toward religion of any kind which is shown by the Bolsheviki.
>
> "Treatment of women in a manner to bear out many of the most shocking stories that have come out of Russia.
>
> "The friendly relations between Germans and Bolsheviki, including mutual aid and the destruction of Russian industries by Bolshevik agents, apparently in furtherance of Germany's plans for industrial and commercial domination of this country.
>
> "Plans of the Bolsheviki to propagandize the whole world. The participation of certain Americans in Bolshevik affairs, and the friendliness with them of Raymond Robins and John Reed.
>
> "Use of terrorism to maintain a small minority in power, with new incidents of the horrors of the Bolshevik rule, including the starving to death of thousands.
>
> "Presence among the Bolshevik leaders and agents of many of the worst kind of criminals.
>
> "Presence among them also of many people who had belonged to the proscribed classes, who are waiting an opportunity either to escape or to overthrow Bolshevism.
>
> "Activity by agents so obnoxious and cruel that there is a growing fear of a terrific pogrom when the terrorists are overthrown."

And in the same dispatch we read further:

> "Dr. Simons explained carefully in his statement that he was not anti-Semitic, that many of his best friends were Jews and that he knew the great majority of the Jews, both here and in Russia, were utterly opposed to the Bolshevik program and were ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with others in fighting the red flag. He knew there were hundreds of rabbis ready to help, he said, and in his addresses around the country on the subject he had been greeted by many Jews who thanked him for telling things which they declared they knew to be true and which they felt the public should know.
>
> "It was generally believed, Dr. Simons said, that many of the Bolshevik leaders had changed their names in an effort to make



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A BOLSHEVIK RIFLE-CLASS ABOUT TO GRADUATE AS SHARPSHOOTERS.

Bolshevism appear a Russian movement. He declared he did not believe it would have been possible for it to succeed without the help from New York.

"With the Bolsheviki in power, he said, many of their agents, among them some of the most cruel, were Jews. The country had been flooded with proclamations in Yiddish, which had not been liked by the Russians. Altogether such a storm of hatred against the Jews had been brewing that hundreds had said to him:

"'We know this is not a Russian Government. It is German first and Jewish next. Very soon there is going to be a big pogrom.'

"So wide-spread was this feeling, he added, that many of the people who had told him this and who happened to be Jews, were sending their wives and children out of Russia.

"Some highly educated Russians, generals, intellectuals and people of that class, he said, believed that there is a secret society—made up of apostate Jews—aiming at domination of the world by Bolshevik methods."

Bolshevism, Senator Weeks confidently affirms, "will have no force in this country once the evil is understood by the rank and file of Americans," and the Boston *News Bureau* is also sure that "there is no fertile soil here for the new noxious weed to sweep." There is no occasion for panic or alarm, agrees the Chicago *Daily News*, and in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* we read:

"There may be in the future, as there have been in the past, sporadic assertions of the doctrines of lawless force, but they will not be such as can not be controlled readily by the police power of government. It would be foolish to magnify such disorders as 'Bolshevism.' There have been various times in our history when we had more Bolshevism in America than we have now. We had more in the days of the sansculottes and Denis Kearneys. We had more in the days of the great Chicago strike, more in the days of the Coxey armies, and more in the days of the soup-kitchens. We did not call it Bolshevism then, because there was no such convenient and mouth-filling word. But it was the same sort of insurgency against good citizenship and established order, the same sort of ferment of violence and anarchy that we call Bolshevism to-day.

"Bolshevism has no root in America. It does not take hold and thrive in American soil. Indeed, the Bolshevism of Russia is largely a transplant from America, which may germinate Bolshevism, but does not develop it.

"The I. W. W. represents organized Bolshevism in America. And we have certainly shown that we know how to handle the I. W. W. It is growing more rapidly inside than outside our penitentiaries. . . . . . .

"Bolshevism may germinate in America, but in order to develop, it must be transplanted to some land like benighted Russia, where more than 70 per cent. of the people are oppressed peasants, where nearly 70 per cent. of the people are illiterate, and only 4 per cent. attend public schools.

"There is no real Bolshevik menace in the United States."

In the meanwhile William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, and Prof. George Davis Herron, formerly of Iowa College, have been appointed American delegates to the Princes' Islands conference with the Russian factions, and a new hope for light on the Bolshevik problem takes shape.

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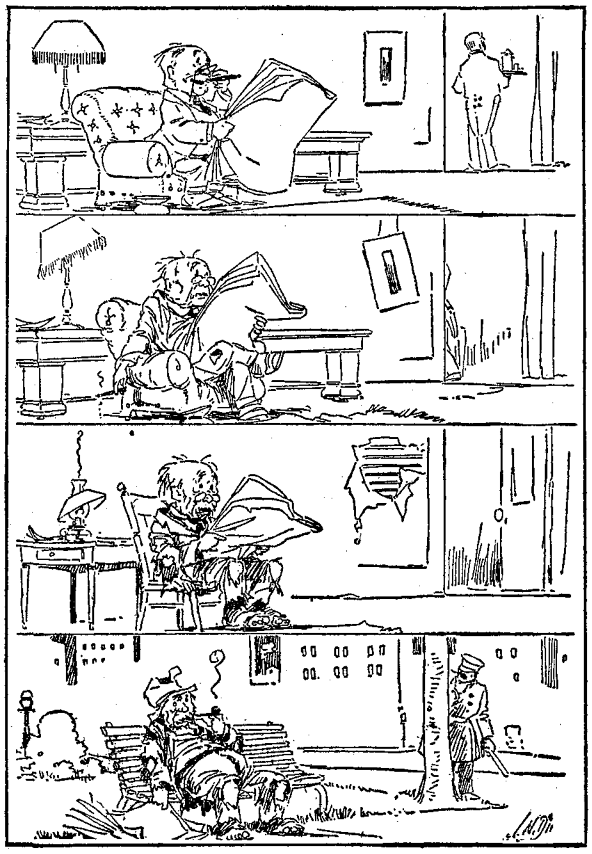
BOLSHEVIK SOLDIERS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MOSCOW.

TAXES THAT COMPEL THRIFT

MILLIONS MUST AGAIN ECONOMIZE sharply either to save the money to pay taxes or to pay the tax-increased prices on necessities. Last year all were glad to sacrifice to win the war. This year naturally, if not logically, several editors remark, people do not feel the same way about a war already won. They will pay cheerfully, but, say such dailies as the New York *Journal of Commerce*, they will insist that a Government that forces them to practise thrift must practise that commendable virtue itself. Here is Congress calling for a tax nearly two billion dollars larger than last year's, hitting twenty million incomes and every pocketbook in the country, and yet Congress, says the New York paper, "is apparently in the humor to appropriate money for many projects that are of questionable desirability in and of themselves, and that at the present time simply constitute a serious load upon a treasury already overburdened." The one thing this gigantic tax law "preaches in solemn language," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "is the necessity of rigid governmental economy from now on. The authorities at Washington must cut out every dollar of unnecessary expenditure henceforth or be prepared to face the wrath of the people." Of course, says *The Sun*, no taxpayer, to parody an old phrase, "e'er felt a revenue halter draw with good opinion of the law." But it notes several reasons why this tax will be welcomed with less enthusiasm than most. For one thing, everybody is going to feel it, directly or indirectly. Then—



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HAVE YOU BEEN READING THE PROVISIONS OF THE NEW INCOME-TAX LAWS?

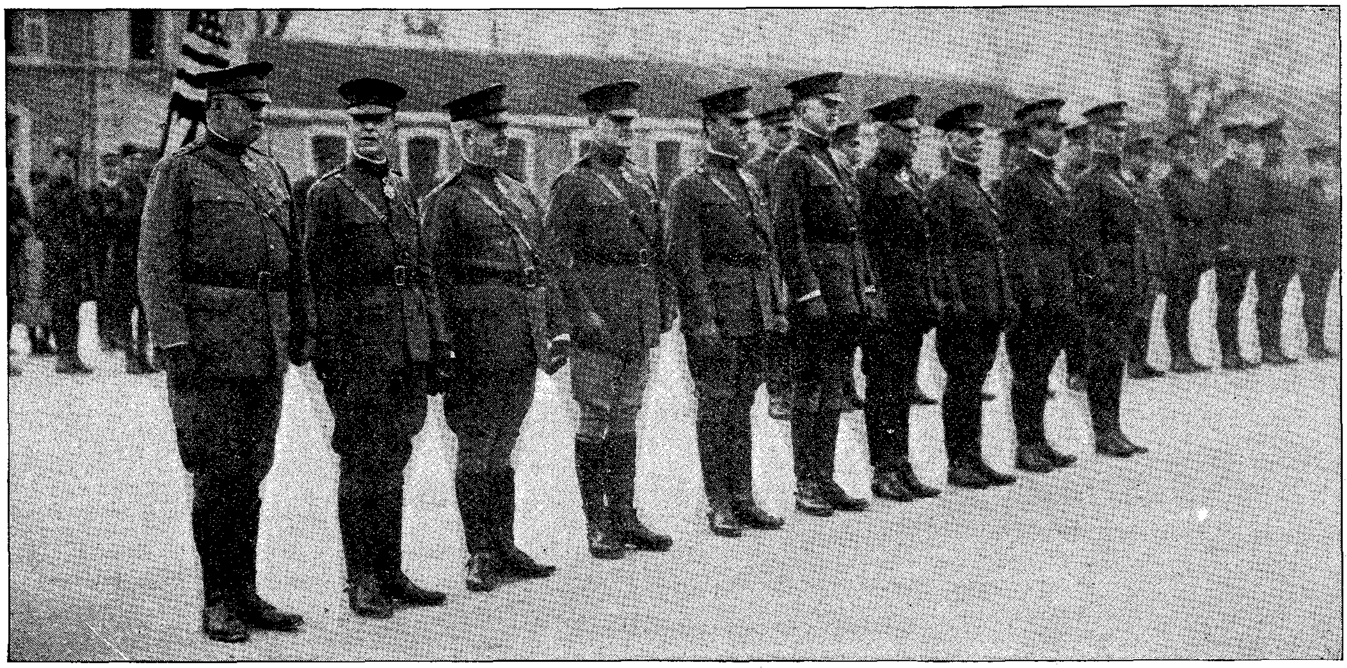
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> "In the second place, there is an illogical feeling that war-taxes should cease with the war. The fact that we have war-bills and war-expenses still to meet is not taken into account by this sentiment, but the sentiment nevertheless exists.
>
> "In the third place, the process of manufacturing the bill has disclosed very plainly that it has not been manufactured scientifically, and that it is the product, to some extent at least, of compromises and bargains, of sectional favoritism and class discrimination. Constructed in this way, it was bound to be more or less of a makeshift."

Yet another Baltimore paper, *The American*, and a Republican paper at that, thinks that while the new tax law is "something of a sockdolager," yet it does, nevertheless, lay the enormous "burden of obligation where it can best be borne," protecting the small-income man in his income and making corporations pay double and other forms of big business proportionately. The man of small income will also be pleased, other writers note, by the reduction of the letter-postage rate to the old prewar basis. Soldiers will probably like the pay bonus of $60 given by this law to every man leaving the United States service. Reformers will rejoice that the law has a clause intended to tax child labor out of existence, and prohibitionists have one more drop of joy added to their already overflowing cup in the extension of the Reed bone-dry law to the District of Columbia. On the other hand, Federal officials may not like to see their salaries made taxable, merchants object to the tax on luxuries, and periodical publishers are chagrined to find that the influence of Mr. Kitchin and his friends in the House was strong enough to defeat the Senate's intention of repealing the obnoxious second-class postage zone-rates.

Pleasant or unpleasant, observes the New York *Evening Post*, it is something of a novelty for a war-tax law, passed three months after the end of hostilities, to call for 40 per cent. more revenue than the previous law, enacted while the war was still on. But *The Evening Post* explains the anomaly by noting that "the taxes imposed by the new law are designed to provide for government expenditure during the whole twelvemonth period beginning with last July, of which period nearly five months marked the prodigiously increased outlay at the climax of our own country's effort in the war." And, it may be added, the taxes for 1919 are laid on 1918 incomes; it is provided that 1919 and 1920 incomes are to be taxed at a lower rate. If the law represents an increase over the existing taxes, it is a reduction from those proposed by the House in September. The revenue law of 1917 is supposed to have raised about $4,370,000,000. The September House bill called for $8,182,000,000. The expected yield of the bill just passed is $6,086,000,000. In extending the life of the new law for two additional years a reduction of the annual levy by about $2,000,000,000 was provided for. Of the six billions to be found to pay the expenses of the fiscal year ending June 30, $2,500,000,000 will be raised, it is estimated, from war- and excess-profits and nearly as much from incomes. The rest of the money will come from taxes on estates, transportation, beverages, tobacco, admissions to amusements, so-called luxuries, and from stamp taxes and a variety of miscellaneous levies. The profits tax is extremely complicated and, as a New York *Times* correspondent puts it, "is bound up in a tangle of technicalities." The income tax, as one correspondent puts it, "hits every man with a living salary." The normal tax on 1918 incomes is 6 per cent. on the first $4,000 of income and 12 per cent. above that. Surtaxes begin at $5,000 and reach 65 per cent. on incomes over $1,000,000. There is an exemption of $1,000 for a single person, $2,000 for a married person, and $200 for each dependent child.

The new revenue bill has had a somewhat remarkable history. Early last summer the Secretary of the Treasury, backed up by the President, called for the enactment of a new taxation measure before the issue of the Fourth Liberty loan. But the House Ways and Means Committee took its time and the bill was not passed by the House until September 20. Then the Senate Finance Committee took up the measure and reported it on December 6. It was passed by the Senate on December 23, and was then held up in conference, before being passed in its final form last week by both Houses, for nearly seven weeks. The independent New York *Evening Post* says of this last delay: "It is well understood that for this needless procrastination the credit belongs to Chairman Kitchin of the House Committee, who insisted on holding up the entire measure unless his own view of the zone-rate on second-class postage were accepted."



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AMERICAN GENERALS MADE COMMANDERS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

From the reader's left to right they are: Lieut.-Gen. Hunter Liggett, commanding American First Army; Lieut.-Gen. Robert L. Bullard, commanding American Second Army; Major-Gen. James W. McAndrew, Chief of Staff, A. E. F.; Major-Gen. James G. Harbord, Commanding General, S. O. S., who commanded the Marines at Château-Thierry; Major-Gen. Charles P. Summerall, Fifth Army Corps; Major-Gen. John L. Hines, Third Army Corps; Major-Gen. Edward M. Lewis, Thirtieth Division; Brig.-Gen. Michael J. Lenihan, of the Seventy-seventh Division; Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell, commanding Air Service, Army of Occupation in Germany; Brig.-Gen. Frank Parker, of the First Division (Regulars).

HOW WE TURNED THE MEUSE HINGE

WHEN THE TIME CAME to turn the Hun out of France and Belgium, there was assigned to the United States Army, as the all-important hinge of the Allied offensive, the task of breaking the German lines of communication through Mezières and Sedan. It was done in just eleven days. In this brief time we had, after some of the hardest fighting of the war, in General Pershing's words, "cut the enemy's main line of communication, and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save his army from complete disaster." The enemy had thrown in forty-four divisions against us, and had lost 468 guns and 16,059 prisoners on this front. Five days later the Germans gave up and accepted the Allies' armistice terms. How this great American feat of arms was accomplished may now be clearly understood by a rereading of the American commander's report as interpreted by the map on the following pages, which was sent to the editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST by General Pershing. Each day's progress of our forces and the positions of Germany's most important strategic defenses are clearly indicated. Moreover, every returned soldier who fought on this front and every relative of a hero of the Meuse or the Argonne will be able to trace the exact location on every day of the fighting of the division in which he is interested.

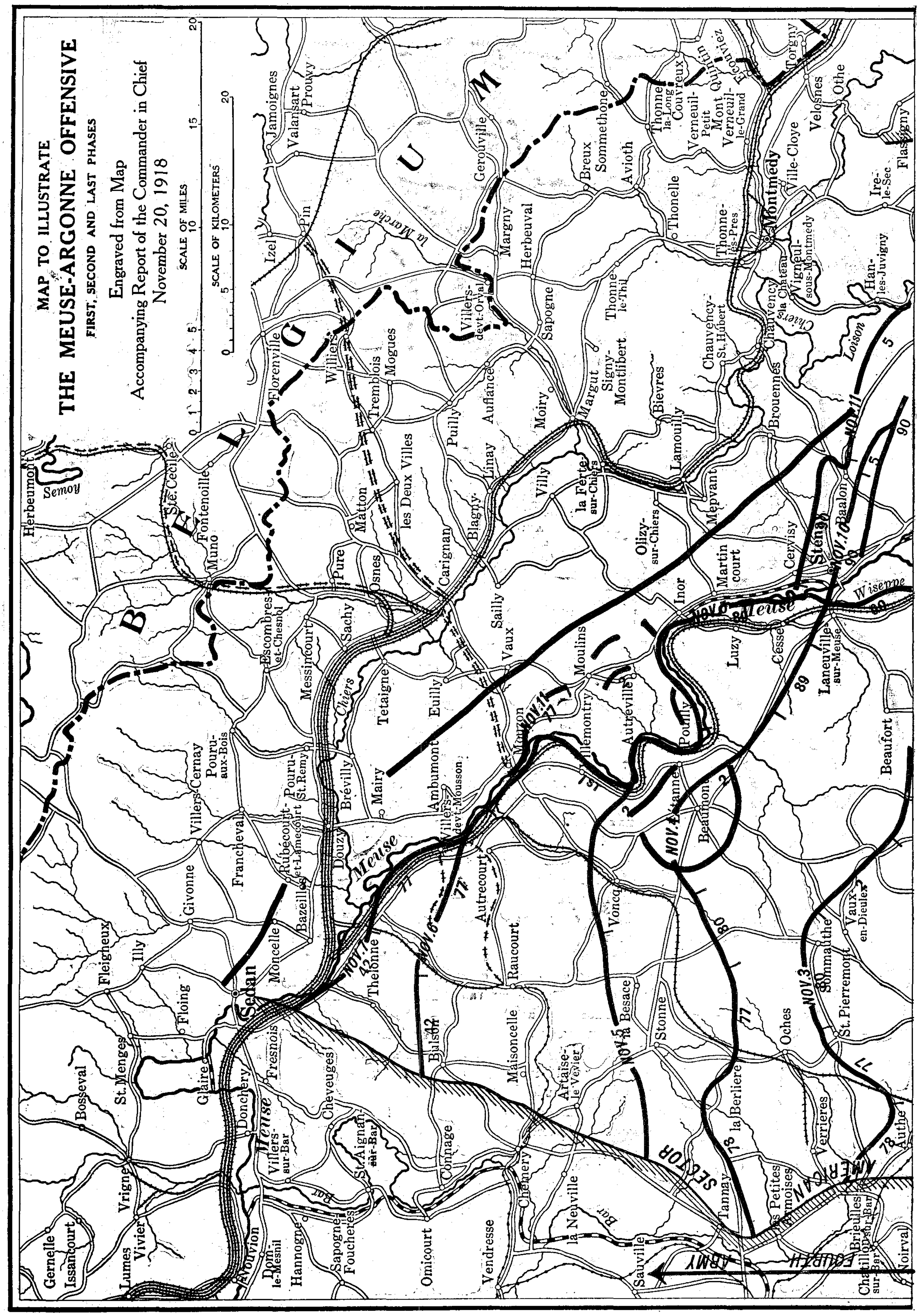
In his report to the Secretary of War, General Pershing says that by September 26 our Army was in position on the line between the Aisne and the Meuse, shown at the bottom of the map, its right flank protected by the Meuse and its left embracing the Argonne Forest, which reaches from Varennes to beyond Grand Pré. The order of battle from right to left was the Third, Fifth, and First Army Corps, each having three divisions as indicated on the map. It may be stated that other divisions were in reserve and were later brought into the battle, so that the battle-line at the end of the offensive was not composed of exactly the same troops as at the beginning. In all twenty-one American divisions were engaged: the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32d, 33d, 35th, 37th, 42d, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 82d, 89th, 90th, and 91st. Of these the 1st, 2d, 5th, 26th, 42d, 77th, 79th, 80th, 89th, and 90th were in the line twice.

The attack began on September 26, continuing on the 27th and 28th, against machine guns and artillery, "through the barbed-wire entanglements and the sea of shell-craters." There was an initial penetration of from three to seven miles, and the capture of some dozen villages. After the first dash ahead, our forces from September 28 until October 4 pushed forward against patches of woods and took jumping-off places for the next rush. This ended the first phase of the offensive.

At the beginning of the second phase, the element of surprize was absent and the Germans had brought up many reenforcements, including first-class troops, and was strongly entrenched in the almost impenetrable Argonne Forest. Every foot of ground was contested strongly, but by "the 10th we had cleared the Argonne Forest of the enemy." The strong Kriemhilde line, indicated on the map by the grouped German entrenched positions stretching from the region of Grand Pré eastward, was then taken by hard hand-to-hand fighting which drew in the best German troops and weakened the German line where the French and British were attacking.

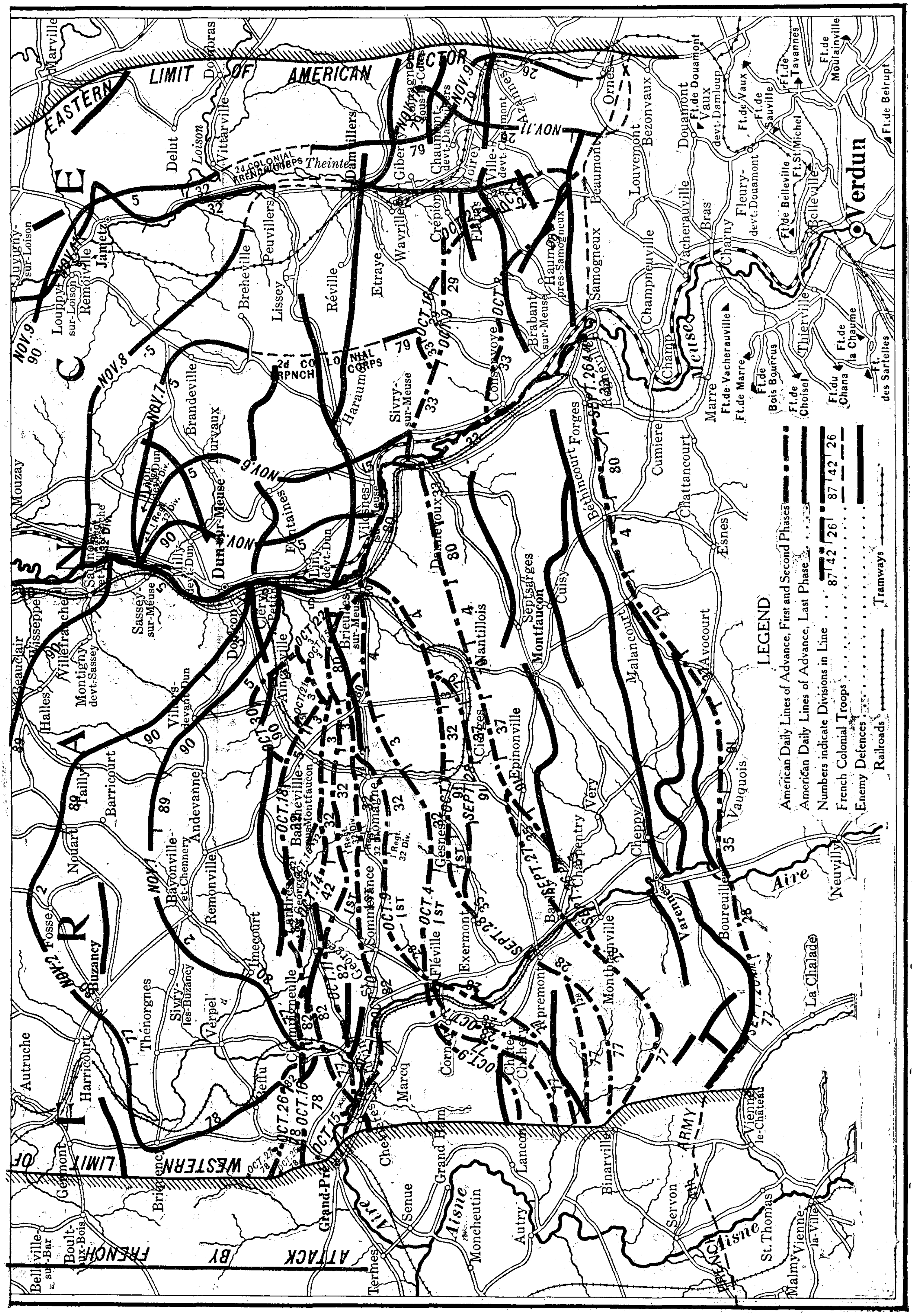
The enemy's morale now seemed to be declining, while our own men were gaining confidence and experience. On November 1 the third and last phase of this battle began. Our advance became more rapid. On the 5th the Meuse was crossed. "On the 6th a division of the First Corps reached the Meuse opposite Sedan, twenty-five miles from the line of departure," and, as General Pershing says, "the strategical goal which was our highest hope had been gained."

On the last four days of the war, an advance was made east of the Meuse, as may be seen on the map, in the direction of Montmedy. It was planned to use the American Army in a great advance toward Longwy and the iron-fields of Briey, to be followed by an offensive east of the Moselle, isolating Metz. Accordingly, says General Pershing, the attack was in progress "on the morning of November 11, when instructions were received that hostilities should cease at 11 o'clock."

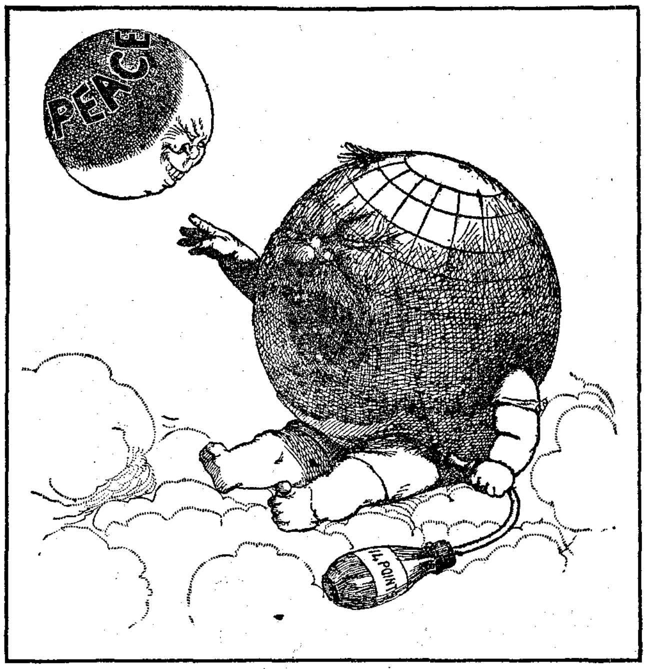


MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE
FIRST, SECOND AND LAST PHASES
Engraved from Map
Accompanying Report of the Commander in Chief
November 20, 1918

SCALE OF MILES
0 1 2 3 4 5 10 15 20
SCALE OF KILOMETERS
0 5 10 20
BELGIUM
Semoy
la Marche
Chiers
Meuse
Wiseppe
Loison
Bar
Sedan
Montmedy
Stenay
Carignan
Mouzon
Beaumont
Stonne
la Besace
Raucourt
Thelonne
Bulson
Chemery
Sauville
Tannay
la Berliere
Oches
St. Pierremont
Sommauthe
Vaux-en-Dieulet
Beaufort
Laneuville-sur-Meuse
Luzy
Cesse
Inor
Martincourt
Cervisy
Baalon
Mouzay
Pouilly
Autreville
Villemontry
Moulins
Olizy-sur-Chiers
Margut
Villy
la Ferte sur-Chiers
Linay
Blagny
Pure
Osnes
Matton
Messincourt
Douzy
Bazeilles
Givonne
Illy
Floing
Fleigneux
St. Menges
Glaire
Donchery
Fresnois
Vrigne
Vivier
Bosseval
Lumes
Gernelle
Issancourt
Dom-le-Mesnil
Nouvion
Hannogne
Villers-sur-Bar
Cheveuges
St. Aignan-sur-Bar
Connage
Omicourt
Vendresse
la Neuville
Artaise-le-Vevier
Maisoncelle
Autrecourt
Remilly
Villers-devt-Mousson
Ambumont
Mairy
Brevilly
Tetaigne
Euilly
Vaux
Sailly
Sachy
Escombres-et-Chesnois
Francheval
Villers-Cernay
Pouru-aux-Bois
Pouru-St. Remy
Rubecourt-et-Lamecourt
Moncelle
Muno
Fontenoille
Ste. Cecile
Herbeumont
Florenville
Williers
Tremblois
Mogues
les Deux Villes
Pully
Auflance
Moiry
Sapogne
Signy-Montlibert
Bievres
Lamouilly
Mepvant
Brouennes
Chauvency-le-Chateau
Chauvency-St. Hubert
Thonne-le-Thil
Thonne-les-Pres
Thonnelle
Avioth
Breux
Sommethonne
Gerouville
Margny
Herbeuval
Villers-devt-Orval
Izel
Pin
Jamoignes
Valansart
Prouvy
Vigneul-sous-Montmedy
Han-les-Juvigny
Iré-le-Sec
Ville-Cloye
Velosnes
Othe
Torgny
Verneuil-Petit
Verneuil-le-Grand
Thonne-la-Long
Couvreux
Mont Quintin
Ecouviez
Flassigny
Verrieres
Authe
Noirval
Brieulles-sur-Bar
Chatillon-sur-Bar
les Petites Armoises
Sapogne-Feucheres
NOV. 3
NOV. 4
NOV. 5
NOV. 6
NOV. 7
NOV. 10
NOV. 11
1st
2
5
42
77
78
80
89
90
AMERICAN SECTOR
FOURTH ARMY


EASTERN LIMIT OF AMERICAN SECTOR
WESTERN LIMIT OF FRENCH ATTACK BY 4th ARMY
FRANCE
Verdun
Meuse
Aisne
Aire
2d COLONIAL CORPS
Dun-sur-Meuse
Montfaucon
Grand-Pré
Buzancy
Stenay
LEGEND
American Daily Lines of Advance, First and Second Phases
American Daily Lines of Advance, Last Phase
Numbers indicate Divisions in Line . . . 87 42 26
French Colonial Troops
Enemy Defences
Railroads
Tramways

FRENCH MISGIVINGS



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YOUNG HOPEFUL WILL NEED LOTS OF PATIENCE.
—Morgan in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

As President Wilson turns his face homeward with the League of Nations assured and the peoples of Europe enthusiastic converts to his vision, it is only in France, apparently, that he leaves misgivings behind him. The great expectations with which the world awaits the testing and development of this new device against war have already been reflected in these pages. It is interesting, therefore, to note the doubts that still disturb some of France's leaders, where she stands guard, to use President Wilson's phrase, "at the frontier of freedom." Premier Clemenceau and some of his associates feel that the League lacks "teeth" with which to enforce its will, and that if we depend too blindly upon international idealism the result may be Germany once more in the saddle and again dreaming dreams of world-conquest. Specially significant, the correspondents agree, is the French Premier's remark that "while the war has been won, it would perhaps be more accurate to say that there is a lull in the storm." There still remains, he points out, "a chaotic but fruitful Russia, from which great help may be drawn by the Teutons." "Approximately 250,000,000 people are comprised in the Teuton countries and Russia," notes Mr. George W. Wickersham in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Tribune;* and he goes on to ask:

"Can the new Society of Nations, as the French call it, protect the rest of Europe from the menace of these vast numbers? France is asking herself this question. France, as Mr. Wilson said in his speech in the Chamber of Deputies, still stands at the frontier of freedom, and beyond her, to the east, the future is full of questions. It is also full of menace, and France, knowing that upon her would fall the first blow of the new aggression, can not entrust her sole defense to the unborn Society of Nations. . . . . . .

"One fears that we may see in Russia, and perhaps in all Eastern Europe, a repetition of Mexico. France fears that. So do others. The only hope of protection through the League of Nations lies in making it in very fact an offensive and defensive alliance, swift to strike if one nation shall break the peace of the world, and armed and ready to make the blow effective. If not, France must remain always on a war-footing, allied with England, and prepared if need be to fight to the death."

Turning again to Premier Clemenceau's frank statement to an Associated Press correspondent, we read:

"With the British Army demobilized, the American Army back home, and France isolated, there might be a danger of a reopening of the military debate by Germany which might embarrass us were it not for the assurance which President Wilson gave us in the Chamber of Deputies the other day that under the operation of the League of Nations 'whenever France or any other free people is threatened the whole world will be ready to vindicate its liberty,' so that 'there never shall be any doubt or waiting or surmise.' This has given us great solace. And so we bid the departing American soldiers godspeed and a happy return to their peaceful firesides.

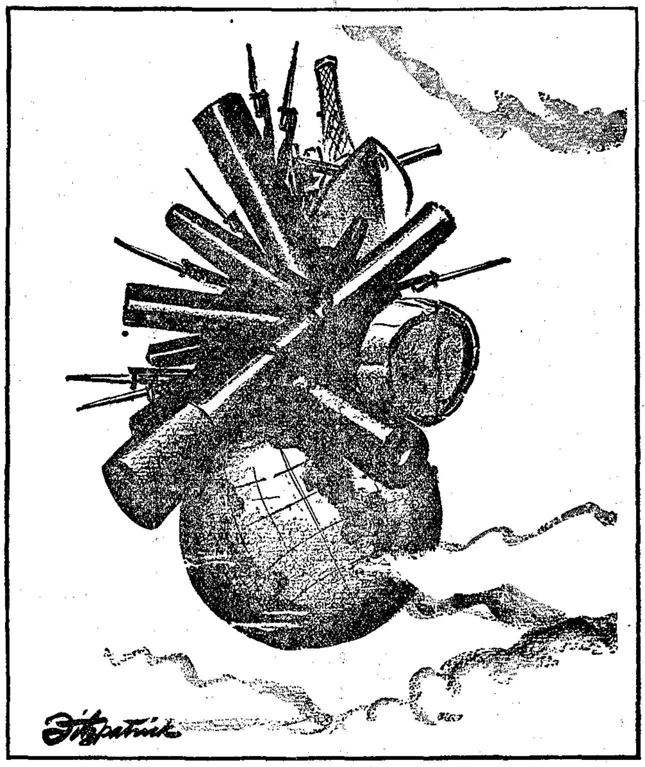
"Of course, a Society of Nations in which America and France enter must be supported profoundly by the conviction of their peoples and by a determination of each nation entering into the agreement to be willing to renounce its traditional aloofness from other peoples and willing to employ the national strength outside its own country, in time of peace as well as under the pressure of war.

"All of our plans are based upon the splendid platform laid down by President Wilson. In perfect harmony with the principles which he has enunciated, we are striving for higher and holier idealism in the conduct of affairs of the world. Divested of all mercenary aspirations, we join heartily and unreservedly in the effort to make a better world and one of simple justice to all mankind."

Hailing this statement of the Premier's as "an act of ardent patriotism," the editor of the Paris *Figaro* remarks that "the Allies must be told that the victory bought with so much blood and sacrifice will remain a precarious one if they do not know how to complete it," and that "Germany must be shown that she can no longer deceive us, and that it is our firm intention to make peace, also, to the finish." This distinguished editor and Academician goes on to say:

"President Wilson's position in our democracy is that of a magnificent sovereign, and it is extremely perilous. One has heard of no man in contemporary days who possesses more authority and more power. Popularity has given him what divine right did not always confer on hereditary monarchs. On the other hand, by the process of reaction his responsibility is greater than that of any absolute prince.

"If Wilson succeeds in organizing the world according to his dreams, his glory will dominate the heights of glories. But it must be frankly said that if he fails, he will plunge the world into a chaos of which Russian Bolshevism is but a poor image, and his responsibility before the conscience of humanity will surpass that which can be borne by an ordinary mortal.



BALANCE OF POWER.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

"It is the international ambiguity around President Wilson which fatally brings these thoughts. Ambiguity is the only word for it. It consists in this, that our vanquished enemies appeal to his idea to contest the reality of our victory and to-morrow will evoke his name to refuse us its fruits.

"At the Bern Conference, the center of opposition to the French interests, our opponents have falsely evoked Wilson's declarations and his principles. There, therefore, exists Wilsonian ambiguity, which weighs heavily on the situation. In particular it weighs heavily on France.

"What is President Wilson's apparent method? It is to subordinate conditions of the peace to a Society of Nations and only to decide on them after defining the constitution of that society. There is not one sign which announces this event with any certainty. During this delay Germany organizes herself, becomes stronger, acts on our disagreements, and prepares to throw in the balance the sword which we did not completely break down.

"The most threatened country, the one which runs the greatest danger from this move, is France. In case public opinion in the United States does not see the danger, it is probable that England and Italy will begin to think about it.

"'Civilization defends itself on the Rhine,' the English said. They will not disown these words. As long as there remains undissipated this ambiguity, which in itself contains so many disasters, confusion of minds will persist and peace will hang on a thread."

France further calls our attention to Germany's failure to comply fully with the armistice terms, with the growing note of assertiveness in the tone of Germany's spokesmen, the increased activity of her propagandists, and the recruiting of a new Hindenburg army while the Allied armies are rushing their demobilization. A Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* quotes a "high authority" as saying—

"The Germans are beginning to forget that they are beaten. They are apt to forget that we are in a state of war. They have been slow in handing over transport and other things and are causing a great deal of difficulty.

"We are demobilizing fast; they are not continuing to demobilize. There is danger of Germany saying: 'We do not care anything about your League of Nations, and we have got our troops.' Unless a change takes place we might be faced with a situation in which Germany, as regards the number of men in the field, will have three men as against the Allies' two."

In this connection we have also the testimony of Hugo Haase, the German Independent Socialist leader, that von Hindenburg is concentrating a great army in eastern Germany. Before leaving the Socialist congress at Bern for the Weimar National Assembly Herr Haase said, as quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"Under the pretense of defending the Prussian border against the Bolsheviki and the Poles, a volunteer army of 600,000 is being organized by Hindenburg in Pomerania and eastern Prussia. In reality there is no menace of invasion by the Bolsheviki or the Poles which warrants the concentration of so large a force. Hindenburg's headquarters are at Tolberg, on the Baltic coast, one of the chief strongholds of Junkerism, militarism, and Pan-Prussianism."

Signs of a growing confidence on the part of Germany are to be found in Chancellor Ebert's denunciation of the armistice terms, and his warning to Germany's opponents "not to drive us to the uttermost." Mathias Erzberger also is quoted as declaring that "Germany would not renew the armistice if the new provisions are too severe." And in a cabled dispatch from Paris to the New York *Times* we read:

"France fears that what the French call the too easy-going methods of dealing with Germany will embolden that country to come to the Peace Conference later, not as a conquered nation, but as an unbeaten country, making vociferous claims for 'rights' and 'immunities' which France is determined she is not to have.

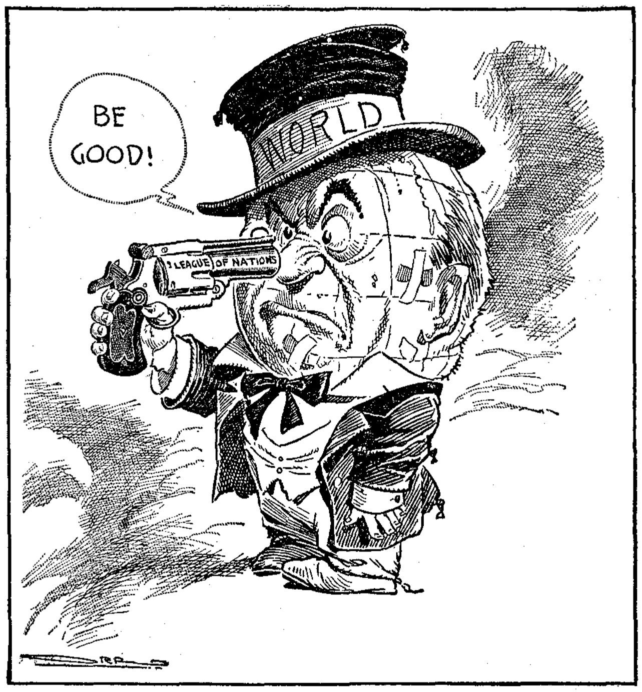
"It is feared, furthermore, that if Germany can have her own way during the armistice period, evading the terms and getting stronger and more confident every day, she will be able to take the next step and get what she demands in the peace treaty. Then, say the French, fighting would be resumed, not in a few weeks or months, but in a few years.

"But the French do not wish to risk serious discontent at home by ceasing to demobilize because of danger across the Rhine. They prefer to get the same results by reversing the process and putting into the new terms of the armistice a rigid provision that Germany shall demobilize.

"When fighting ceased, on November 11, Germany had 121 divisions fighting. She is now supposed to have about a hundred under arms. The French would feel safe if Germany could be compelled to reduce these to twenty-five divisions."

The New York *World* argues that "whether there is to be peace or a lull in the storm will depend largely upon the American people." Says this strong Administration paper:

"If, in spite of their bitter and costly experience, they persist in believing that what happens in Europe is no concern of theirs, the armistice that was signed on November 11 is merely a truce of indefinite and uncertain length.



SAYS HE TO HIMSELF.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

"The political and social foundations of Europe were never before so unstable. The masses of the people who bore the burdens and sacrifices of this war can not be satisfied with a conventional peace. Unless this was a war to end war and bring a sense of security to them and their children, they will feel that they have been cheated out of the victory that they gained. They are not likely to be cheated unless the United States cheats them by refusing to recognize the moral obligations that it has incurred. If that happens, there will be little confidence left in American good faith, and much reluctance ever to depend on it again.

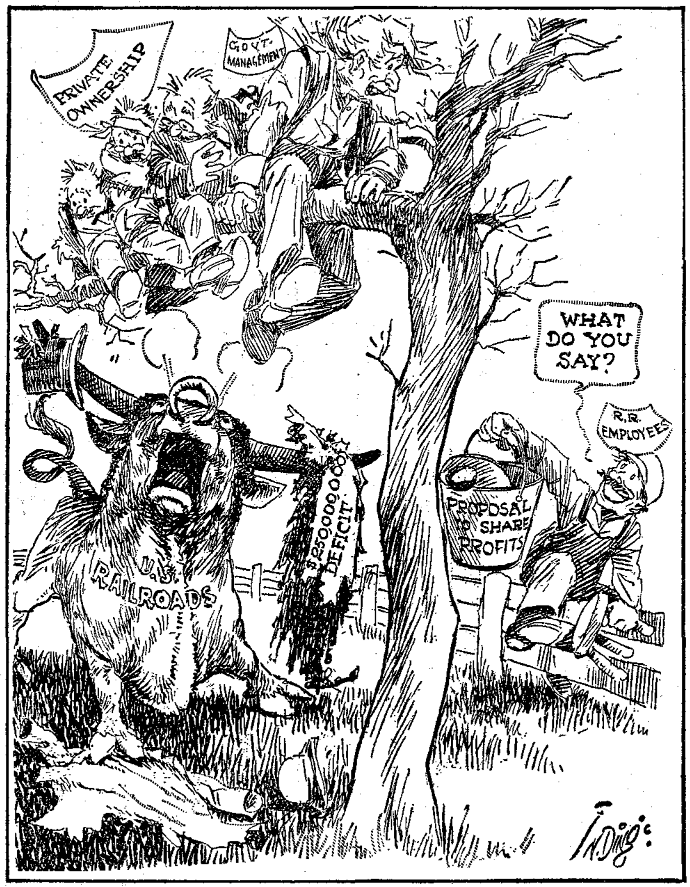
"Unless the terms of peace can be guaranteed nobody can foresee what the next ten years will bring forth in a Europe that is already economically desperate. There can be no League of Nations unless the United States participates. The Senators who declaim against participation on the part of this country always assume that the advantages would all be reaped by others and that none of the benefits would come to the United States. Economically we have quite as much at stake in the permanent peace of Europe as anybody else, and in respect to national security it is by no means certain that we have nothing at stake, assuming, even, that the United States is prepared to arm to the teeth in self-defense.

"Premier Clemenceau is right in refusing to regard the present truce as carrying any elements of stability in itself. Whether it is a peace or a lull in the storm must depend upon the attitude of the American people toward a league of nations and their willingness to assume whatever obligations such a compact makes necessary. They hold the key to the situation, and if they follow the leadership of the Senate malcontents in preference to the leadership of President Wilson they will find that the isolation they demand is neither magnificent nor safe. There is no security for anybody in shirking."

LABOR'S BID FOR THE RAILROADS

IF NOBODY ELSE WANTS THE RAILROADS—the present owners seeming to be as reluctant to resume complete operation and control as the Railroad Administration is to advise government ownership, at least for some time to come—then the men who run the trains are willing to assume the burden. The idea of handing the railroads over to the men who do the work on them is called "Utopian" by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and is classified by the New York *Evening Sun* as simply one more "contribution to the gaiety of nations." But other editors take the suggestion a little more seriously, and the New York *Globe* is inclined to think that at this time "it is a distinct gain when any group appears as candidate for a lease" of our $18,000,000,000 worth of railroad property. The railroad Brotherhood men believe it would be a distinct gain for every one concerned to put into operation a plan which, to quote a summary of their arguments before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee appearing in a Washington dispatch, "would provide cheaper financing, give stability of income to security-owners, promote efficiency of operation through sharing of profits, remove railroad operation from partizan politics, compose conflicts between Federal and State authorities, keep rates at a minimum, eliminate complications in rate schedules, and provide a means of making communities benefiting by extensions pay for them."

This plan, which seems so full of promise to its sponsors, was drawn up by the four big railroad Brotherhoods—engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen—and has been indorsed by the ten railway labor-unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The idea, we gather from the Washington dispatches, is that the Government buy the railroads. If it paid for them at the $18,000,000,000 book valuation, the annual interest charge at five per cent. would be $900,000,000, approximately what is now being paid as annual rental for the use of the lines. If it paid only the $12,000,000,000 which the spokesmen of the Brotherhood consider a fairer figure, an operating income of $685,000,000—the 1918 figure—would mean a considerable profit with interest charges at $600,000,000. But with either arrangement these practical railroad men think they could run the roads at a profit. They would have half of the profits go into the National Treasury and the other half divided among officials and employees on a pro-rata basis; any deficit would be met by increasing rates, or would be made up by the Government. They would have the roads operated as one system by an operating corporation, which would hold in trust a revolving fund of $500,000,000 for working capital, to be administered by a Board of Directors representing officials, employees, and the public.



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IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE THAT KIND OF ANIMAL.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

The fundamental argument for this plan is that the wages paid to railroad labor are now $2,600,000,000 a year, whereas interest and dividends paid to security-owners are only $700,000,000. The railroad workers assert, therefore, that since labor's interest in the railroad budget is several times greater than capital's, labor has more right to demand control.

It seems to the New York *Globe* that "the experiment of managing the railroads on a huge cooperative basis by the skilled men who work them would be well worth trying." *The Globe* feels certain that competent managers could be found in the workers' ranks, and concludes that "if operation and ownership were joined, and the benefits of savings accrued to the operators, many savings would be made."

But the New York *Times* finds what it considers a strong argument against the plan in its being "not responsible." That is, "it is not accompanied with any engagement on the part of labor that it would invest its life and toil in the enterprise," that it would "stand by the railways through stress and storm as capital investment must and is doing." Unless labor is willing to do this, the proposal that it should be allowed to operate the railroads must be taken, *The Times* concludes, "as an example of psychopathic conflagration rather than as a business plan."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

IMAGINE a country of habitual ebriates.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE indemnity will put a crimp in the spy fund.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

THINK of all the Daughters of the Revolution Europe is going to have.—*Detroit News.*

JESSE JAMES had an efficient little Spartacus group while it lasted.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

EVEN the Prohibitionists would like to see food-prices take a drop or two.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN Europe plans to start something hereafter it will "see America first."—*Columbus Citizen.*

ADVICES from Portugal say Coimbra is quiet. This puts Coimbra in a class by itself.—*Detroit News.*

THE boys over there who had an ambition to cross the Atlantic still have the same ambition.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

PORTUGAL is another instance of trying to be a republic without the little red schoolhouse.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

IN the monarchical algebra "ex" equals nothing.—*Arkanzas Gazette.*

WE are about to enter the golden age of buttermilk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

How can the Huns trust one another to count the ballots?—*Greenville Piedmont.*

GERMANY thought of everything in advance except the fiddler's fee.—*Columbus Citizen.*

TOM and Jerry have secured positions in Mexico for the next winter.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

DISCHARGED American soldiers, seeking employment, can give Germany as reference.—*Toledo Blade.*

DON'T delay the cash to the boys in khaki. The dough-boy is worthy of his dough.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE Peace Conference will abolish war and then make new and more humane rules of warfare.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

THE distillers would do well to invest what they have left in Government bonds instead of in lawsuits.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

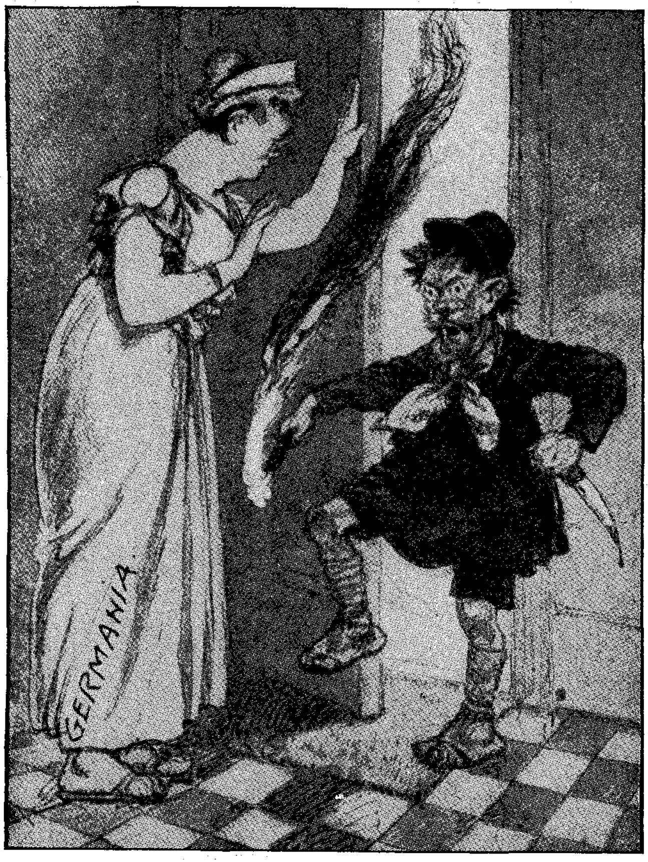
BRITISH LABOR-STRIKES AND BOLSHEVISM

STRIKE EPIDEMICS in the United Kingdom are attributed by some observers to Bolshevik infection by agitators and advocates of disorder and violence, whose aim is rather to paralyze industry than to secure justice for the worker. Industrial dislocation was bound to ensue upon the termination of the war, just as it occurred with the outbreak of hostilities, and various British editors stress this fact as they sympathetically urge upon the laboring classes the necessity of arriving at a readjustment through cooperation of the employer and the employed for the benefit of the nation as a whole. The London *Times* avows its faith in the ultimate triumph of a "common-sense" solution of the problem, tho it thinks "the trial promises to be severe." The London *Morning Post*, employing a nautical metaphor, describes British industry as sailing for nearly five years on the war-tack. Now it is luffing up in the wind to go about on the peace tack, and at this critical moment "part of the crew has struck for shorter hours and more wages, and at the same time the ship is being attacked by a gang of pirates in the form of Bolsheviki." Speaking of Bolshevik activities at Glasgow, this London daily tells us that the agitators are frequently not Scottish workmen, but Russian and German Jews, who are "obviously working for the destruction of British industry in the interest of Germany." What *The Post* and other papers suggest to British workers is that two roads lie before them, one of cooperation with their employers for the safeguarding of the industry whereby they both live, and the other the barren road of industrial conflict and anarchy. The one "leads to the security of their country, the other to its destruction."

The Belfast *News Letter*, published in one of the chief strike-regions, also notes the Bolshevik labor agitators in certain industrial centers, notably on the Clyde and in South Wales. At the same time it informs us that many men are striking "because they do not understand economic conditions," and suppose somewhere there exists an unlimited wage-fund from which they can obtain "whatever sums they choose to ask, and that it really makes no difference whether they work fifty-four or forty or thirty hours a week." We read then:

> "They have been encouraged in this delusion by the Government's method of settling disputes during the war. As soon as they struck, or gave notice that they would strike, Mr. Lloyd George or some other Minister intervened, and, after a brief conference, conceded all their demands. Increases of wages were the order of the day, and many workers do not see why this process, so agreeable to them, should not continue indefinitely. They forget that the industrial situation which existed during the war was artificial; that the nation was living on its capital; that the high wages were not paid out of the products of industry, but out of the taxes, present or future, and that if such conditions were to continue they would lead to national bankruptcy, a vast amount of unemployment, and misery for all classes, especially the workers and their families. We do not say that the Government is to blame for its action in yielding to every demand. The Empire was at war and in serious peril."

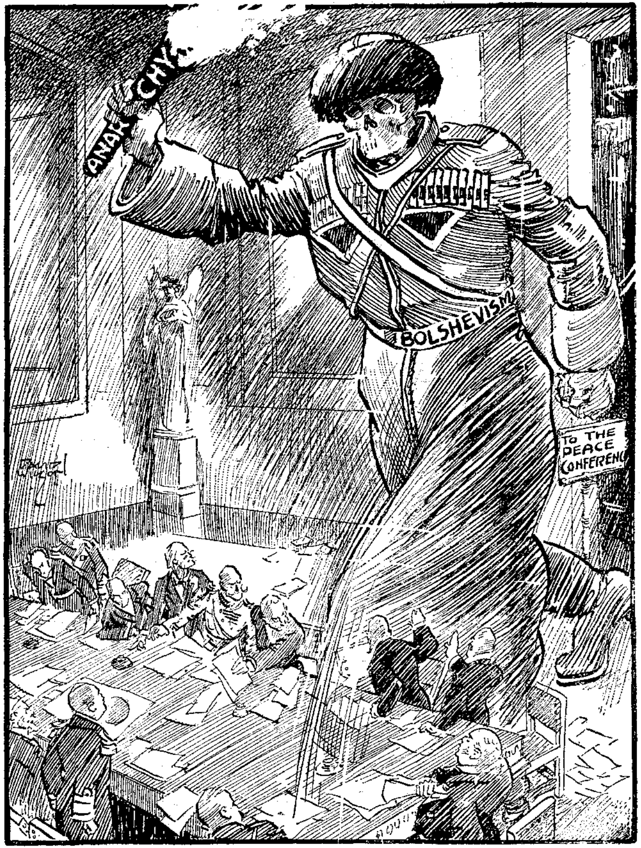
In the news columns of the London press we learn that the Bolsheviki believe they will be able to bring about a general



THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

FRAU GERMANIA—"Get out, you nasty boy."
BOLSHIE—"*Nein, nein,* I am your own child."

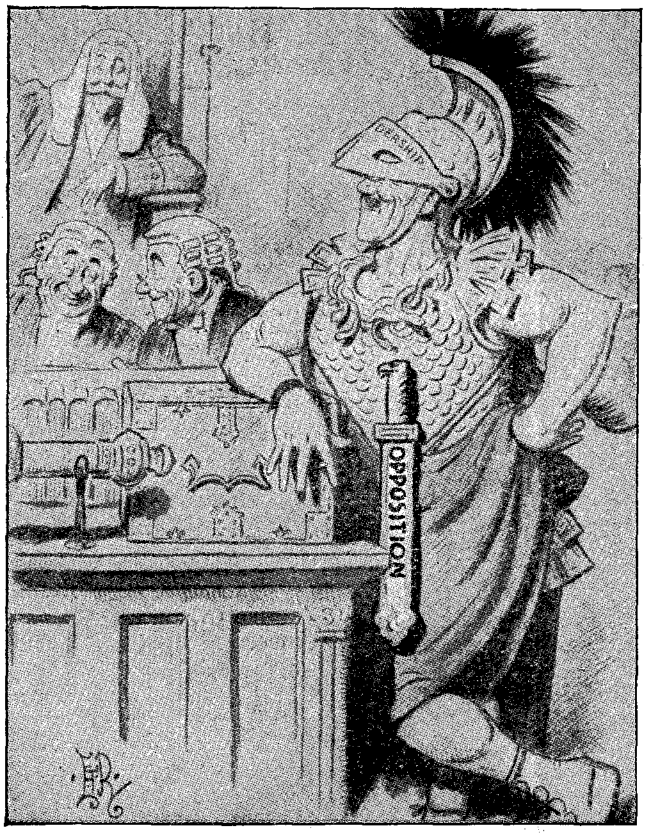
—*The Bystander* (London).



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

—*The Passing Show* (London).

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.



APOTHEOSIS OF VULCAN, GOD OF LABOR.

NEW LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—"Between you and me and the mace, Mr. Speaker, I can't exactly tell you whether I'm representin' 'Mars, the God of War,' or Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom,' but I found this kit lyin' around in Mr. Asquith's room yonder, and nobody seemin'ly to claim it, so I thought *I* might as well pop it on as anybody else!"

—*The Bystander* (London).

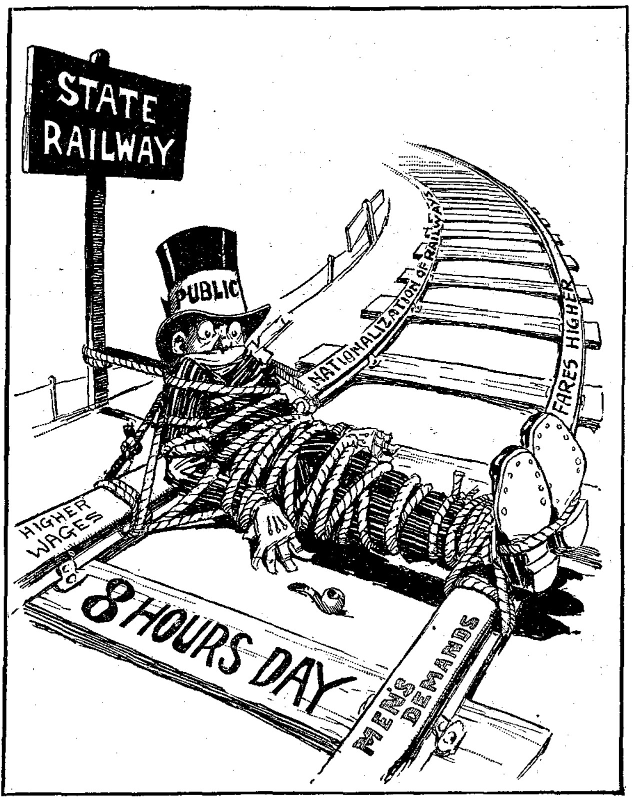
strike in the United Kingdom. This project was discust as the first definite step toward a revolution, we are told, by a conference of the "Hands off Russia" Committee, which stated in its official report that the conference was held for the purpose of insisting on the withdrawal of troops from Russia. But it was learned also by press representatives that in anticipation of a general strike the Bolsheviki appointed numerous secret committees to make arrangements for the supply of fuel and food to the rebels and their families and to withhold it from other sections of the community.

Bolshevism is "a policy of despair, to which the unfailing antidote is hope," remarks the London *Daily Mail*, which urges a national labor policy embodying stabilization of hours and wages and output for the whole of each industry and correlated to the interests of the community on a national basis by some representative body which shall command respect and assert authority. This journal quotes with approval the statement of the labor-leader, Mr. Clynes, that "the workingmen would be willing to go the way of common sense if they were rightly shown, just as they showed themselves willing to march to France." We need explanation and propaganda in peace as much as we need it in war, *The Daily Mail* adds, and the London *Daily Chronicle* pleads for the same "community of counsel, of experience, and of endurance that carried us through the war," and points out that—

> "Men who go about in public places ignorantly denouncing trade-unions, and exaggerating or misrepresenting the demands of this or that trade until these become fantastic, produce a dangerous irritation, and they ought to be proceeded against under some provision of the Defense Act, as offenders used to be for weakening the national spirit behind the cause of the Allies. On the other hand, preachers of strikes on every occasion ought to be dealt with more candidly and faithfully by the workingmen themselves, who, in the main, realize clearly enough that the nation, which substantially they are, stands to lose from any internal conflict much more than it can gain."

JAPAN AND THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

JAPAN HAS NO MORAL RIGHT to possession of the South Sea Islands taken from Germany and now under Japanese occupation, nor is any other nation entitled to ownership of this territory, according to Prof. Sakuzo Yoshino, of the Tokyo Imperial University, who, in *The Japan Advertiser* of that city, suggests a plan for control of the islands that is practically the same as President Wilson's, namely, that they should be placed in charge of a league of nations or an inter-Allied commission responsible for the education of the natives until they become civilized and competent to settle for themselves all questions of their future. If Japan should be this guardian, it is predicted, the islands might eventually be annexed by Japan. An official outline of Japan's intentions is given in Paris cables by Baron Nobuaki Makino, senior Japanese delegate to the Peace Conference, who says of the Marshall and Caroline groups of islands, peopled by wild and practically savage tribes, that Japan claims the right to "occupy these islands for purposes of peaceful development." Japan contends, and will continue to contend, that she shall control the islands north of the equator, and it is her conviction that "the handing over of the supervision of these islands would be a just recognition of what services we rendered in maintaining the commerce of the Pacific and assisting our allies in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean." An official statement of Australia's views is given in Paris also by Premier William M. Hughes, who maintains that of the former German island possessions Australia claims full control of all lying below the equator, except Samoa, which should go to New Zealand, and that part of New Guinea which is in Dutch possession. What Australia wants is a settlement of the Pacific island question by the Peace Conference, the Premier is further quoted as saying, "such as she is entitled to have, one that will insure her national safety and guarantee her industrial, social, and racial policies." Australia prefers not to accept the mandate principle, but if compelled to do so "it is imperative that we must make the same laws and have over the new territories the same powers as we exercise over Australia. Nothing less



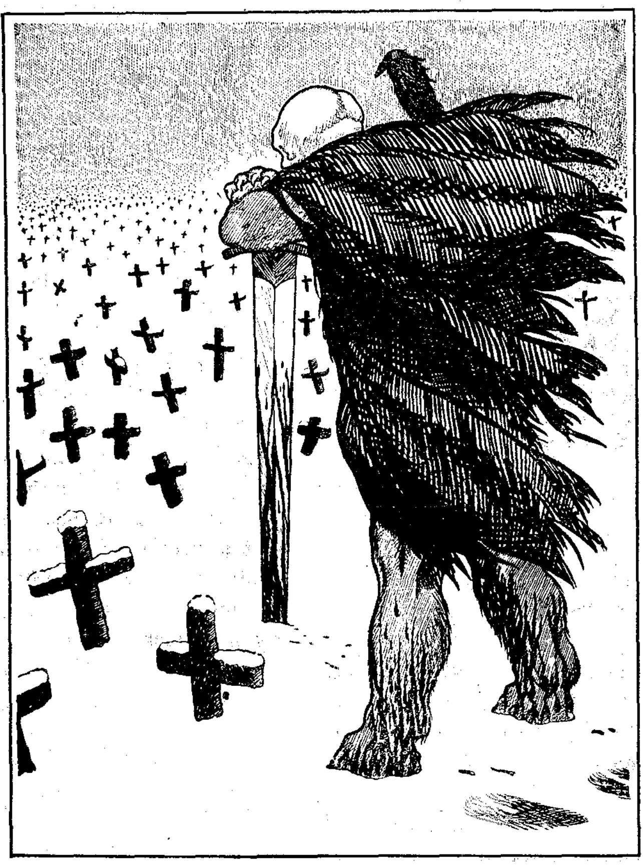
POSITION OF THE PUBLIC IN LABOR DIFFERENCES.

—*The Passing Show* (London).

will satisfy the Australian people." As to the future status of the German oversea colonies, despite various suggestions made by politicians and publicists in the West, Professor Yoshino believes the principle of "self-determination," advocated by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, is to become the foundation on which all questions regarding the reorganization should be settled. We read then:

> "In regard to these nations, my own suggestion is that they should be placed under the charge of a league of nations or an inter-Allied commission, which should take the responsibility of training these uncivilized populations until they are properly qualified to determine their future by their own judgment. In this case, it will be possible, or advisable, that the League of Nations should entrust Japan with the task of leading the inhabitants of the islands in the South Seas, but this certainly does not mean that the islands should become Japanese possessions."

But eventually they may pass under the rule of the Japanese, Professor Yoshino goes on to say, because "if they educate the inhabitants of these regions properly, under the moral supervision of the League of Nations, the population thus educated will, if well cared for, express its desire eventually to be annexed by the Power by which they are educated, when the world realizes that they can thus determine their own future." Professor Yoshino foresees a competition in colonial policies among the Powers entirely different from that of the past. The fundamental feature in this competition will be the education of the people in the colonies so that they become competent to manage their own affairs. Formerly, we are reminded, rivalry among the Powers in the development of colonies was based on the building up of commerce and industry. Under the new order of things, he points out that—



GERMANY'S SELF-CONVICTION.

WAR (casting up the account)—"And all these plus signs simply make one great minus."
—*Ulk* (Berlin).

> "If Japan be able to educate the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands rightly, giving them such civilization as to make them self-governing, when the time comes that other Powers recognize the ability of the inhabitants to determine their own future they declare that they are desirous of becoming part of Japan, to which they owe their civilization and prosperity, Japan will properly be able to say that she has made a great success. I am thinking always that the colonial policy of Japan, as well as that of all other Powers, should be changed as the result of the war, and in this respect I am confident that the questions arising regarding the settlement of the German colonies will prove helpful in bringing the Powers over to a new method and a new principle in their colonial policies."

As to the principle of self-determination generally, Professor Yoshino does not believe it should be applied to all nations or races, as the Russian Bolsheviki insist, but to those who were under control of the Central Powers before the war. We read then:

> "These nations, or races, are to be classified into two kinds: one, those who are civilized and competent to become independent nations, and the other those which are uncivilized, or at least only half-civilized, and consequently are not qualified at present to govern themselves."

A GERMAN PLEA TO MR. WILSON

PRESIDENT WILSON'S AID in the great task of shaping and strengthening the new-born European democracies is entreated by a writer in the Berlin Socialist *Vorwärts*, which may be considered now a government organ. This task proposed for the President is an immense one, but it is as lofty as it is immense, and the writer pictures the peoples of Old Europe and the world at large, the citizens of new republics and of republics yet to be, as standing in hopeful expectancy of Mr. Wilson's assistance. Only when all the European states are united under the banner of the united republics of Europe will a lasting peace in Europe be possible, according to the writer, who assures Mr. Wilson that "no living European statesman is of sufficient influence and ability" to accomplish the work to be done, because they all lack his detached position, "standing as an American above European rivalries, jealousies, and national hatreds." With the usual plea to America to save poor, innocent Germany from her savage enemies, the writer begins flatteringly:

> "It was wholly and solely the entry of the United States into the war which brought a final victory to the Entente. It is now the sacred duty of the United States to see that this victory does not degenerate into a debauch of cruelty, revenge, and oppression. It was the adoption of the high ideals set forth in your peace program by the new German democracy which brought German militarism and autocracy to the ground. And now the liberated peoples of Central Europe, Mr. President, expect you to carry out what you had promised them and what your allies had accepted as the basis of peace. The people of the German Republic look to you as the most powerful of statesmen to use that influence which to-day weighs more heavily than that of any other man, to establish the foundations upon which the United Republics of Europe may be built, thus giving existence to something which the fanatic nationalists in all lands have hitherto thought impossible. Let this high goal, Mr. President, be the aim of your coming years, a noble task at which you may labor with the most enlightened spirits of the New Europe. Soon your term of office as the President of the United States of America will expire. But there are new and even greater honors awaiting the man who will fearlessly and unselfishly devote himself to the welfare of his fellow men and not only of his compatriots, to the betterment of the world and not only of his own nation. This is the true message of socialism, and it is the only creed which can serve as an international religion. After the world has been made safe for democracy, it must be made better through socialism."

That the Germans merit assistance is the contention of the Socialist contributor to the *Vorwärts*, because the common German people, acting on "their sound democratic impulses, have made an end of their dynasties," and he proceeds:

> "The reign of the last Hohenzollern has ended in a colossal fiasco. The true blood of that grand hero, Frederick the Great, did not run in the veins of Wilhelm II. . . . Now there is no schoolboy in Germany who does realize that the romantic and feudal Kaiser was after all a weak and misled man, unworthy to rule over seventy millions of virile and enlightened people."

TO CURE AN ANCIENT CAUSE OF WAR

French official photograph. Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A HISTORIC WAR-PHOTOGRAPH.

General Franchet d'Esperey (in the long coat, with sword), Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in the Balkans and conqueror of Bulgaria, makes his official entry into Constantinople, coming from Saloniki on the French cruiser *Patrie*. He is met by General Allenby (in the short coat), conqueror of Turkey, who is accompanied by the Chiefs of Staff of the Turkish Army and Navy.

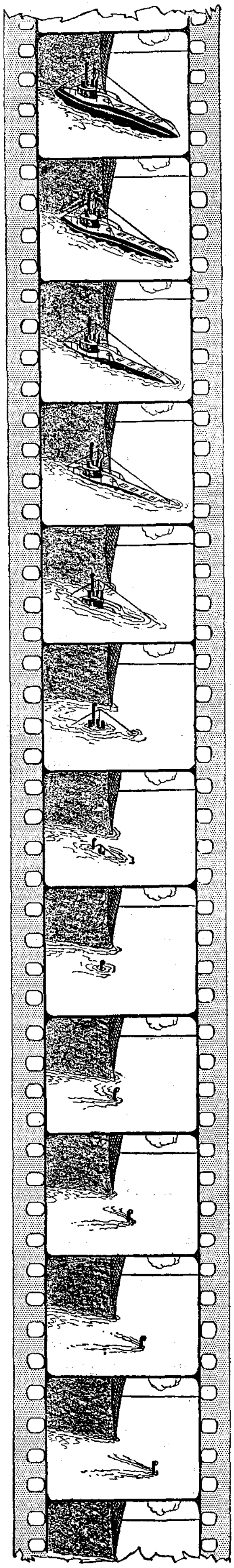
A ROOT OF WAR will be left in the Near East unless European reconstruction makes the Dardanelles for once and all an open seaway. This is the contention of a noted authority, Dr. Georges Samné, who insists that the Allies must take measures to guarantee free passage to ships, no matter what flag they fly, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The right which inhabitants of the borders of the Black Sea have to communicate at choice with the rest of the world makes it imperative that the forcible closure of the straits in 1914 shall not be repeated. At the same time, Dr. Samné is careful to point out the obligations of respect due to Turkey, and he tells us in the Paris weekly, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, that now when the Russian peril which so long haunted the mind of the Sultans has ceased to exist, and now that the liberation of individual nationalities assures order and quiet throughout the ancient empire, there is no reason why we should not enter into good relations with the Porte, and accord it our confidence. Simple logic points to our acceptance of the survival of a free and independent Turkey. But also the closing of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles must be made an impossibility should Turkey at any time again fall under the domination of adventurous and false democrats such as those who delivered her over to Germany. The problem is a delicate one, Dr. Samné admits, and he suggests that the best solution will be found in the organization of an international commission along the lines of that of the Danube.

This commission should be larger than the Danube Commission and should be composed not of diplomats, but of active and experienced executives representing on the one side all the water-edge Powers of the Black Sea, namely, Roumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, Armenia, and so on. On the other side should be representatives of the Allied Powers who are, in point of fact, the principal maritime nations of the world, namely, England, France, Italy, the United States, Greece, Portugal, etc. Dr. Samné does not think that it will be necessary to admit on the commission representatives of neutral Powers such as Spain, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, because their interests in the Orient are not of sufficient importance. As to Germany, he considers it almost unnecessary to say that she should be thrust out of Turkey, whose evil genius she has proved, and he adds that Germany "has lost forever the right to participate in any labor of international peace." The duty of the proposed Dardanelles commission is very plain, according to Dr. Samné, who defines it as the application of the article of the peace treaty which should proclaim free access to the Black Sea to ships of all nations. The working out of this clause may entail difficulties, because it will be necessary to respect Turkish sovereignty at the same time that we guarantee the freedom of the various flags. The suggestion is made that the commission, in order to avoid friction, should be endowed with a minimum of power on land and a maximum of authority on water. Thus it would simply have to maintain observation of the shores in order to see that there is not to be found on them any fortification, arsenal, mines, etc. All that the commission should be allowed to have on land would be the buildings and appointments absolutely indispensable to living and business purposes, and these sections should enjoy the same immunity as embassies. In order to avoid wounding Turkish susceptibilities, it is suggested, perhaps, that such buildings should be confined to an internationalized island in the Sea of Marmora. On water, however, the proposed Straits Commission should be possest of the widest powers. Under its control should be the maritime police and all regulations on pilotage and charting of the straits. A small armed force and a special number of technical experts should be supplied to the commission in order to enable it to bear this responsibility. The expense of the commission, it is proposed, should be defrayed by the beneficiaries of the open straits, namely, the ships passing from one sea to the other. No one would protest against such tolls, it is said, because when we remember the great tonnage that moves in the Dardanelles and in the Bosporus, the outlay per ship would be extremely small.

The question of the Dardanelles will be one of many discust at the Peace Conference, we are reminded, and tho it may not be settled according to the outline given above, there are two matters that must be provided for. The first is freedom of navigation there, and the second the independence of the nations. Dr. Samné hopes that the Conference will reach a simple solution free from complications that have so often in the past beset diplomacy. Failing this, the reconstructors of Europe will either incur the peril of leaving the question of the Orient an open one or they will create a new question, which is a menace that should be avoided at all costs.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

HOW THE MOVIES HELPED WIN



THAT THE MOVIES did their bit toward winning the war, and that their part was decidedly more serious than that of simply showing an occasional review or the behavior of the man in the front-line trenches, we are assured by Charles Frederick Carter, who writes on "Speeding Military Training Films" in *The Educational Film Magazine* (New York, January). Mr. Carter credits Mr. J. R. Bray, pioneer producer of animated cartoons and educational motion-pictures, with the application of the film to intensive military training. It was a combination of the methods used by Mr. Bray with the ordinary moving-picture film that enabled thousands of our men in the later training-camps to become practised, not only in tactics and drill, but in such necessary details as map-reading, bomb-throwing, and machine-gun operation, in a fraction of the time usually required. The sections of film bordering this page, for example, are not photographs, but drawings made precisely in the same manner as the animated caricatures familiar to all movie audiences. On the left is seen a submarine mine-layer leaving the "mother ship," while on the right is elucidated the operation of a rifle-grenade. These films help the soldier to learn his tasks in a fraction of the time previously needed. Says Mr. Carter:

"Mr. Bray took at West Point a series of motion-pictures as substitutes for text-books for the school of the soldier, the school of the squad, and the school of the company, the latter as large an assemblage as could be satisfactorily handled for educational purposes. It seemed a simple thing to put a soldier through the manual of arms or a squad through the evolutions of the organization on the screen, but it was not. Officers assigned to supervise the production soon found that mere photography would not suffice.

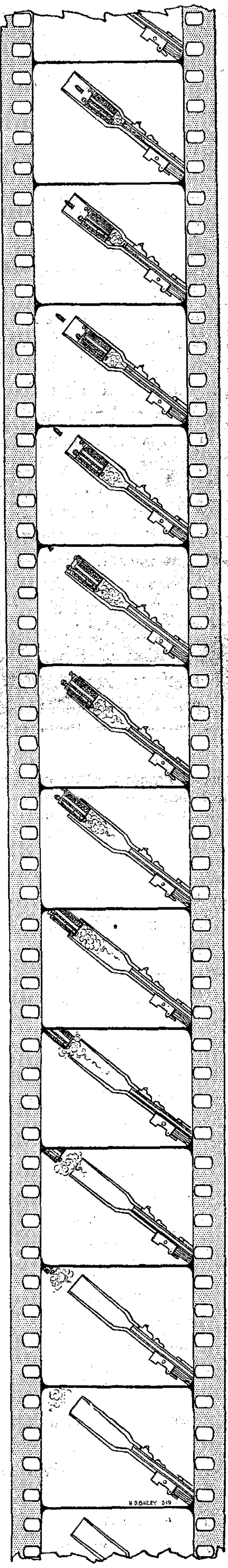
"Bray had to insert in the very heart of the more intricate evolutions a series of animated diagrams to elucidate the schemes. The military experts themselves could not do this, for it required a special branch of expert knowledge possest only by the Bray organization. J. F. Leventhal, head of the Bray technical department, was commissioned a lieutenant, and, taking Mr. Max Fleischer, also of the Bray staff, with him, went to Fort Sill to take charge of this work.

"On the surface this series of educational films seemed to be of paramount importance for quick training, but events proved otherwise. At Fort Sill the really vital things in military science were reduced to animated drawings combined with some photographs of living models in a way to make plain points that were obscure. But why, it may be asked, if only technical engineering diagrams were required, could not military engineers do the work better than mere amateurs? Why call in the Bray Studios at all?

"Military engineers had been drawing diagrams which had been printed in text-books for generations; but such diagrams have not been 100 per cent. effective. Students have puzzled over these highly technical text-books, so dull and so complicated that the compiler could scarcely understand them, and then have 'flunked' on their examinations. But an animated drawing on the screen represents a vast advance over still, dead diagrams, for it is a shrewd application of psychology developed in the half-dozen years pictographs have been undergoing evolution. The making of animated drawings for educational purposes is as distinct and highly developed an art as modern military engineering is a science.

"Take so simple a thing as map-reading. Under military sharps, long on science but short on psychology, map-reading is far from simple. The great majority of recruits, suddenly transplanted from civil life, spent many hours in the classroom trying to learn map-reading and emerged at last with ideas more or less nebulous. Some can not read maps at all. But every man taught map-reading by the pictograph method mastered the subject thoroughly in a few minutes—mastered it so thoroughly that he could go right out in the field and apply his knowledge in actual practise.

"Results in the Army were so extraordinarily successful that the new method was demonstrated upon students at Columbia University in the presence of a number of prominent educators; and it worked as perfectly as



AT THE LEFT, A SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER LEAVING THE "MOTHER SHIP." AT THE RIGHT, UNITED STATES ARMY RIFLE-GRENADE. BULLET LEAVING GRENADE, SHOWING ACTION OF GASES GENERATED BY CARTRIDGE WHICH SENDS OUT THE GRENADE.

it had in the Army. The students grasped the subject fully and at once.

"Here is the way it was done. To teach the reading of contour lines, the hardest lesson of all for the average man, Mr. Fleischer, with the aid of a sculptor, built a miniature clay mountain seven inches high, around which cords were laid to represent contour lines ten feet apart. A vertical semicircular arch on which a camera was mounted spanned the mountain. The first picture showed the mountain as seen from its base level, making clear the fact that the contour lines were parallel and equidistant, vertically. Then the camera slowly traversed the arch, showing the progressive changes in the appearance of the contour lines until it was vertical, looking straight down on the top of the mountain, which showed the contour lines as the eye sees them on the map. By the time the camera had completed its journey the students had learned that contour lines were far apart when the slope was gradual and close together where it was steep. No one who saw that animated diagram ever had any difficulties with contour lines thereafter."

Another lesson in map-reading, we are told, was prepared by sending up two airplanes to photograph railroads, houses, streams, dams, highways, and orchards from above. When the photographs of a railroad were projected on the screen the pictures would be held while a diagram was inserted giving the topographical sign for a railroad. Photographs of horses, wagons, and men struggling through the mud would be thrown on the screen, then broken to show the topographical sign for an unimproved highway, and so on through the list. Two thousand feet of film, requiring half an hour's time to show, completed the course in map-reading and the subject was taught far more thoroughly and effectively than it was ever taught before. Indeed, the plan was found to be such a conspicuous success that after the armistice was signed the Government ordered eighty-four prints of the map-reading films. A clear idea of how the plan was used may be had from this description of the film diagrams of mortar and machine-gun operation:

"The operation of the Stokes mortar was explained in eight hundred feet of film. First, a photograph of the mortar was shown in position for business. Then a man loaded it. Next, a cross-section of the mortar and then of its bomb was shown, with the movable parts in very slow motion while a pointer called attention to them one at a time with explanatory captions of two to five words. Then the cross-section of the mortar was loaded with the cross-section of the bomb. The mortar was fired and the bomb started on its murderous mission at the gait of a small boy on his way to school, affording ample time to see each step in the process as the firing charge ignited and the expanding powder-gases pushed the bomb out of the barrel.

"As the bomb left the muzzle of the mortar a pin flew, if such deliberate movement could be called flying, out of the head and dropt to the ground. This released the firing-pin, and the detonating-charge ignited and wended its leisurely way toward the main charge as the bomb traveled through the air, landed, lay down on its side, like a weary cow, and ultimately exploded so deliberately that the expanding ring of fragments could be seen proceeding in their search for Huns. Having once seen that film, the raw 'rookie' knew all there was to know about the Stokes mortar. All that remained to be acquired was manual dexterity in handling the weapon.

"Another eight hundred feet of film explained in a similar way the principle and method of operation of the rifle-grenade. The Lewis gun called for more than a thousand feet of film; the light and heavy Browning guns, each one thousand feet; the fuse-head of the three-inch shrapnel, fourteen hundred feet; the new service rifle-firing mechanism, three hundred feet; range-finding, one thousand feet. Other subjects taught included such things as the proper method of harnessing artillery-horses to enable them to do the most effective pulling, carrying the soldier's pack with a minimum of effort and discomfort, indirect fire; in short, every detail of the several million items a soldier has to know in these days of scientific warfare.

"The fact that these methods of teaching were adopted, that the men trained with their aid were placed on the firing-line in incredibly quick time, where they measured fully up to the loftiest anticipations with a generous surplus of achievement left over, shuts off all arguments regarding both relative and absolute merits of the motion-picture method of teaching. It works; it gets results; that's all."

PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE

A RADICAL EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT in applied psychology, whose results will be watched with intense interest by institutions of learning all over the world, is announced to go into effect at Columbia University, New York, in September. As briefly noted in another department in our issue of last week, it will substitute psychological tests, to measure the students' general intelligence and mental alertness, for the old system of entrance examinations which gaged only his scholarship. These mental tests for candidates for entry into the academic department of Columbia, we read in the New York *Tribune*, are based on the famous Binet-Simon system, an adaptation of which has already been successfully applied to applicants for the Students' Army Training Corps. Behind Columbia's move, according to the New York *Times*, is the conviction that "there is a considerable waste in using the expensive plant and operating force of an institution of higher education on great numbers of students who are incapable of profiting seriously by higher education." *The Times* goes on to say:

"Columbia will try to weed out its students before they enter by a psychological and physiological inquiry similar to that used in the selective draft and to the famous Binet tests for discovering and culling out defective children. The old entrance examination is apparently not to be dropt, but candidates for admission who can present certificates that they have done the necessary preliminary work may elect the new test instead of the examination, if they prefer."

The same paper quotes Prof. A. L. Jones, head of the university's Department of Admissions, as saying:

"In our requirements for admission to Columbia College are included the applicant's health record, his character and promise of development, and his school record, and these will be embraced in the new requirements. The most radical departure will be the entire doing away with the old-style examinations that were given to establish the applicant's knowledge of the subjects required for admission to college. This will be covered by his school record, and the psychological tests will demonstrate whether he is qualified to continue his schooling."

The details of the system to be used at Columbia are being worked out, we are told, by Prof. E. L. Thorndike, of Teachers' College, but some light is thrown on their probable character by the following information published in *The Tribune:*

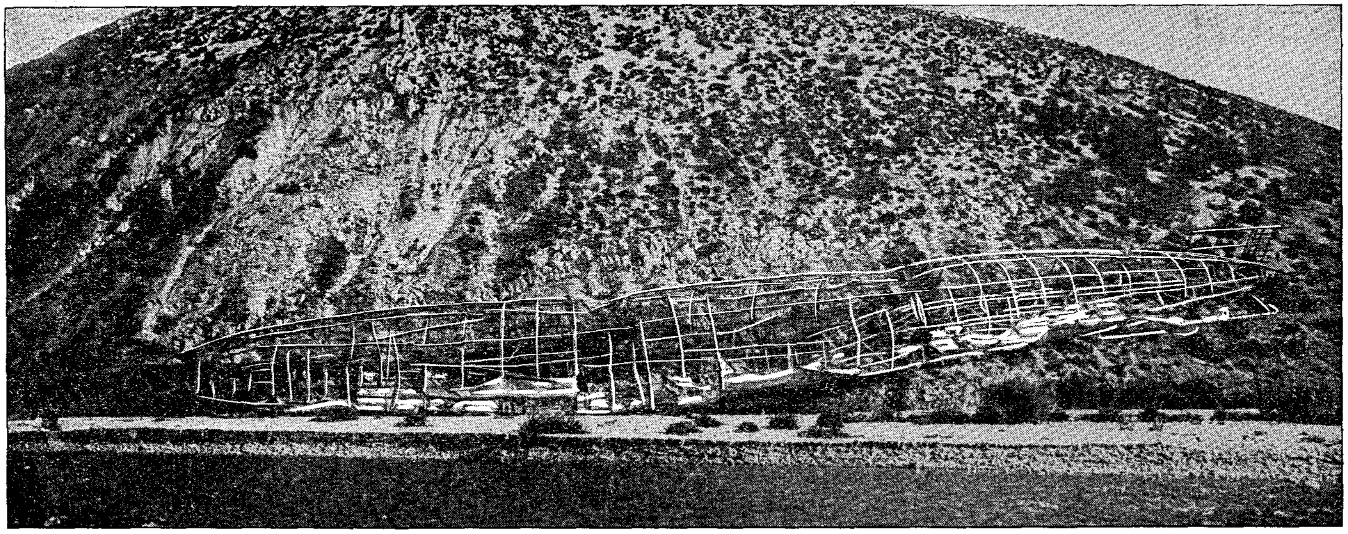
"The text-book Professor Thorndike is using as a basis for his preliminary work is Lewis M. Terman's 'The Measure of Intelligence.' Mr. Terman is professor of education at Leland Stanford University, California, where experimental work in the mental-measuring codes first elaborated by Alfred Binet perhaps has been carried further than at any other institution in this country.

"As set forth in this volume, under the chapter-heading, 'Instructions for Average Adults,' the test prospective Columbia students will have to meet in lieu of the old-style examinations is divided into six sections.

"The first consists simply of a vocabulary of more or less ordinary words—not Latin words, nor Greek, nor Sanskrit, nor anything of that sort, but plain, living English words. Altogether, there are to be a hundred of them, chosen just as they happen to come at the bottom of the columns in an 18,000-word dictionary—which presumably is a dictionary containing only the more usual words of the language.

"In order to pass this test, a student has only to give correct definitions of sixty-five of the words listed. That will mean, it has been computed, that he has a vocabulary of approximately 11,700 words. It sounds absurdly simple in comparison with the old catechism in calculus and Homer, does it not? Yet 'the vocabularly test has a far higher value than any other single test of the scale,' says Professor Terman's book. 'Our statistics show that in a large majority of cases the vocabulary test alone will give us an intelligent quotient within ten per cent. of that secured by the entire scale.'

"The second task seems even further removed from the



NOT FIRE-PROOF. EVIDENCE OF THE INFERIORITY OF GERMAN TO AMERICAN SCIENTISTS.

The rusting skeleton of a burned *Zeppelin*.

orthodox examination routine. It is made up of the reading of five fables, such as 'Hercules and the Wagoner,' 'The Fox and the Crow,' or 'The Farmer and the Stork.' The pupil then is asked to write out his interpretation of the lesson of each parable. As the Terman volume explains, this 'tests the subject's ability to understand the motives underlying acts or attitudes. It gives a clue to the status of the social consciousness.' Eight points are required to attain a passing grade here, two points being allowed for each correct answer and one point for answers that show a grasp of the essential generality presented, but for one reason or another are still not wholly satisfactory.

"The third section of the test is still dealing with words. It presents sets of abstract terms, such as laziness and idleness, poverty and misery, character and reputation. The student's task is to define each pair so as to bring out the essential contrast, three correctly differentiated couples out of four being necessary for a pass.

"Not until all this has been done is the subject of numbers introduced at all; then it appears in an oral problem. The instructor displays a large box in which, he informs the class, are two smaller boxes, each of which in turn contains a 'little tiny' box. He follows this with a second box, only the two smaller boxes herein each holding two 'tiny' boxes. Then comes a large box containing three smaller boxes, each of which holds three 'tiny' boxes. Finally, he holds up a fourth box; and in this are four smaller boxes, each with four 'tiny' boxes within. Only half a minute is allowed for the solution of each problem, no pencil or paper being allowed the pupil meanwhile, and three of the four problems must be answered correctly if the applicant expects to enter Columbia under the new régime. Both this test and the one preceding it are said to have a large psychological significance.

"Section 5 brings forward three sets of six digits each, which are read out rapidly by the instructor. The student must repeat at least one of these sets correctly in reverse order in order to pass.

"The final requirement, after the display of a simple code, requires the pupil to construct stipulated messages according to its terms. Or, as an alternative test here, two twenty-eight-syllable sentences may be read out, the applicant being required to repeat one perfectly in order to become acceptable. Another alternative final test presents problems which will bring out the student's comprehension of physical relations, the object in every case being to demonstrate the extent of the applicant's ability to direct his attention inward and evince steadiness of purpose.

"For so-called 'superior adults' more difficult tests have been drawn up, but if a boy can pass the set listed the Columbia authorities declare that he is sufficiently alert, sufficiently well balanced, to satisfy Columbia. Previous scholastic education, or lack of it, does not so much matter any longer. The boy who can pass that complete test satisfactorily, they say, can very quickly 'coach up' on the regular subjects so as to be able to take his place in good standing in the university—or in the larger world outside, for that matter."

FIRE-PROOF BALLOONS

ONE OF THE CHIEF OBJECTIONS to any form of air-ship depending on a gas-bag or gas-container to keep it afloat is the fact that all gases hitherto used for this purpose are highly inflammable. Descent to earth like a flaming meteor was the fate of *Zeppelin* after *Zeppelin* until the Germans ceased to pin their faith to this type of balloon. One of the lightest gases known, helium, is quite non-inflammable, but no means of securing it in quantity were known until recently. Now, however, as announced by Maj.-Gen. George O. Squier before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, a method of obtaining this gas on a large scale has been discovered and is in commercial operation, assuring a new future for the large dirigible balloon of the *Zeppelin* type. Said General Squier, as quoted in *The Electrical Review* (Chicago, January 25):

"One of the greatest scientific achievements of the present war from a technical standpoint is the production of helium in balloon quantities. This gas is non-inflammable and has about 92 per cent. of the buoyant effect of hydrogen. Its name is due to its having been discovered in the sun's atmosphere through a characteristic line in the solar spectrum, before its presence on the earth, or any of its properties were known. It first was obtained in minute quantities by Ramsay in England some twenty years ago by heating certain radioactive minerals, in which it occurs because it is a disintegration product of radium. Its prewar scarcity may be appreciated from the fact that, up to two years ago, not more than 100 cubic feet ever had been obtained, and the usual selling price was about $1,700 a cubic foot.

"Notwithstanding so discouraging an outlook, some one in the British Admiralty had imagination enough to propose the large scale separation of helium from certain natural gases in Canada that contain about one-third of one per cent. of it, and experiments were undertaken at the University of Toronto. Soon after the entry of the United States into the war, the Bureau of Mines, learning of the problem from a British confidential memorandum, persuaded the Signal Corps and the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy to approve and finance jointly an experimental program on a large scale. Thanks partly to the unusually rich sources of supply in this country, and partly to the skill of the two commercial companies whose services were enlisted, and to the enthusiasm of the Bureau of Mines Staff and of Mr. Carter, of the Navy, who for a time represented the Army as well in the project, such success was achieved that at the cessation of hostilities there was comprest and on the dock ready for floating 147,000 cubic feet of nearly pure helium, and plants were under construction to give at least 50,000 cubic feet a day at an estimated cost of not more than 10 cents a cubic foot.

"The production of a balloon gas that assures safety from fire opens up a new era for the dirigible balloon. In November, 1917, a *Zeppelin* made the trip from Bulgaria to German East Africa with twenty-five tons of medicines and munitions, only to find that the German forces already had been dispersed, and returned safely to its base without landing. With a non-inflammable gas, not only comfortable and expeditious but also safe transcontinental and transatlantic travel in dirigibles will, it is believed, soon be commonplace."

THE "COHORT OF THE DAMNED"

THIS PICTURESQUE NAME was given by the French to a group of their aviators formed of men whose minds had become somewhat unbalanced in their work. These fliers were totally unable to maintain discipline, but were brave to the point of recklessness, and instead of transferring them to another branch of the service, as was done by the British in similar cases, the French military authorities grouped them, isolated the group, and allowed its members to fight in their own way, with rather picturesque results, as narrated by Douglass Reid, in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, January). Now that the war is over, Mr. Reid tells us, it is proposed that this unique cohort shall be used to police the Algerian deserts. The peculiarities that led to its formation were first noticed among French fliers, he says, when French aviators, following the example of the Germans, began to fly in squadrons, or "circuses." He writes:

"As soon as the French began to send up these circuses they discovered trouble. A certain number of the airmen refused to fly in formation. Either from impatience or a mistaken sense of the dramatic, they would break away from the squadron, disregard the orders of the flight commander, and dart away erratically to do battle on their own account. Others, seized with a strange eccentricity, would persist in doing stunts in formation, causing accidents from collisions, breaking up the carefully planned battle-line, and ruining the attack of the squadron. Punishment for these irresponsible fliers did not cure them. So the French air-service set psychologists and trained nerve specialists to study the offenders.

"These scientists discovered that the insubordinates were slightly unbalanced mentally, that their daily labors under extreme nerve tension and constant excitement had carried them beyond complete sanity. Slavish and monotonous employment in desperate air-fights, the daily absorption in this strange new occupation, had combined, with the peculiar effect of swiftly changing air-pressure on their nerves, to make them abnormally reckless.

"'The Machine' was too much for their strength of mind.

"At approximately the same time the British Royal Flying Corps began to study its own men of this type. It followed the practise of discharging such 'unmanageables' from the service, sending them into the infantry or upon destroyers in the Grand Fleet. Its technical name for them was 'wild men.'

"The French, however, always a race with more understanding of genius and temperament than the Anglo-Saxon peoples, forbore to cashier these fliers. It realized that they were, man for man, better than their German opponents; that individually they were the best aces of all in an air-duel, for their very disregard of rules and regulations, their very carelessness of death, made them terrible foes. So it organized a special corps, called 'The Cohort of the Damned,' filling it entirely with these untrustworthy pilots; placed it apart from all organized *escadrilles;* forbade its members to approach the regular branches of the service; isolated it entirely at a point near the front-line trenches; furnished it with the best equipment, and turned it free to fight at its own sweet will.

"Lonely and tragic, this band fought for the rest of the war, its members dying rapidly out of the air, but a constant flood of new fliers coming to take their place, as the nerves of pilots here and there among the disciplined *escadrilles* gave way and made their owners fit only for this reckless company.

"The execution these half-mad men of the 'Damned' wrought in German ranks was astounding, but no records could be kept of the number they shot down, on account of their lack of organization and the irresponsibility of their testimony. Captured Germans, however, are known to have reported that their own fliers swore fervently and wrote their wills when ordered to occupy that part of the line opposite the 'Cohort.'

"The statement is made that France at one time had three of these strange groups, but there is definite information only upon the one and original band. This, on one occasion, had over one hundred members, but the figure is not of great value, since the lifetime of the fliers was particularly short.

"In the last year of the war, too, the number which the Government was forced to consign to this isolation grew less and less, due to the greater knowledge of fliers' air temperament obtained by the special corps of scientific men attached to the hangars. Psychologists learned how to treat the dementia when it made its first appearance, and it was found that frequent vacations spent far in the south of France, in complete rest, would, in the majority of cases, allay the nerve strain and keep the men tractable and efficient.

"'The Cohort of the Damned' at present, it is understood, is to be kept in service after the mustering out of the other French forces. It is deemed impossible to return the men to civil life, as their hunger for excitement and craving for thrill would immediately cause them to be disturbers of the peace. Still 'wild men,' peaceful pursuits would have no avenue for their satisfaction, and they would become criminals from sheer force of nerve strain, or, at the least, they would be speed-crazy chauffeurs.

"Consequently the French Army will send them across into Algeria to be used in policing the desert wastes, holding the native tribes in check. One of them, using an airplane to traverse the parched and dangerous deserts will be worth more than a regiment of cavalry, the branch that garrisoned the province before the war.

"France has the tenderest affection for these unfortunate heroes, and has decorated them with all the honors given more sane fliers. It will maintain luxurious quarters for them in their African exile, it is said, and will grant them large increases in pay over the regular branches of military service.

"In succeeding years, the French people, with their love of the picturesque and tragic in literature, will write much of this terrible and beautiful 'Cohort.'"

UNCLE SAM'S WOODEN CITIES

UNCLE SAM should sell his wooden cities at cost to the present tenants and not dispose of them to real-estate speculators. This conclusion is reached by Richard S. Childs, of New York, writing in *The National Municipal Review* (Philadelphia, January), and he refers, of course, not to the big cantonments, whose tenants do not care to stay, but to the temporary towns erected in remote wildernesses for the employees of explosive-plants. At the end of the war the Government has on its hands a dozen of such wooden cities, ranging in population from 1,500 to 30,000. In most cases they are being promptly depopulated, the plants dismantled, and the houses and dormitories taken apart and sold for use in other locations. Says Mr. Childs:

"The completed, permanent villages have been constructed only in those places where there is reasonable certainty of a market for the houses after the war, subject merely to writing off the element of excessive cost due to the war-conditions under which they were built as compared with the postwar costs with which these dwellings must hereafter compete. Thus Uncle Sam has thirty permanent villages on his hands to-day, and, as he is not to be landlord indefinitely, some plan must be found for disposing of them.

"The properties divide themselves into two classes: 1. Those which are so small relatively to the adjoining cities or so scattered in small groups throughout the city that they are not separable from ordinary private property. Call them 'building projects.' 2. Those which are separate villages of such size and isolation as to constitute natural and complete social units. Call them 'town projects.'

"The first class ought to be sold in such manner as expediency in the individual instances may dictate. In some cases they can be sold as groups of houses to real-estate operators or employers. In other cases they can be sold to individual workmen on appropriate terms with the assistance of local banks or employers.

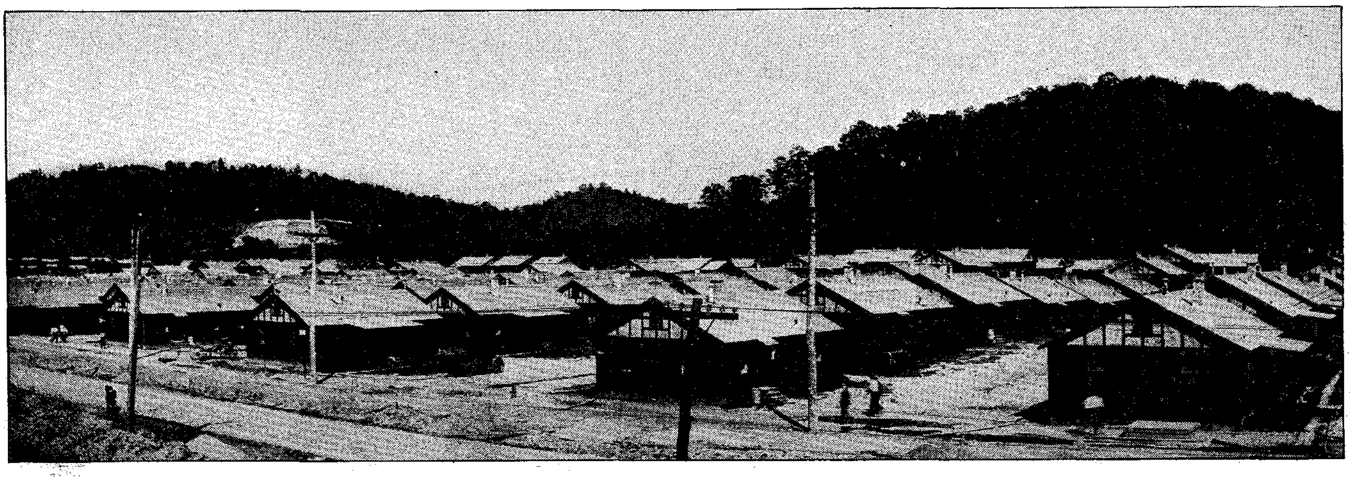
"The second class give an opportunity such as may never come again for a trial in this country of the principle of group-ownership of housing along the lines of the copartnership arrangements at the basis of the famous English garden suburbs.

"At present these towns are the fresh and completed products of famous architects and town-planners, unspoiled by the invasion of reckless or ignorant individualism. Each building has been constructed with due regard to the value of its neighbor and in harmony with the town plan. The grocery-store does not obtrude itself on a residential corner nor confront the neighboring cottages with a bare, blank brick side wall with a gaudy soap advertisement upon it. The newest house is designed by an architect who had responsibility for what the whole street looked like. The individual occupant can not spoil his property and that of his neighbors by painting his house a sky-blue-pink or putting a dirty garage on his front lawn or surrounding his back yard with a ten-foot board fence. By yielding to common control of the use of the property, workmen attain the advantages of a harmonious, well-kept, parklike environment. The principle is the same as that of the restrictions under which high-grade suburban lots are sold, whereby the mutual surrender of certain so-called liberties secures increased values to all participants and freedom from the erection of eyesores by the neighbors."

All these physical advantages may be obtained if these towns are purchased by the employer, but the moral advantages of private ownership are wanting, and it is not fortunate to have the employer be also the landlord, altho it has not mattered much during the war. The ideal solution, Mr. Childs thinks, would be to retain unity without paternalism or loss of the sense of ownership by selling the towns intact to the residents, to be held in trust for them and by them as a communal property. He says:

"Erect a local incorporated association of the tenants in which each householder shall have a vote. Levy an amortization charge in the rents to retire the principal (as reduced by elimination of the war-cost) as rapidly as may be feasible. When enough has been retired to establish a satisfactory equity, obtain a private mortgage or a mortgage-bond issue to retire the balance of the principal, ownership then to vest in the Tenants' Association under a deed of trust which keeps the property a unit, prohibits sales of houses or lots, and prohibits private profit. All revenues will then be redistributed among the tenants in the form of services. Either rents will be abnormally low or the town's income will be abnormally high, for the unearned increment of land value has thus become a community possession and its annual value is clear gain to the people.

"In other words, by this plan, Uncle Sam, having assembled the parcel of land economically through his power of condemnation, having avoided the costs of dealing with real-estate speculators, and having proceeded to populate it with a success and completeness which might well make the ordinary suburban real-estate man green with envy, now says to the tenants, 'I don't propose to let the real-estate speculators get in here to run up rents and reduce service. You who live in these houses can have the property as a joint possession for what it has cost me, special war-cost excepted. I want no profit, simply my principal with interest. I merely want assurance that the inhabitants shall get the benefit of the unusual situation and that the property shall not become a subject for private real-estate manipulation and exploitation of the tenants.'"



WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH UNCLE SAM'S WAR-TIME TOWNS, ERECTED FOR MUNITION-WORKERS?

TEETOTALISM AND TEA-TIPPLING

A NATION OF TEA-TOPERS is what we are fast becoming, according to *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich., February). The consumption of tea in the United States is really increasing at an alarming rate, as brought out by a special investigation made by the National City Bank of New York. When King Alcohol is finally dethroned, the writer tells us, we shall have to begin another campaign against tea—and while he is about it he suggests that tobacco and coffee be also placed under the ban. Not until this is done, he thinks, shall we be quite free from drug-addiction of all kinds. "Addicts" may cheer up, however; the name of drugs is legion, and when those specified are eliminated, all we shall have to do, like the guests at the Hatter's party in "Alice in Wonderland," is to "all move one place round." Says *Good Health:*

"Between 1909 and 1918 the annual consumption of tea rose from 115,000,000 to 151,000,000 pounds, an increase of 3½ per cent. per annum, or 4,000,000 pounds.

"Estimating the average individual consumption of tea-drinkers to be two-fifths of an ounce per diem, the total number of tea-drinkers in the United States is about 16,000,000, an army of drug addicts whose number is increased annually by the addition of 425,000 new recruits.

"Search for the cause of this surprizingly rapid increase of tea-drinkers has led to the discovery that the increase of tea-drinking has paralleled the decrease in the use of alcoholic liquors. It appears, indeed, that the American people are exchanging alcohol for tea. The question at once arises, Will the nation gain or lose by swapping rum-drinking for tea-tippling?

"Of course the answer must depend upon the amount consumed in both cases. A little tea would of course be less damaging than much alcohol. On the other hand, a little alcohol would be less harmful than much tea. In equal quantities, tea is decidedly worse than beer. The amount of poison in a pint of strong tea is greater than that in an equal amount of beer, not by weight, but in physiologic effect. A man could drink without showing evidence of intoxication more pints of beer than of strong tea.

"We shall not be satisfied to trade off whisky intemperance for tea-tippling. Drug-addiction of all sorts is to be frowned upon and suppress. A tea-drunkard is a nervous wreck—neurasthenic, unsettled, deprest, sleepless, inefficient, and haunted by morbid fears.

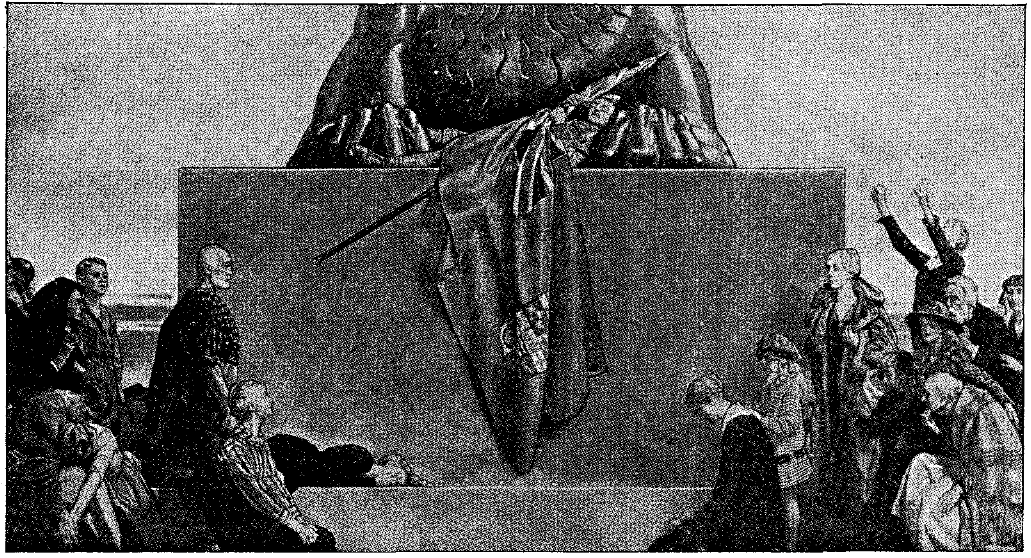
"China, with the aid of the American Tobacco Company, has exchanged the opium-pipe for the cigaret. The greater convenience of the cigaret compared with the pipe, and the vigorous propaganda of the selling agents, have fastened the cigaret habit upon a greater number of persons than ever were addicted to the use of opium.

"English bayonets helped to establish the opium habit in China. America has given China the cigaret just as she was rising and shaking herself free from slavery to the Indian poppy. And China may yet even up the scales by making us a nation of tea-tipplers."

LETTERS AND ART

CANADA'S TRIBUTE TO HER HEROES

HAVE WE LET SLIP, and so lost forever, one great opportunity of the war? Will the pictorial record of our eighteen months to hand on to future generations be worthy of the effort our gallant boys made in France? Or was our eighteen months too short compared with the four tragic years of our allies to touch the springs of our esthetic life? France was thoughtful of everything from the first. England was not insensible to the voices of generations to come calling for the registry of deeds by which they enjoy their blessings of freedom; but she is first to yield generous tribute to the foresight of our neighbor, Canada. "From the first to the last," says the London *Graphic*, "the Dominions beyond the seas have shown far greater pride in the achievements of their sons in the front of battle than the mother country has displayed in the case of her own citizens." Canada took hold, says *The Graphic*, delighting in its facility in putting things in a "Western way," "of the problem of illustrating the war far more quickly and effectively than ourselves in the shape of photographic records, and she has also commandeered the services of most distinguished artists for paintings and designs of the war for a great national memorial." London is having a view of these works of art before Canada, and the Royal Academy is showing nearly four hundred paintings dealing with every phase of Canada's share in the war overseas. These pictures do not represent the emotional reactions of home-staying artists, but the first-hand record of dangers shared with the soldier in the field. The comprehensiveness of the scheme is amazing:



CANADA'S EFFORT IN ALLEGORY.

Byam Shaw, a British painter commissioned by Canada to participate in telling her war-story, thus symbolizes the sacrifices of the gallant Dominion in a painting called "The Flag."

"First of all, we see in the wonderful exhibition transports bringing the Canadian troops to Europe. Then there are pictures illustrative of the training-camps in England and of the embarkation of Canadians for France. Next in sequence there is the landing in France, after which come paintings commemorative of the historic battles in which the Canadians took part—Regina Trench, the taking of Courcelette, and so on, until we come to the Arras-Cambrai road, along which we see the Canadians streaming, after three months of incessant battle, to the bitter fight for Cambrai, from which they passed to their triumphal entry into Mons."

The Pall Mall Gazette comments thus on the feature of the show that gives it its permanent value:

"Not only will this remarkable exhibition be of great and permanent value as a representative collection of numerous facets of the war, but also as attaining a very high esthetic level. Seldom has a better-selected, better-hung show of pictures filled the Academy rooms, and all praise is due to the committee for the catholicism of their choice, and to the artists for the high standard of achievement. Nor are Canadian painters alone represented, tho they are appropriately in the majority. Many of our most prominent British artists exhibit work here, and the show covers a vast field of enterprise, from the academic and traditional to the flagrantly revolutionary.

"The success of this exhibition from every point of view is due in a great measure to the wisdom of the organizers, who, recognizing the tremendous importance of war-pictures done 'hot,' sent artists of every sort to draw at the front, with the result that what we see here has the greatest of all artistic qualities—vitality."

It would be surprizing if some spokesman for the mother country did not betray his reluctant conviction that the gawky child has really grown up. *The New Witness* (London), organ of much of the radical literary speculation of the little island, reflects in its contributor, John Salis, this particularly insular habit:

"In a short preface to the catalog, those responsible for the gathering of the material for the Canadian War Memorial exhibit the heights and depths of their scheme. The scheme is broad and great in its conception, the art of this war-record has been chosen from every variety of the artistic development of the day, and much of it has been specially designed to fit into a comprehensive scheme of panel decoration such as is used in the Panthéon in Paris. If this conception is truly Canadian in spirit, and we have no evidence that it is not, then truly the Dominion has traveled very far from those days when Samuel Butler wrote:

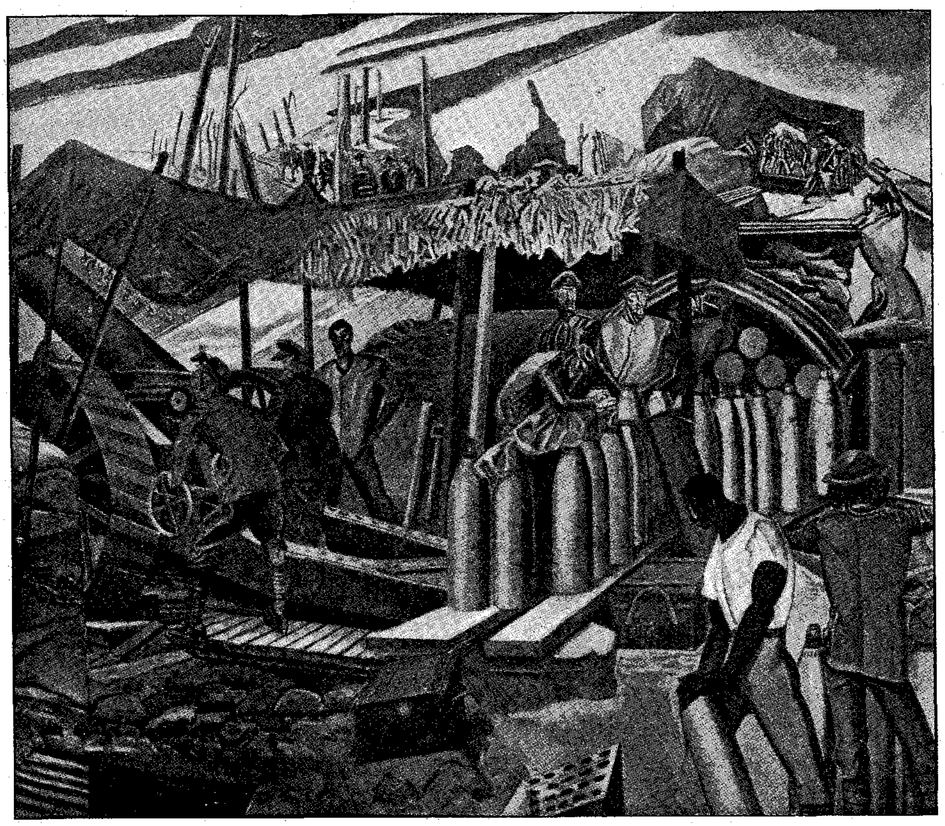
And I turned unto the man of skins and said unto him, "O thou Man of Skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
Oh, God! Oh, Montreal.

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar;
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs,
I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
Oh, God! Oh, Montreal.

"One is immediately struck by the catholic taste exhibited by those who have chosen pictures for the memorial: here one finds almost every phase of modern painting, and, as the promoters suggest, 'the collection of large decorative paintings, which form the nucleus of the war-memorials should give a fair picture of the artistic conditions which prevailed at the most momentous epoch of the world's history.' This has been a noble ideal, carried out in a broad-minded way, a task truly difficult, but admirably achieved."

The same writer indulges in a sort of psychological classification of the pictures, which would be better understood if we could check him up with the pictures themselves. As they are on the other side of the sea, we omit his table, sufficing it to say that he scales the work from the ordinary "photographic" picture of a generation or so ago to those which employ the technique of the latest departures before the war—that is to say, when we had so little to paint that our mind was almost wholly preoccupied with the way that little should be painted. The writer here, witnessing of course for the newest things, comes at his freezing reprobation of the older ways by commendable caution:

> "Now that the war has sunk down into the resting of armistice, one can review the mental atmosphere in which one has lived for the last four years. It has from first to last been an atmosphere of unreality. Whatever we may have done in the war, whether we have fought or whether we have merely clung to our job like grim death, creeping through the treacherous labyrinth of tribunals, we have lived unreal lives. We have climbed heights of passion before untouched, hysteria has turned her finger in our brain, we have plumbed depression's abysses. D. O. R. A. [Defense of the Realm Act] has nagged at us, we have queued and we have been couponed, or if we have not done these things, we have plunged into the mud and madness of Flanders. The old colonel who now thanks God he can come home and once again do some real soldiering has hit the nail on the head. Everything in this war has been unreal and unexpected; our generals and admirals have no longer the stature of real men; they are grown to giant size; everything has changed its scale.
>
> "One should expect some expression of this in the artistic record of the war. One would have thought that most, if not all, of these pictures would be tinged with some dream qualities. It is true that the act of watering A. S. C. horses may not materially differ from a similar nourishment provided for harvesting ones, but the whole background of war gives to the act a totally different significance. From this point of view 95 per cent. of the pictures in this exhibition fail, as will 95 per cent. of any other exhibition which can be got together. It is no blame to the gatherers of the collection, it is indeed a laurel-wreath about their brow that they have achieved even a 5 per cent. of real expression.
>
> "To my mind the whole value of the exhibition is concentrated in one room, which contains the large decorative pictures by Lieut. Wyndham Lewis and by W. Roberts, the aeroplane pictures by John A. Turnbull, and Paul Nash's four drawings and his painting 'Void.' These seem to me to be the only paintings in the exhibition which come into Division IV. They appear to be the only ones which grasp the not difficult problem that war is not a 'Rural Ride.'
>
> "In specially praising this group of pictures, I do not mean to say that there are no other talents in the show. It is crowded with talents of all kinds, but it seems to me that these are the only ones which have really shown war as something else than a spectacle.
>
> "These crowded canvases of khaki-brown men in varied poses, facing gray shell-bursts, seem to me, however well painted, to mean nothing. A shell-burst is not a gray cloud something like a rather solid osprey. It is noise; it is shock; it is mental disturbance; it is hurrying death; indeed, this plume of smoke of which some painters make so much use is the least part of it, only grown after all danger has passed. To translate the emotional value of even one shell-burst into paint must strain the whole energies of even our most vivid painters, yet there are some canvases here in which these motley osprey-like tufts number by dozens."



INTERPRETED IN TERMS OF MODERN ART.

Lieut. Wyndham Lewis's scene of "A Gun-Pit" in the Canadian war-pictures is a frank treatment of modern things in the manner of the latest technique in painting.

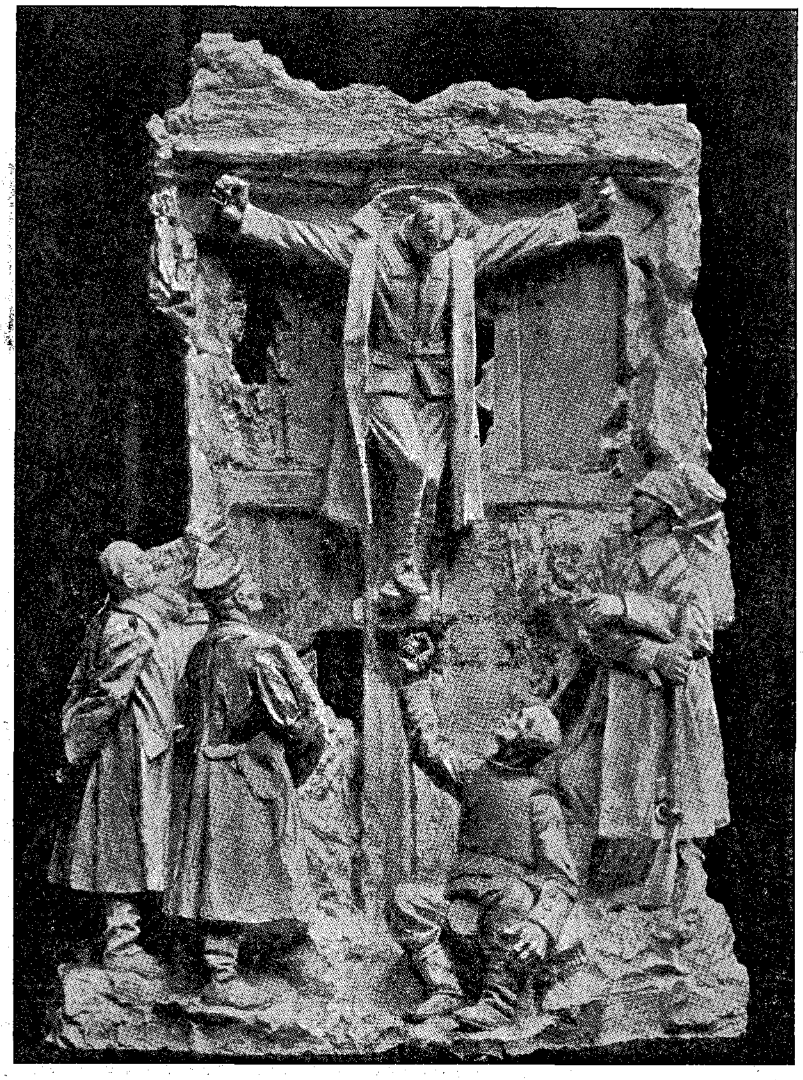
MAETERLINCK'S WAR-PLAY

BELGIANS ARE GIVEN THE CREDIT for writing the "only really fine plays of the Great War" offered on the English stage since 1914. What they are is not yet apparent, for they do not seem to have emigrated to our shores. The critic of *The Westminster Gazette* (London) speaks of one, however, which made a single matinée appearance under the direction of Mr. Martin Harvey. It was Maeterlinck's "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," and might, so thinks this critic, well enough have been called "The Dilemma," since the foundation of it is "the position of *Cyrille Van Belle*, the burgomaster, who is required to send an innocent man to his death, or else, tho equally innocent himself, to die in his place." The critic proceeds to analyze the situation created:

> "Some playwrights would have worked out the idea by means of a man fiercely attached to life, at one time desperately determined to die, at another resolute to live at the cost of another man. Maeterlinck, however, chooses a tranquil elderly man, a keen horticulturist, with a sense of humor and a quiet philosophic basis of character. For a time he can not believe that the Germans will carry out the threat of vicarious vengeance. He has heard and been forced to believe that during the fateful month of August, 1914, the Huns committed horrible atrocities in his country. Yet, even tho they are already in his little town, and, moreover, actually in his comfortable house, he is incredulous for a while about his peril. Indeed, his son-in-law, *Lieutenant Hilmer*, one of the Germans billeted on him, has a difficulty in convincing the burgomaster that he is in great danger. The man suspected of murdering a German officer is the burgomaster's head gardener, but *M. Van Belle* quickly discovers that the gardener is innocent, and is deeply touched when the man offers to pretend to be guilty and thereby save his master. *Lieutenant Hilmer*, quite a good sort of German, is bewildered when the burgomaster refuses the gardener's offer, and, indeed, an ordinary casuist could make a good case for the acceptance of it.
>
> "An admirable feature of the play is that the author does

not put into the mouth of the protagonist any violent abuse of his enemies, or bitter, rhetorical upbraiding of Providence."

The problem stated with sympathy by one critic is enlarged upon with a fuller view of the action by another. Mr. Walkley, the London *Times* reviewer, sticks to the pseudo-humorous method of treating this particular Belgian's work as "Maeterlinckian":



CANADA'S GOLGOTHA.

Capt. Derwent Wood memorializes the reported crucifixion of a Canadian soldier.

"A familiar figure in the Maeterlinckian theater is the benignant Sage. His function is to moralize upon life and death and other such great matters, to expound with new variations the old thesis that to understand is to forgive, and, generally, to impart to the play the serenity and mansuetude of Maeterlinck's quasi-philosophical essays. He is, as a rule, a subordinate personage, an Old King, perhaps, or a Chamberlain. You may consider him (if it be not a contradiction in terms) a wise *Polonius*. This figure reappears in 'The Burgomaster of Stilemonde,' but, perhaps to our surprize, as the protagonist of the play. It is about his life and death that he moralizes now, and the question is, indeed, a very practical one, for he is going to be shot. Some one, at any rate, must be shot, decrees the commander of the German forces in Stilemonde, in reparation for the murder of one of his officers, and in default of anybody else—the commander doesn't care whom—it must be the burgomaster. Suspicion falls upon the gardener, and, tho innocent, he is quite willing to be shot, being also a benignant sage in his way, and firm on the point that his life is less valuable than the burgomaster's. But the burgomaster can be firm, too; it is not a question of comparative life-values, but of his own honor. He would rather die himself than send another innocent man to death in his stead. There ensue some characteristically mild Maeterlinckian ratiocinations, punctuated by more emphatic notes from a German lieutenant, the burgomaster's son-in-law, but the burgomaster sticks to his point. It is a gentle exercise in the casuistry of self-sacrifice.

"And now there arises a second question. If the burgomaster is to be shot, shall he be shot alone? His unfortunate son-in-law has to command the firing-party, and this the daughter can not allow. Rather than that, let the son-in-law refuse to obey orders, and so be shot alongside the burgomaster, the daughter to make a third victim. Agreed, on the part of the young people; but the burgomaster is again inflexible and again abounds in argument—in fact, it is here that the 'wise *Polonius*' emerges, and becomes almost garrulous. He points out that young people must live their lives; that his daughter is *enceinte;* that his own death will suffice to secure the future safety of the town, and so forth. The drawback is that, in following the successive turns of the discussion, you almost forget the seriousness of the issue. You are offered logic-chopping when you want emotion, the tragic thrill. And that is one's resultant impression of 'The Burgomaster of Stilemonde'; it is a tragic theme treated without tragic force. Beauty it has, but its beauty is the 'sweet reasonableness' of the sage. And even the sage's reasonableness runs too complacently to amiable verbiage.

"Amiable is distinctly the word for the burgomaster—an entirely charming figure. He is an enthusiastic fruit-grower, as is the excellent way with so many Belgians, an ordinary, quiet, home-loving citizen, who becomes—always quietly—a hero, never losing his homely simplicity, never posturing, and even in the hour of death manifestly enjoying a good placid talk. If such a character can not make a protagonist of high tragedy (and, after all, high tragedy was probably never Mr. Maeterlinck's aim), it can be and, in Mr. Martin Harvey's sympathetic presentation, is a wholly delightful thing in itself."

Mr. Walkley is so obsessed with those mental habits that he calls "Maeterlinckian" that even he forgets to tell us who was shot in the end. We must assume that it was the burgomaster who finally was selected to tread the way of Golgotha alone, leaving the unfinished drama of broken happiness in the lives of the two young people. But Mr. Walkley, like the writer he criticizes, overlooks essentials in his preoccupation with method. The modern playhouse, with which he is mainly forced to deal, we may suppose, would have taught the critic one thing, and that is, to bear in mind everybody's anxiety about the happy or unhappy ending.

OPERATIC PESSIMISM IN GERMANY—However bad a tyranny is for life, it seems better for art than a budding democracy. Germany bids fair to go songless unless the singers abate somewhat their demand for "equality." A recent dispatch to the New York *Times* contains the pessimistic reflections of Herman Jadlowker, remembered here as a young tenor of the Metropolitan Opera forces, but recently first tenor of the Royal Opera in Berlin. His review of the situation is this:

"It was my intention at first to take over the management of the Royal Opera-house, on similar lines on which the Metropolitan Opera in New York is conducted, meaning to interest rich men who would contribute the amount formerly supplied by the Crown.

"But on looking over the situation carefully I changed my mind because the strikes among the opera personnel for higher salaries and the absolute equality on the stage would make life unbearable to a manager from the financial as well as the artistic point. Now, I have decided to accept an engagement with Campanini at the Chicago Auditorium if my conditions are complied with. Since Richard Strauss decamped we have been practically without a managerial head at the opera, and it is surprizing that things have not gone worse. Strauss did not like the idea of being elected manager by the chorus and stage-hands and orchestra, which, of course, can not be an ideal mode of advancement, but State Secretary Hanisch insists on this radical form.

"Since then they have again asked me to assume the management. Hearing, however, that a seven-million mark subvention would be required in place of the three millions formerly paid by the Kaiser to cover the deficit caused by the new rate of salaries demanded by the personnel, I have abandoned the idea.

"State Secretary of Finance Suedekum told me that if peace terms were no better than the armistice terms the Prussian state will not have one mark to give to art, and private efforts would never suffice to cover such a large deficit. They talk of electing Dr. Muck, now in America, as manager, but if the outlook is unchanged they will have nobody willing to take the risk, and what will become of most of the opera-singers it is hard to say."

One thing the war has done is to release people like Mr. Jadlowker from fears of imputed *lèse-majesté*, for he thus speaks of the manager:

"Wilhelm certainly seemed to know more about opera than his manager, Colonel Hulsenhaeseler. The latter was almost a parody on the former, or at least a caricature copy except in corporeal greatness. Wilhelm was very conversant with the historical costumes of his favorite operas."

THE "MISSING" VIOLINIST

AMERICAN LOSSES in the field of the fine arts through the war are small in comparison with European, but a special niche in our memorial structure should be reserved for the artists, the poets, the musicians who had turned from their careers in increasing the sum of human happiness to enlarge the sphere of human freedom. David Hochstein's name must now be included among those laureled heroes who sleep in France. Since October his fate has been in doubt, and anxious friends who recall the notes of his violin have sought news of him. "Missing in action" is the phrase that strikes the whole gamut of hopes and fears; and this is all that has been definitely known since it was reported that Hochstein made a concert appearance at Nancy, early in October, before going up to the front, and received a testimonial presented by the citizens of that town through their mayor. A letter finally received from his commanding officer, Major Baldwin, and printed in the New York *Evening Sun*, tells of his last days:

"David Hochstein, with a number of other new lieutenants, joined us not far from Nancy when the regiment was on its way to take part in the drive that was then going on northwest of Verdun. We spent several days in a wood behind the line. Here I came to know Hochstein well, and remarked his ability to the extent that I placed him on the battalion headquarters staff. I learned from him that he was a musician and spoke French and German well, but the extent of his success I did not guess. Nor did he inform us, preferring, I suppose, to have us judge him simply by his work as a soldier. We quickly did that, and the attachment my officers and I formed for him was very real. We lived together several days in an old dugout in the old French trenches northwest of Verdun, and then received orders to move into line. Hochstein was with me when we took the battalion up by the last night marches.

"The night before we attacked I was very anxious to have hot food served to the men, and Hochstein and the supply officer, Boyd, successfully brought a small wagon-train with hot food from several miles in the rear to our position, and the men were fed. It was not easy to do it, as it meant an approach at night over nearly impassable roads under shell-fire.

"The morning of the 14th we attacked, and Hochstein went over with me in battalion headquarters, which was between the assault and support companies. White, the liaison officer who had charge of the runners, was hit, and Hochstein took his place. We took prisoners, and Hochstein quickly secured from them information as to German machine-gun positions, which we then quickly reduced. This service was of the greatest value in the attack.

"On the morning of October 15 we were to continue to penetrate the German lines. We went over in the usual way, following our barrage. Our own position, of course, was under fire. Hochstein, in command of the headquarters runners, was at the head of a little string of men. A shell burst not far behind me, close to the little runner group. I noticed that the runners were still following and kept on until a certain designated objective was reached. There I noticed Hochstein's absence, and was told by a runner that he had been hit going through the woods."

Hochstein was twenty-six years old and a native of Rochester, N. Y. *The Musical Courier* (New York) traces the brief career permitted him in the world of music:

Courtesy of "The Musical Courier," New York.

NOW SLEEPING IN THE ARGONNE.

One of "the very finest violinists America has ever produced," David Hochstein, gave up his life in the recent fighting.

"He began his study of the violin as a mere youngster, working first in New York, then going abroad to study for a while with Leopold Auer, and later to Vienna, where he was a prize pupil in the Meisterschule of the Imperial Academy under Prof. Ottokar Sevcik. He won the first state prize at Vienna, a diploma, and the sum of one thousand crowns. His début was made at Vienna in January, 1911, with great success and later in the same year he went to London with Professor Sevcik and played there. The Vienna Conservatory, as a sort of proof of what its teaching could do, gave several concerts in various of the largest continental cities in which its crack pupils participated, and Hochstein was its representative as a violinist, being received with great enthusiasm and recognized as one of the best of the younger men wherever he appeared. Just before the war he returned to his native country and from the first had a most promising professional career. When the war called him away at the beginning of 1917 his position as one of the very finest violinists which America had ever produced was thoroughly established. He had played in recital extensively throughout the country and had made numerous appearances as soloist with the symphony orchestras."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

"REDS" UNITING GERMAN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

THE COMMON ENEMY, Bolshevism, has thrown the Catholic and Protestant factions of Germany almost into each other's arms, tho they are careful to point out that the union is for defensive purposes only. The Centrist or Catholic party is eager for the support of Evangelicals to swell their numbers, and the Evangelicals gladly welcome the political experience and sagacity of the Centrists, who have been long in the political field. Reservations are made to the extent that "both religious factions are to be left free to pursue their own quarrels after the more urgent needs of the moment have been met." All this we learn from the Coblenz correspondence of Mr. Edwin L. James to the New York *Times*, who quotes the Protestant theologian of Berlin, Prof. K. Dunkelmann as leader of his church faction in bringing about the *rapprochement*. Thus:

> "The new Centrist party wishes to be nothing but a Christian popular party. It must be admitted that this new formation of the Centrists is founded upon an excellent basis, which is well adapted to the sentiments of the large masses of people and will permit of wide political expansion in the future.
>
> "What would be the use of emphasizing distinctions, to say nothing of controversies, between the Catholic and the Evangelical religions at this time, when both Churches are confronted by difficult tasks, in which they are mutually interested, for the benefit of those parts of the people which belong to them, respectively?
>
> "In this connection this characteristic of the Evangelical Church is important, namely, that on account of its subjective and internal attributes it is impossible for it to form an independent political party. Its religious impetus could only make itself felt in connection with some body of political tendencies such as the Conservatives. The situation is entirely different as regards the Centrist party, which is equipped not only with religious unity, but also with political experience, which seem to warrant the hope that a civilian party with religious principles would be able to stand on its own feet. As things stand the proper policy for Evangelical people is indicated. It would be extremely satisfactory if they would join the Centrist party. Whatever fears of success that party would otherwise inspire would become groundless if the Centrist party should succeed in attracting considerable bodies of the Evangelical people to its ranks."

What the two parties, tho unorganized, have already been able to do is cited by this theologian as a good augury:

> "This is what is happening, for example, in places where the danger of Bolshevism and the danger of control by the Social Democracy is most apparent—namely, in Berlin. Evangelical elements are known to have contributed largely to the New Year's demonstration made by Centrists in Berlin. This demonstration was made in admirable form—by the raising of the cross in Berlin, that city which has become so disgracefully heathen in its practises—and was the forerunner of a real crusade, intended to save, and it is hoped that it will save, our Fatherland from the power of infidels."

The returns following the election show that the second largest vote was polled by the Christian People's party, who elected eighty-eight members to the General Assembly. The Newark *News* thinks too little attention has been paid to this singular union of religious bodies hitherto so far apart:

> "This showing was made without any distinctly religious or ecclesiastical issue, and it is not at all certain that the Christian People's made as good a showing as they might have done under other circumstances. It is very likely that fear of the radicals influenced some of those who might otherwise have voted with this group to cast their ballots where they believed they would count more effectively as a check upon the 'Reds.'
>
> "Yet, however this may be, Catholics and Protestants fought under the same symbol at the polls and worked together in the election campaign—and this in the country of Martin Luther! It is interesting to speculate upon what might happen if, through some development in the German situation, a circumstance should appear which would make a straight-out issue between the Christian and non-Christian, the religious and non-religious forces. Would it cause these long-estranged Christian organizations to coalesce? And it will be interesting, in any event, to see what effect will result from their working together politically. How long can religious differences survive active union in political matters?
>
> "Still more interesting will it be to observe the stand this party, with its strong representation, takes on questions with which the German people have to deal. How will it aline itself with the Liberals or the Reactionaries? What contribution has it to make to the development of the German people under a free government? How will it vote on international questions, on questions of social reform? What position will it take toward the League of Nations? What efforts will it make to redeem the name of Germany and lead her back into the family of nations?
>
> "Such questions can be discust without bitterness because old antagonisms within the Church have apparently been buried. They are questions which ought to appeal to both Protestants and Catholics. Very surprizing things are happening in this topsyturvy world. Is it possible that the war has worked toward reconciliation of one of the most deplorable separations of history?"

IMMIGRATION OF THE TALMUD—The ancient books of the Talmud, formerly imprinted at Wilna and at Warsaw, will in future be published on this continent. Since the sacking of these two Polish cities in 1916 no copies of the Talmud could be issued, because the Germans destroyed the plates from which they were printed. This is another item in the long list of vandalisms for which the world has to thank the military caste of the Teutonic empires. "The Germans in their acute need for brass and lead for bullet-molding," says the New York *Sun*, "plundered the two cities and the printing plates of the Talmud were melted up with the rest of the loot." Bells and ornaments of metal from churches in the West fared a similar fate, but it is questionable if a sacred writ ever underwent such transformation in the history of previous wars. New England tradition has it the hymn-books were crowded into the guns for wadding by the Colonists, when they were settling their differences with the mother country, and the order "give 'em Watts" has become famous. But we fancy Puritan reverence would have withheld the Bible. The Talmud's story as told by *The Sun* is not without interest:

> "Lest the publication of the Talmud should cease, a contract has been entered into by the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States and Canada for an edition of 2,000 copies to be made in Montreal. Owing to the tremendous labor involved in an attempt to set up the pages in type, New York firms refused the contract. The committee appreciated that it would be a labor of years under the supervision of the best Talmudic scholars to bring out an American edition, and a more modern expedient was decided upon. Photographic plates now are being made of each page of the book and by printing from these plates it will be possible to bring out the edition in eighteen months. The contract was let to a firm in Montreal, which is the publishing company of a Jewish journal, at a cost of $200,000. Isaac Allen, an attorney at 132 Nassau Street, is counsel for the rabbinical union engaged in the project, and has directed arrangements for the publication. . . . . . .
>
> "It is proposed to distribute more than half of the coming edition in America. Probably three hundred copies will come to this city. They will be sold for $100 each. A *de luxe* edition will be sold for $250 each. Any excess received from the sales will be turned into a pension fund for indigent rabbis."

MOSLEM ABSORPTION OF THE CHRISTIAN EGYPTIAN

THE HIGH COST OF BIBLES in Coptic is said to be one of the agencies that is driving these ancient Christians of Egypt into the Moslem fold. Another is the political unwisdom of some features of the British rule there. The authority for this statement is a Britisher himself, Mr. S. H. Leeder, who has traveled much in Egypt out of the beaten track. A recent book of his, "The Modern Sons of the Pharaohs," makes the statement that tho Egypt is under the protection of a Christian nation, the Egyptian Christian, or Copt, as he is called, living in the villages, is slowly and unconsciously being absorbed "into the Moslem faith." He tells us that a Bible printed in Coptic "costs as much as £40 ($200)," and Coptic in which all the prayers are said is not understood by the masses of people. "Many hundreds of villages," he says, have "no church, and no priest ever visits them." Whereas "in the old days, when opposition roused a man's pride in the profession of the Cross he made efforts to preserve the faith in which he gloried," now "the only function left in which the remote country Copt exerts himself is to carry his children to a distant church for baptism, neglecting all the other sacraments." Mr. Leeder continues:

> "In every way he lives the same life as his Moslem neighbor, and between them there is no sign remaining of religious contention. Is it surprizing, when the Church does nothing for him, that his knowledge of Christianity becomes more and more weak, until it takes very little persuasion, on the part of the sheik whom he respects, to draw him into the ranks of those on whom he is dependent for society and neighborly offices—the men whom he sees daily at their prayers, and going regularly with deep satisfaction to worship God in the mosque. This is a strange result of the Christian occupation of Moslem Egypt."

HEAD OF THE COPTIC CHURCH.

The 112th successor of St. Mark is Cyril V. and holds sway as Patriarch of Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, Pentapolis.

Mr. Leeder says that "one of the strangest things, perhaps, in Britain's rule in Egypt is the way the question of the observation of Sunday has been dealt with." He asks: "Who could believe that a Christian people, on whom the observance of the Sabbath is laid as a Heaven-given commandment, could go into a country where there was already another Christian Church, with many hundreds of thousands of adherents, and promptly make arrangements by which they deprived the Christians whom they employed and their children, in the state schools of any chance of observing their holy day, giving up at the same time their own Sunday to secular work." But that is exactly what Britain has done. Why? Let Mr. Leeder explain:

> "Some one conceived the idea that this was the only politic thing to do out of consideration of the Moslem people, who must alone be thought of because they are in the majority! That this political idea was imaginary and ill-founded may be judged from the effect it has had on the minds of those whose prejudices were thought to demand it. I am more than convinced that there is nothing which has robbed us (the British) of respect on the part of the Moslems so much as this very act which we had done to gain their good will."

This English writer supports the Coptic contention that "whereas when the British took control of the country their people occupied a great number of the highest positions in the state, in less than a quarter of a century almost all the Coptic heads of departments have disappeared." He claims that the "cleavage between Copt and Moslem . . . dates only from the British occupation"; that these communities "have no innate antagonism, as history has again and again proved," but that the cleavage is due to writers "who are always telling them (the Copts) that (after fourteen hundred years) the Arab is an intruder in Egypt, and the country really belongs to the Copts; that because 'the genuine Egyptians are the Christian Copts' they ought to have special treatment at English hands; that their faults are largely the faults that come from oppression; who would indeed keep alive for ever a hatred of the Moslems by dwelling on the past, while flattering the Copts by attributing to them virtues they do not possess." He writes that as soon as

> ". . . one gets away from the talk and agitation, and the intriguing press of the town, . . . one always finds how little division there is between the Copt and the Moslem. . . . I never saw a sign of any sort of restraint or reserve in the intercourse; the (Coptic) pasha indeed shows in many ways a deep interest in the religion of those of his people who are Moslems, and he discusses the details with them with a frankness only equaled by the way in which they respond. If it is suggested that this comes from his exalted position, I can say that I have stayed with a Moslem pasha in exactly similar circumstances, and have found the same good feeling exist between him and the men of different faith. My present host has built at his own expense a mosque; just as there are Moslem pashas who have built Christian churches on their domains."

Mr. Leeder found the Coptic clergy, as a rule, ignorant and ill-paid, and opposed to reforms that enlightened Copts belonging to the Tewfik Society wish to make. He speaks very highly of the great work that the American Presbyterian Mission has done in Egypt. To quote him:

"In many ways the American Mission has rendered a most excellent service to the Egyptian Christians; in their splendid schools and colleges, and in their hospitals, they, with wonderful ability and a lavish generosity, have benefited the whole of Egypt.

"They have established numbers of mission-halls, with all the Presbyterian bareness, and from their platforms they appeal to the people, not only to live the life of personal holiness, but to shun the errors of their ancient Church. Their adherents are numbered by tens of thousands; and I can speak of the zeal and the earnestness of these converts, including as they do many of the richest and most influential Copts in the country."

In another place he writes:

"The native teachers trained by the American Mission have reached a good number of villages, and many chapels have been built, where small gatherings of Christians are held. From Coptic centers like Assiut a number of zealous itinerant teachers go out from the chapels to the little hamlets to preach. . . . One of the greatest gifts to Egypt of the American Mission is a cheap Arabic version of the Bible."

A WORD TO CHURCH HECKLERS

CONTINUED "HECKLING THE CHURCH" is a pastime that recent events seem to render futile, for the Church in the past two years has shown she deserves something better at the hands of her critics—most of them, says a writer in the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "ordained servants of the Church." Carpers, clerical and lay, who, according to this writer, have delighted "to show the utter insufficiency, fallacy, and insanity of many of the Church's methods, and more particularly the gross incompetency and narrowness of the Church's leaders," will not be pleased to see the category into which this writer assembles them. It would be more becoming in them, he avers, "to lend their influence through cooperation in bettering conditions as they conceive them than to stand outside this sacred institution and despoil and defame it as the Germans did the great cathedral at Reims." He writes in defense:

"We believe it may be stated that the clergy of this and other lands have averaged up fairly well with other bodies and professions in meeting the demands of the war-period. The thousands of Catholic priests in France who responded to the call to the colors and went into the trenches to give their lives for the Republic are a refutation of the statement that the Church has no concern for the things of the state. The ready response of the clergy and Christian men and women generally in all countries to the call for selfless service in Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, and other noble agencies is a further denial of the frequently made charge that the Church is too other-worldly. It is a singular but conspicuous fact that whenever anything breaks down in our social system the Church is charged with dereliction; on the other hand, whenever things move along normally and all our various agencies efficiently function, there is little said for the institution that constitutes a large part of the source of inspiration and power.

"We do believe that now and again there have been marked evidences of narrowness and bigotry in the administration of religious institutions. Again, we submit that all too frequently the whole accent has been placed upon future bliss rather than present world-betterment; but our age had witnessed revolutionary changes, not only in the Church's teaching but in the Church's method. There may not be many martyrs in our day, but there are certainly Christian heroes to be found in every town and city ready to spend and be spent, not only that their fellows may have a closer realization of a future heaven, but a more perfect realization of a better world in which we now live. . . . . . .

"After all, the only kind of criticism that is worth while is constructive and cooperative. The clergy are not by any means free from faults, but it is our observation that the vast majority of them are, with great limitations of both means and money, prosecuting a work that calls for harder service, greater tact, finer diplomacy, and truer consecration than that called for by any other occupation with which we are familiar. The war doubtless will effect far-reaching and salutary changes in the Church's system, and we hope we shall have a saner and more consistent religious teaching and practise; but this will be effected through the exacting labors of those on the inside rather than the stone-throwing of those on the outside."

Another secular journal, a few hundred miles down the Mississippi, treats of the Church in the new era, and wonders what it is doing to stop the spread of Bolshevism. We place this editorial from the St. Louis *Republic* in juxtaposition with the foregoing and leave readers to draw conclusions:

"You say the Church is trying to teach the very things we want the sinner to learn.

"Go out Sunday and hear what it is preaching. You will find carefully rounded sermons dealing with sweet abstractions and so worded as not to offend. You will find interpretations of Christ's word that would astound the Savior if he heard them. You will find the Writ perverted so as to disinherit the Meek and to make the passage of the camel through the eye of the needle a matter of great ease and facility.

"Charity! That is one virtue which you will hear emphasized, and it is in the emphasis of that virtue that a weakness of the Church lies. The rich malefactor can and does give alms. He takes a dollar from the laborer and throws him back a penny through the Provident Association. Having given charity, he feels cleansed and pure of heart. His multitude of sins has been covered. The Church smiles upon him and lauds his virtue.

"The Church is good at the core. It is a most necessary adjunct to civilization and fills a place that can be taken by no other agency. Without the uplift of spiritual thought we would slip back into the pagan fens.

"That the Church has been losing its influence there is no manner of doubt, and the reasons are not hard to find.

"It is getting further away from Christ and nearer to Crœsus.

"It has become purely a Sunday proposition of good clothes rather than a seven-day matter of rolled-up sleeves.

"It has been trying to reconcile God to conditions on earth rather than to alter conditions on earth to meet the wishes of him.

"Preaching the word has become a business instead of a mission.

"The Church has departed from the masses to take up with the classes.

"If there is any evidence needed for the failure of the Church with the so-called common people look at the history of mass revolutions.

"The French revolutionists destroyed the Church of France.

"The Russian Bolsheviki destroyed the Church of Russia.

"The Italian revolutions weakened the power of the Church.

"The Church has erred in preaching submission rather than in teaching equality, liberty, and fraternity.

"It is not too late for the Church to redeem itself. The foundation is good and strong and a superstructure that will be a delight not to eye but to the soul and spirit can be erected.

"The school and the lecture hall have but one weapon with which to carry on propaganda—reason.

"The Church has two—reason and faith.

"The two are not inconsistent. They need not clash. Reason can be justified by faith and faith by reason.

"The two weapons can be used to accomplish wonders in making the world a good place to live in if the Church will but remember that its mission on earth is to realize the brotherhood of man—not to teach mass submission to class and to exalt class.

"To talk of a 'fashionable Church' is to deny the Savior.

"If the Church is to differentiate between the rich and the poor, in the name of God how can they ever be got together?

"The Church has the opportunity to save civilization and itself. Will it take the opportunity?

"'I am my brother's keeper.'"

Feeling that "the Church to-day faces its greatest crisis," *The Republic* waxes even more pessimistic:

"With Bolshevism it dies; with the Era of the Greater Humanity, which we hope will arrive swiftly enough to allay the world unrest before it comes to an ugly head, it will live and flourish.

"What is the Church doing to stop the spread of Bolshevism?

"What is the Church doing to make brotherly love a concrete virtue instead of a pulpit platitude?

"Very little.

"The Church to-day is not preaching the gospel of that Christ who drove the money-changers from the Temple.

"The money-changer is being chased into the Temple amid pæans of joy and escorted by smiling, ingratiating preachers of the Word.

"He is an ornament of the Church under the new Dollar Divinity."

EDUCATION-IN-AMERICANISM

Lessons in Patriotism prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *and especially designed for High School use*

THE DANES IN THE UNITED STATES

WHEN THEY BEGAN TO ARRIVE—As far back as the Dutch settlement of Manhattan Island Danish settlers are of record, just as has been noted of the Norwegians. The explanation is that many of the Danes were of seagoing inclination, and in consequence shipped with Dutch voyagers as our first Danish immigrants. A Dane of the **name of Bronck,** who built his roof-tree on the eastern coast of the United States, is credited with leaving the name of Bronx to that Borough and County of Greater New York, famous in Colonial days as a nucleus of manor-houses and now largely considered as the " open door " to new quarters for an overcrowded lower and middle East Side. But altho the Danes have been coming to this country for so many years, they **never came in great flood,** as is the case with some other immigrant nations. The chief reason for this minor immigration is that home conditions have been and are attractive enough to persuade the Danes that " East, West, hame's best." The **number of Danes in Utah** about twenty years ago was 30,000. As the result of Mormon propaganda and agricultural opportunity in that State the great emigration thither began about fifty years past. In the House of Representatives at Washington there are three Danish Congressmen who were born in Denmark.

ASSIMILATION—The Danes are so readily assimilated in the United States that often a native-born American may be working beside a Dane for years before the **Dane's nationality** becomes a matter of notice. It is estimated that now there are more than 200,000 Danes in the United States. One must remember in this connection that Denmark's population is about 3,000,000. In groups they are to be found as farmers in **Nebraska and Iowa** and in **Kansas.** There are some Danish colonies as far south as Texas. They are especially distinguished as **dairy farmers in the Middle West.** In California are to be found many Danish settlers and their descendants, who came to this country when the German Imperial Government took over that section of Schleswig inhabited by a majority of Danes. The question of Denmarkian or German right to this territory will be decided, it is expected, by Danish authorities at the Peace Conference. Yet it is to be remarked that the majority of the Danes from Schleswig who dug home roots in California, with the idea of returning home one day, have long ere this resolved to remain in their new homeland. The Danes exemplify an interesting theorem in immigration to the United States. The smaller the number that comes, the larger that remains. It is true that many go back to see the " old country," we are told, and not a few have the purpose to remain there. In the main, nevertheless, they make the return and final voyage to this country, to the conditions of which they have grown accustomed and because their **principal interests lie here.** It is to be remembered, also, that many Danes adventured hither in the gold-rush to California in 1849. True to the national type, numbers also took their chance in the gold-rush to Alaska in the nineties.

TWO NOTABLE DANES OF THE UNITED STATES—No less an authority than the late Theodore Roosevelt defined the late Jacob A. Riis, a Dane, as **America's most useful citizen.** The tribute was paid to the work of Mr. Riis as a police reporter and reconstructionist of the slums that existed in Mulberry Bend and adjacent districts of New York City when Colonel Roosevelt was Police Commissioner. But the inspiration and impetus of Mr. Riis's effort, as everybody knows, **spread throughout the country** as a lesson to all persons of uplift instinct to understand as well as aim to improve conditions and classes. As an enduring evidence of his work we have the Jacob A. Riis League for Patriotic Service, with headquarters at Chicago and branches in various parts of the country. This league has done yeoman service, we are told, in promoting the war-loans, the sale of war-stamps, and in generally making of the Danes 100 per cent. Americans.

Another Dane famous in American annals is the late **Mr. Nils Paulson,** who came to this country as a poor emigrant boy and eventually became very wealthy as the owner of an iron-foundry. He died in 1912, but a year earlier he established the **Scandinavian American Foundation,** which he endowed with the bulk of his fortune. The purpose of the foundation is **educational and cultural,** but as the name implies, it is devoted not to the Danes alone, but to the other great Scandinavian populations in this country, the Norwegians and the Swedes. Mr. Paulson also provided funds for exchange lectures between the United States and the Scandinavian countries.

LITERACY OF THE DANES—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, is said once to have described the Danes as the best educated people in the world. Making whatever allowance is necessary for so general a statement, the fact remains that among the Danes the percentage of illiteracy is practically zero. Once they settle here their children, of course, are educated in the public schools, and, as has been noted in the case of the Norwegians and the Swedes, the **second generation of Danes** is finally and completely American. There are several Danish newspapers in this country, and they have always enjoyed high repute for their loyalty. Most of the editorials in these journals are on **American subjects.** In judging of current events and their import the Danish newspapers render a special service to such of their readers, we are told, who are not fully familiar with English. Besides local and world news of the day, the Danish press gives considerable space to news of the **old country.**

INTERESTS OF THE DANES HERE—In earlier days the Danes that came to this country were chiefly workers of the skilled class, in particular craftsmen of the **carpenters' and builders' trades.** Also there were **many dairy farmers,** and it is claimed by some Danes that they are the best dairymen in the world. Later Danish immigration became strongly marked by an influx of commercial men and experts in the technical lines of industry. There are numerous Danish exporters, especially in the East, who ship largely **coffee and machinery.** In the West the Danes are to be noted in considerable numbers as **mining engineers,** and in various urban sections of the country many Danes are **chemists.** In industrial centers the Danes are conspicuous in Chicago, Omaha, Brooklyn, and Perth Amboy (New Jersey), where the terra-cotta factories are owned and worked by Danes. As a Danish editor says of Perth Amboy epigrammatically, " You don't need to know English to get around." The Danes are numerous along the Atlantic and the Pacific coast as sailors, mates, and captains. A simple explanation of this record is that Denmark's school of navigation is of high standing. In the United States Navy many of the petty officers and men are Danes. As seamen the Danes rank so high that it is alleged by some Danish authorities that this is the chief reason for Germany's wish to retain her hold on the Danish section of Schleswig. In the hotel and restaurant business and as shopkeepers the Danes are found successful. In all classes they are described as thrifty and law-abiding and in the main prosperous.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL CHARACTER—In the United States the majority of Danes when they affiliate with a Church choose one of the **Lutheran** establishment, which is the state church of Denmark. A minority belong to the Baptist denomination, we are advised, and then, of course, a certain proportion of the descendants of the Danes who went to Utah fifty years back remain Mormon in their religious persuasion. A Norwegian is our authority for the remark that, **personally considered,** the Danes are more urbane than the Swedes or the Norwegians. Their language resembles the Norwegian. It is accented differently and is rather a softer speech. By constitution the Danes are said to be endowed with a great sense of **personal democracy.** This is manifest particularly, we are told, in the relations between master and servant and employer and employee. There is no servility on the one side and no tyranny on the other. Each recognizes the **rights and duties of his status** and respects those of the other.

A PERMANENT DANISH TRIBUTE TO THE UNITED STATES—Amid the sand-dunes of the Jutland the Danish-American Society has laid out a park in memory of Danes who have settled in this country. The president of this society goes to Denmark in July of each year and on the " glorious Fourth " the **American flag** is hoisted to the top of a flagpole and appropriate services are held to witness the feelings of Danish-Americans toward their adopted country. How deep-seated these sentiments are is proved by just such a demonstration of the loyalty and gratitude of the Danish-Americans who, as we have seen, in their social and economic career amalgamate so readily and thoroughly with American institutions and ideas.

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Around the fire at evening-time, there is nothing more satisfying or surpassingly good than

Pennant Peanuts

—the big golden kind, whole roasted, free from skins and properly salted.

They are nutritious, too, and you can eat all you want. Take them home crisp and fresh in the 5c Glassine bag with the red Pennant on it, or in the handy family packages—pound and ½-pound tins, and 10- and 6-ounce glasses.

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The name "Planters" on peanut confections and peanut food products, stands for the highest standard of

Quality
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CURRENT POETRY

An American edition of the poems of Siegfried Sassoon has appeared under the title "Counter-Attack, and Other Poems" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), with an introduction by that other English poet who was recently in America, Robert Nichols. Unlike the majority of contemporary poets, as noted in our Letters and Art Department recently, Sassoon has no word to say for the "glory and romance of war." His poems are strong arraignments of war and war-makers; those that are not bitter in their irony are poignant in their suffering at the sacrifice of so many young lives. Here is a satiric poem, of which variety there are many in the collection.

LAMENTATIONS

By Siegfried Sassoon

I found him in the guard-room at the Base.
  From the blind darkness I had heard his crying
And blundered in. With puzzled, patient face
  A sergeant watched him; it was no good trying
To stop it; for he howled and beat his chest.
And, all because his brother had gone West,
  Raved at the bleeding war; his rampant grief
Moaned, shouted, sobbed, and choked, while he was kneeling
  Half-naked on the floor. In my belief
Such men have lost all patriotic feeling.

Yet with all his railing at war, he is keenly alive to the changes it has wrought in himself, as these verses record:

THE TRIUMPH

By Siegfried Sassoon

When life was a cobweb of stars for Beauty who came
  In the whisper of leaves or a bird's lone cry in the glen,
On dawn-lit hills and horizons girdled with flame
  I sought for the triumph that troubles the faces of men.

With death in the terrible flickering gloom of the fight
  I was cruel and fierce with despair; I was naked and bound;
I was stricken: and Beauty returned through the shambles of night;
  In the faces of men she returned; and their triumph I found.

A familiar idea exprest sincerely and musically is embodied in these lines from the Sydney *Bulletin* (Australia) by A. M. Bowyer-Rosman. A certain quaint, old-fashioned flavor clings to the verse-medium used by the writer that suits well the picture he presents.

RENDEZVOUS

By A. M. Bowyer-Rosman

This is the hour of fulfilment; the time and place of our meeting,
  Roses red in the garden, sunset red in the west;
Sit by my side, old friend, and give me your hand in greeting.
  Here where the journey is ending, old ways and old friends are best.

This was the pact we made when the bells of youth were ringing
  Down in the fragrant meadows a-shine with the cape-flower's gold;
You said: "I will wander away and wake the world with my singing!"
  I said: "I will make a garden to rest in when we grow old!"

Grape-Nuts
A Compound made of Wheat, Barley, Salt and Yeast
Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.
A FOOD
ECONOMY

Children Love
Grape-Nuts

because, from their standpoint, it is a "delicious" food, and makes them "feel good."

But children do not analyze the food question, and here is where parents may tell them why Grape-Nuts makes them "feel good."

They should be told this food makes them grow strong and keeps them healthy, because it is made of wheat and barley, with their wonderful "mineral salts."

Then if they are told that the long baking of Grape-Nuts makes it easy to digest, they will have nearly the whole story of *why* Grape-Nuts not only makes children, but everybody, "feel good." Truly—

"There's a Reason"
for
Grape-Nuts

You have won to the far-off heights, your songs
are a living story.
Wafted o'er shining waters, blown round the
world as a flame;
They have wakened men to love, or led them to
deathless glory,
And the little children lisp them, and earth is
glad at your name.

And I—I have made the garden and decked it
for your returning:
Year after year the roses have blazoned and
died away.
And the tall gums gazed to seaward where the
sunset fires were burning,
Waving their arms in greeting to you who
would come one day.

Babes have grown with the blossoms, and played
in the scented clover;
Age has found calm and solace and rest as the
long years pass;
And there where the jasmine clusters, many a
lass and lover
Have marked the bright hours fleeting by the
sun-dial set in the grass.

But all was fashioned for you, for the time and
place of our meeting
(See, how the gold grows silver from the moon-
rise over the hill!)
So sit by my side, old friend, and give me your
hand in greeting,
For here is the place of evening and the tides of
the world are still.

The dream of immortality is perennial with poets, as one realizes in remembering their songs of "looking backward" from the days of the earliest singers down. A graceful echo of these songs of the imagined years in the far past is quoted in "Songs of Men," an anthology edited by Robert Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston):

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

By James Elroy Flecker

I who am dead a thousand years
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Mæonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

Oh, friend, unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

In sharp contrast to the melancholy strain of the foregoing we have a lyric protest against the too common and most

HEINZ

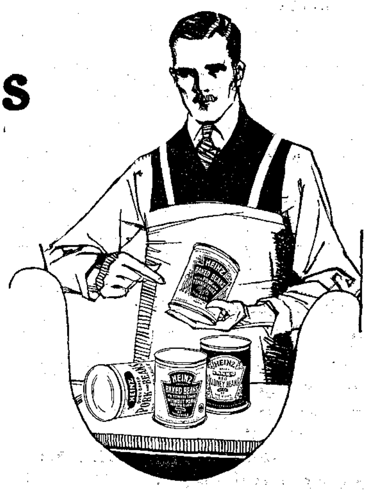
HEINZ
EST'D 1869
BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND
TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Oven
Baked
BEANS

You should remember Heinz Baked Beans not merely when buying beans, but when buying any food because Heinz Oven Baked Beans are not only the most delicious form of beans, but because they are an acceptable substitute for many foods that cost much more, and have less food value—an important consideration in these days of high living costs.

To get baked beans at their best insist on Heinz Baked Beans, because Heinz Baked Beans are really baked—baked in ovens with dry heat. They have that delicious and unmistakable flavor which the baking gives, and they are seasoned with skill and care. They are flavored with pork or tomato sauce, or both. Four different styles, all equally good.

Heinz
57 Varieties



Your grocer carries Heinz products. Did you ever step into a grocery store where the 57 were not sold?

Why do you suppose every grocer has the 57?

Popularity didn't make them good—but making the 57 good made them popular so that every good grocer keeps his shelves well supplied for you.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

obnoxious form of bore, the "know-it-all," which is quoted from *Life:*

A PREFERENCE

By Clinton Scollard

But yesterday I met a man
 Who to the lexicon was brother;
In dipping dactyls he could scan
 Theocritus, or any other.
He could discourse upon earth's crust,
 Or on what made the dodo famous;
Than such a dreary dry-as-dust
 I'd rather be an ignoramus!

He knew by rote each church in Rome,
 And he could diagnose conniptions;
He could translate a Chinese tome
 Or strange Assyrian inscriptions.
He could dilate on surds or tracts,
 Or legends from the land of Shamus;
Than such a facile fund of facts
 I'd rather be an ignoramus!

Clearly could he elucidate
 The manners of the men of Media;
All myths and marvels he could state—
 A peripatetic encyclopedia!
He was authority on war,
 Could show how the cavemen might claim us;
Than such a knowledge-reservoir
 I'd rather be an ignoramus!

He'd prate on Peary and the pole,
 Then nimbly leap to the equator;
He'd solved the soul and "over-soul,"
 Was intimate with the Creator!
Oh, to be learned in legal lore
 One hour, and issue a mandamus!
I'd rid the world of one more bore,
 Then rest content, an ignoramus!

Edward J. O'Brien reminds us in the Boston *Transcript* that we have a duty to the memory of those who made the great sacrifice:

ON THE DAY OF ACHIEVEMENT

By Edward J. O'Brien

As their body was woven of stars, and their spirit was woven of light,
So shall our body and blood be woven of day and of night,
Day of the spirit's conquest, night of remembered pain,
Earth and wind and water, flame and flowers and rain.

Body and blood in the image of those who died for the gleam,
Drifting dust like they, but drifting dust with a dream,
Weaving the Mystical Rose out of laughter and labor and tears,
Apart from them through the days, but one with them in the years,
We are their will made flesh, and we are stern to command
That those whom they went forth to slay shall not rise transformed in our land.

One with those who went down through the iron years to death,
They rise again in our dream, as their dust is stirred with our breath,
And out of that generous dust the years shall blow not away
Stirs the voice of undying youth, arisen once more to say:

"Judge not that ye be not judged; we carried the torch to the goal,
The goal is won: guard the fire; it is yours; but remember our soul
Breathes through the life that we saved, when our lives went out in the night;
Your body is woven of ours; see that the torch is alight."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

THE RECONSTITUTION OF "THE LAW OF NATIONS"

Scott, James Brown [Editor]. The Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800. A Collection of Official Documents Preceded by the Views of Representative Publicists. Pp. xxxiv—698. $5 net. The Treaties of 1785, 1799, and 1828 Between the United States and Prussia, as Interpreted in Opinions of Attorneys-General, Decisions of Courts, and Diplomatic Correspondence. Pp. x—207. $2 net. James Madison's Notes in the Federal Convention of 1787 and Their Relation to a More Perfect Society of Nations. Pp. xviii—249. $2 net. Une Cour de Justice Internationale. Pp. vi—269. $2 net. Les Conventions et Déclarations de La Haye de 1899 et 1907, Accompagnées de Tableaux des Signatures, Ratifications, et Adhésions et des Textes de Réserves, avec une *Introduction. Pp. xxxiv—318. $2 net.* Published by the Oxford University Press under the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of International Law.

Wilhelm II., formerly of Germany, is credited (or charged) with the assertion that international law had ceased to exist. The probability is that what he meant, if he really made the remark, was that he had already smashed it, or intended to smash it, out of existence, and that his will, as the victor he expected to be, would thenceforth govern in the world. Certainly both neutrals and enemy were equally treated as tho what had come to be known as the "law of nations" or "international law" were non-existent. The most time-honored conventions—such as the courteous treatment of ambassadors—and the most recent agreements—those formed at The Hague—were alike "honored in the breach." One of the tasks of the Peace Conference, and of whatever permanent body (as now seems likely) succeeds it, is to reerect the structure so ruthlessly and wantonly shattered and to provide methods for facile, peaceful, and profitable intercourse between the nations.

This, however, can not be done regardless of what has taken place in such intercourse in the past. There are successes to be repeated, failures to be avoided, obstacles to overcome, impediments to be removed, justified precedents to be followed. Principles have been asserted, rules of procedure formulated, consideration of the most varied conditions and circumstances among peoples of the most dissimilar races has been made and reduced, so far as possible, to formulas. The claims of humanity have been stated. All the results have been tested over longer or shorter periods, and the consequences have been noted. They must be brought together, and the Carnegie Endowment has attempted the task. It secured for this purpose, as director of its division of international law, James Brown Scott. He is now engaged in producing a series of volumes devoted to the historic and legal elucidation of certain facts and of the principles involved. These will of necessity be employed in the task of reasserting or reconstructing the system under which orderly intercourse may take place among all peoples.

Four of the five volumes noted above are in this series. Each of these sets forth a particular question or phase of one. The first-named is educed by a reference in President Wilson's address before Congress on February 26, 1917, in which he intimated that the United States might be forced to have "recourse to 'armed neutrality.'" What that is, what certain precedents are, in what official European documents the doctrine is embodied, and how authorities have treated it, this volume assumes to show. It deals with the agreements between the leading neutral Powers of Europe in 1780 and 1800, aimed at protecting "their rights against belligerent invasion, by force of arms if necessary." The principal documents are given both in the original and in translation. They include declarations by the Empress of Russia and the King of Denmark; the conventions between these two Powers, and between them and Norway; declaration of the King of Sweden, and of the States-General of the Netherlands; conventions between Russia and Prussia; act of accession by the Emperor of the Romans; conventions between Russia and Portugal, Russia, and Sweden, Russia and Great Britain, with proclamations and the acts of accession of various parties. And the documents are preceded by citations from the works of all leading authorities bearing on the subjects discust. These citations, again, are enriched with notes, historical and legal, so as to form a compend of facts, declarations, and opinions that is practically exhaustive.

The second volume named above deals with the three early treaties between our own country and Prussia. The order followed here is different. The texts of the treaties are given, the decisions of Federal courts based on special cases, opinions of attorneys-general, General Grant's proclamation of neutrality for the Franco-Prussian War, diplomatic correspondence in 1885, 1886, 1915 (case of the *William P. Frye*), and 1916 (case of the *Appam*), the proposal of the German Government to interpret or enlarge a section of the treaty of 1799, with the rejection of the same by our Secretary of State.

"James Madison's Notes" (not in the Carnegie series) are reproduced, annotated, and bibliographed because of their bearing upon the formation of a "Society of Nations." Dr. Scott holds that the Federal Convention of 1757 was in fact and in form "an International Conference," inasmuch as each of the thirteen States was sovereign and independent. He believes that if a close union of world-states shall be contemplated, a study of these "Notes" should be mastered because of their instructive value.

The other two volumes are in French. The first contains a letter by the editor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at The Hague, covering a reasoned proposal made in January, 1914, for an Arbitral International Court of Justice, together with the texts of the Conventions at Paris, 1910, and the projects connected therewith. In a second part of the volume is a second document, historical and explanatory, on the same subject, with addresses by Mr. Choate, Dr. Scott, Léon Bourgeois, and other proposals. The last volume is well described by its title. The appendix of ratifications, signatures, and agreements or acceptances add to the value. It is a collection of significant value at the present time. Germany's ratification of the Convention of 1907 is significantly absent.

The great service rendered by these scholarly volumes at this critical period is beyond estimate. The distinguished author and the Oxford University Press are laying the civilized world under a huge debt for the setting forth in concrete cases of principles which have been tried

Serving Producer and Consumer

The Livestock Producer Wants

- —The highest prices his cattle will bring.
- —An assured market 12 months in the year.
- —Selling outlets that cover the entire world.

The Meat Consumer Wants

- —Meat at the lowest prices it can be bought.
- —A stabilized supply, winter and summer alike.
- —Distribution that brings the meat fresh, sweet and in prime condition.

These things Armour and Company are able to provide, because the Armour organization has kept pace with international needs.

When Armour began turning waste parts into saleable by-products, the farmer profited because it became possible to pay him on a basis for the *whole animal,* instead of for just the meat, hide and tallow. And as by-products provide for a large part of the production cost, the consumer pays less for his meat.

When Armour and Company started building refrigerator cars on a large scale, fresh beef, pork and mutton became at once available at all seasons and in all consuming centers. And with Armour branch houses to hold enough to make them independent of railroad uncertainties, and to distribute according to retailers' requirements, stock-growers have the encouragement of sure markets and consumers are assured a steady always-dependable supply.

There is nothing to prevent any packing concerns from building and operating their own refrigerator cars. Nor are they barred from conducting their own branch distributing houses.

The big point is that Armour and Company, realizing that a national business could not be conducted except on a national scale, *have* built these cars and provided necessary marketing facilities. The system is the outgrowth of necessity, and to render the service which is expected of it, must operate as a whole. It cannot be efficient piece-meal, or under scattered management. The very nature of the business is against that.

Time, and the utmost in co-ordination and efficiency, are first essentials in the successful handling of food-products. There can be only one way to realize the greatest efficiency under such circumstances, and that is to do it as Armour and Company are doing it — with preparation and shipping facilities under one comprehensive management.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

2939

and must either be employed, extended, or rejected in formulating the rules of intercourse which must hereafter govern the converse and commerce of nations.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA, THE TREATY OF 1815, AND SOME OTHERS

Freksa, Frederick. A Peace Congress of Intrigue (Vienna, 1815). A vivid, intimate account of the Congress of Vienna, composed of the personal memoirs of its important participants. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Harry Hansen. 8vo, pp. xxii–448. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

Oakes, Sir August (C.B.), and Mowat, R. B. (M.A.). The Great European Treaties of the Nineteenth Century. With an Introduction by Sir H. Erle Richards (K.C.S.I., etc.). 8vo., pp: xii–403. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $3.40 net.

Two reasons, both good, exist for the first of these two books: (1) at the Congress of Vienna, one hundred and four years ago, were sown many of the seeds which produced the distrust and enmities out of which grew the war just ended; (2) there is great contrast in the personnel, the aims, and the expectations between that congress and the one now in session at Versailles:

> "Vienna was a congress of princes and arbitrary rulers. The hereditary overlords decided according to their aims and ambitions, in a spirit of greed and selfishness. Its story . . . has been set down in no uncertain fashion by the men and women who took part in its negotiations and in its gay social life—in diaries and memoirs that disclose only too well their belief that the people existed only to be trafficked in. The significant thing about the Congress of Vienna is that the kings and ministers met to prove the accuracy of this belief." (P. x.)

Of the personnel we learn that "virtually all the sovereigns of Europe whose fortunes had been affected by the Napoleonic wars were there. In addition a great many political groups that sought recognition from the Powers were represented by lobbyists. Every salon was a political center." (P. xi.) The dominating figure was Czar Alexander of Russia, but Talleyrand was found to be the moving figure, alining Austria, England, France, and Bavaria against Russia and Prussia. Castlereagh and Wellington represented England; Hardenberg and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Prussia; and Metternich, Austria. There, too, were the German von Stein, Frederick William III., Frederick VI. of Denmark, Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, Frederick of Württemberg, Grand Duke Karl of Baden, Frederick William of Brunswick-Öls, and the Dukes of Coburg and Nassau-Weilburg. Besides them was an innumerable company of princes and lesser notables.

Of the doings at one time the Prince of Ligne composed the well-known *bon-mot:* "The Congress dances but accomplishes nothing." This was said of the incessant round of gaieties and the slowness of progress of business at Vienna. The cost was borne by the Hapsburgs, and mounted to $240,000 daily, the total being something like $14,000,000. The date of the Congress was theoretically October 1, 1814, and it lasted till June, 1815.

The present volume is made up from the reminiscences of the Countess Bernstorff (from which family came the recent representative in this country from Germany), of the Count de la Garde, Baron von Nostitz, and the Countess Lulu Thürheim, the letters of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Talleyrand, and the diaries of John of Austria and Baron von Stein. Of these perhaps the most entertaining are the remarks of the Countess Bernstorff. She had a gift for description and a remarkable power of penetration beneath the surface of things. In view of the tremendous, but conflicting interests involved:

> "It seemed as if the mutual friendly relations were used only for the purpose of investigation, and there was the atmosphere of a thunder-storm and a weight on the spirits. In order to get rid of this and to obtain composure, we entered heartily into diversions, and it appeared as if the great lords, with their numerous followings, had come to Vienna solely for the purpose of allowing themselves to be *entertained to the fullest extent . . .* and to enjoy new festivities daily." (P. 5.)

Concerts, oratorios, masked balls, popular festivals, costumes, behavior of the royal, princely, and other participants, carousals, social affairs of all sorts receive from her their meed of attention. Into these pleasures the participants without regard to rank entered heartily. An amusing wager was laid between the Czar and Countess Wrbna "as to which could dress most quickly for a formal occasion."

> "The Czar and Flora (the Countess) arrived at Zichy's at the stroke of nine, and showed themselves . . . in ordinary attire, without a cloak or other covering. Then both were led aside by witnesses who had been chosen with great solemnity. The Czar appeared in five minutes in full uniform, . . . and found Flora also ready, attired in a complete French court costume of the ancient régime. . . . She had even found time to add beauty spots and powder her hair." (Pp. 36, 37.)

Not least interesting is the account of the dismay that fell upon the Congress when news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba was announced, and the reference to the proclamation of outlawry against the former Emperor.

Count de la Garde was favored with the acquaintance of the Prince of Ligne, who was in his eightieth year when the Congress assembled. This noted wit's acquaintance extended to every court in Europe. He was of Belgian birth, but had served in the Austrian Army, and so was well able to induct de la Garde into the mysteries of the business, as well as to acquaint him with the personnel. Accordingly, from de la Garde we get personal descriptions of great value, covering the principal actors in those great scenes. Here is a bit contrasting the Prince and Talleyrand:

> "Both were representatives of this cultivated society (of the eighteenth century), but in a different manner. The one shared its frivolous and restless spirit, the other its naturalness and the nobility of its conduct. Both understood how to please by the magic of their spirit; the one in a more resplendent, the other in a deeper, manner. Mr. Talleyrand was born in order to ravish men through the force of his sharp and brilliant understanding; the Prince de Ligne pleased and dazzled by the magical charm of the inexhaustible power of his imagination. This one brought to literature the refinement, agreeableness, and splendor of a courtier; the other dominated the most important affairs with the calm ease of a cultivated man and the unmovable moderation of a well-poised man. The one, as the other, was rich in pertinent thoughts, witty, original, and piquant; those of the statesman were more characteristic, those of the warrior more unexpected, spontaneous."

The "Notes of Baron von Nostitz" can well be passed here—they are principally gossip, sometimes slightly salacious. But in reading the volume one may not pass the letters of Humboldt, right hand of Hardenberg, to which is given the appropriate title "Laying the Foundations" (*i.e.*, of Prussian power). It is a little curious to hear him saying: "Prussia is suspected, slandered, and almost made out an enemy; so that it is considered dangerous for Germany."

It is so like to some things we have recently heard modern Prussians say with surprize! At any rate, through Humboldt, Hardenberg, and the Czar, Prussia got a noble start in the race for greatness. "In Germany," says this man, "we surely shall be victorious." And a little later: "Prussia is now the greatest German power; about 8,000,000 Germans; therefore a war-power in Germany of 240,000 men." The drift is not difficult to discover, even so early.

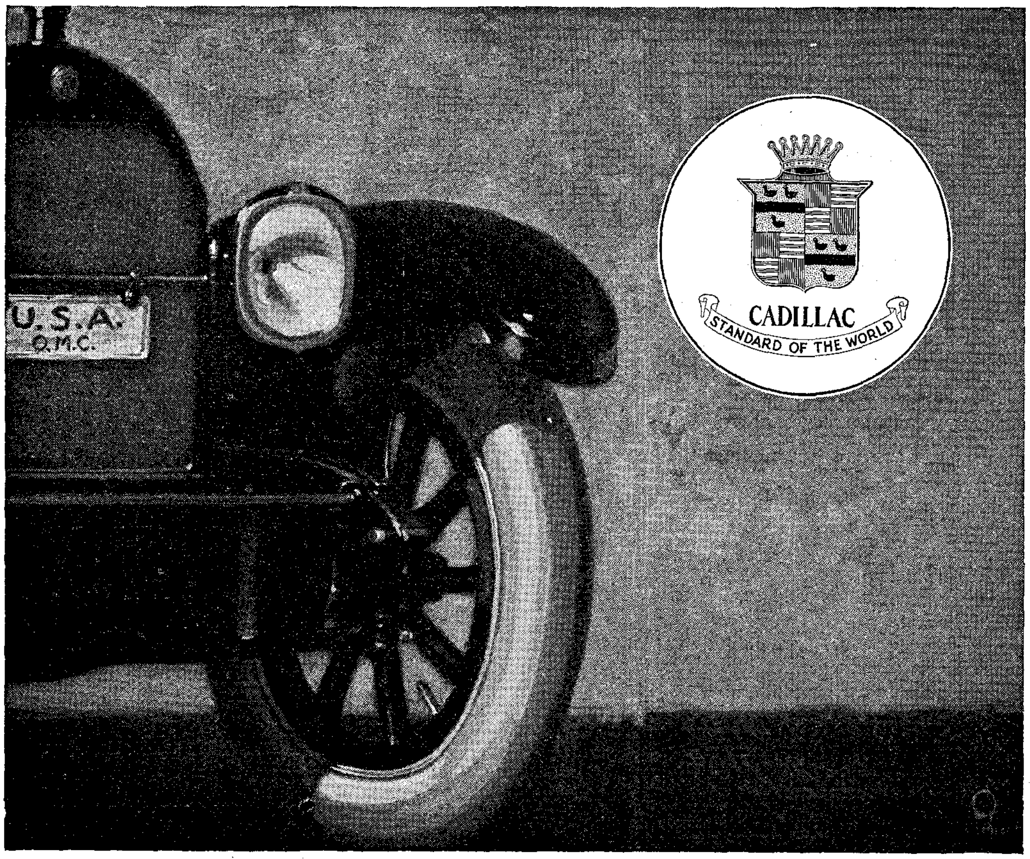
In the diary of the Archduke of Austria are to be found the comments of a true Hapsburg, but one of the noblest of them all, devoted to his house, far-seeing, especially with reference to the designs of Prussia and the danger to Austria so emphasized since 1914. His diary is that of a man of insight, and covers not only the persons but the politics and designs of the various parties at the Congress.

To the diplomat the most interesting part of the volume are doubtless the letters in which Talleyrand reported his progress at the Congress to Louis XVIII. of France. The story is told how he defeated Russia and Prussia in turn, alining against these two greedy Powers England, Austria, and France. It is a narrative that shows in the "old diplomacy"—in the actual private debates—at least a forerunner of the "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" of later days. The negotiators spoke with all the emphasis, robbed of the uncouthnesses, of the Western plains, that is, in the conversations in which the determination of the separate interests were really settled. The conflict is oftener that of sabers than of rapiers. That was not the case in the instance to be cited. Talleyrand learned that a deal was on between Austria and Russia in behalf of Prussia. Just what it was he could not seem to learn. He therefore got hold of Metternich, assumed great anxiety about his care of himself, flattered him, and so wheedled out of him a copy of the agreement. Here is what he wrote to Louis, and it serves to show how diplomats of that day presumed to deal with whole peoples without the latter's consent:

> "Your Majesty will see by this document that Metternich did not promise Prussia a part of Saxony, as he assured me, but the whole of Saxony; fortunately, he had made this promise dependent upon a condition (that Prussia could not be indemnified elsewhere), by the unfulfilment of which it would become void. In addition, your Majesty will see by this note that Metternich wishes to leave Luxemburg to Prussia, altho he assured me at different times that Prussia should not have it. The same note disclosed a plan that had existed for a long time, of placing Germany under the influence of Austria and Prussia; in reality, however, bringing it under their unrestricted and exclusive domination." (P. 315.)

The historical student will remember how this was brought about, and how Prussia then proceeded to eliminate Austria in 1866.

The diary of von Stein is an exposé of the partition of Poland. As the editor notes, it shows the characteristics of the old diplomacy—stubbornness, threats of force, throwing dust, bluff, purposed underrating of opponents. It is detailed and reasoned where Talleyrand is brief and picturesque. It reveals him as a forerunner of Bismarck, but with democratic leanings that were foreign to the latter. He is



THE one thing a Cadillac owner admires most in his car is its constancy.

He knows that he can depend upon it to do the same things, in the same way, whenever and wherever he calls upon it to do them.

The Cadillac does not, as one owner has aptly said, meet a man with a smile one day, and a snarl the next.

It is a stable, steadfast, faithful friend, and he knows it will not fail him.

He knows it will start; he knows it will go, no matter how swift the going; he knows it will respond with a rush when he presses down the accelerator.

If the journey be one of ten miles or ten hundred, he can count upon this same unchanging, uniform performance, from the joyous start to the fresh, fine finish.

Every mile of those ten, or ten hundred, or ten thousand miles, he is serenely sure of the same sense of ease and security.

He drives the Cadillac into the garage at night, knowing it will meet him with the same splendid readiness in the morning.

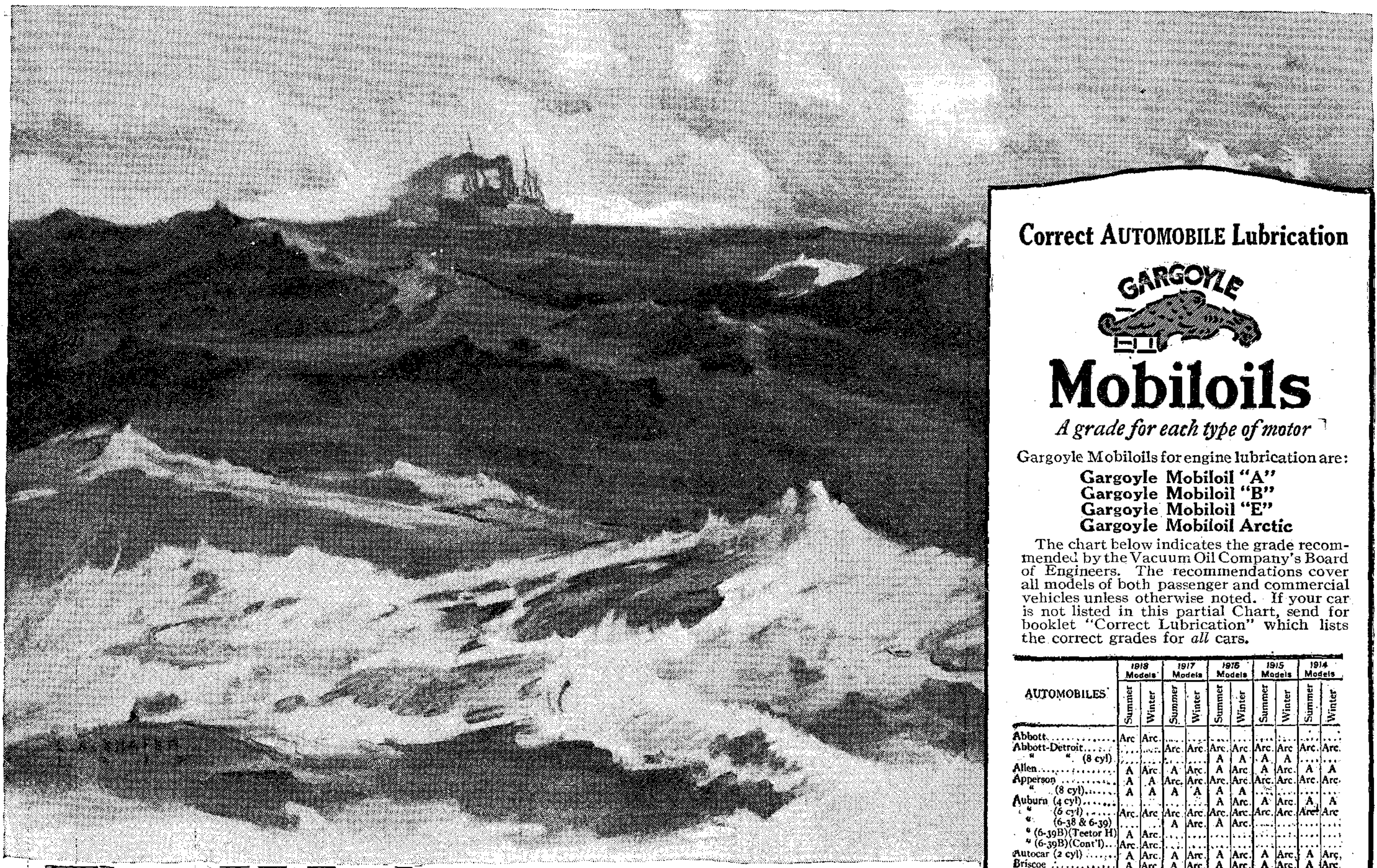
That is one reason why the average Cadillac owner can see no other car on earth save the Cadillac.

It gives him constancy in performance and he gives it back constancy in friendship.

Except in improved quality of performance, the Cadillac does not change, and therefore the Cadillac owner does not change.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICH.

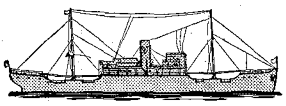
CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



The Work must go on

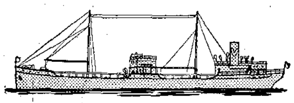
TO the needs of an age of machinery are added the needs of the period of reconstruction. Building materials and metal products of all kinds are needed to restore the wastage of war. The rice mills machinery of China stands beside the American tractors in providing food for the world.

For all this machinery correct lubrication must be supplied—that the work may go on.



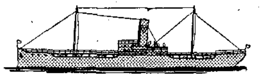
S. S. OLEAN

The S. S. Olean was built especially to carry oil in barrels. Capacity 14,000 barrels.



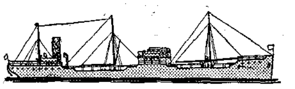
S. S. CHAS. M. EVEREST

This ship is named "Chas. M. Everest" after the late president of the Vacuum Oil Company. She carries 8,130 tons of bulk oil.



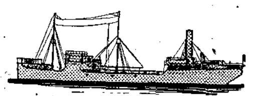
S. S GARGOYLE

The purchase of the S. S. Gargoyle marked the end of steamship chartering by the Vacuum Oil Company. The "Gargoyle" is a bulk oil carrier, with a cargo capacity of about 7,000 tons. The work must go on.



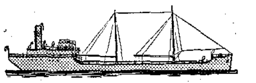
S. S. PAULSBORO

The S. S. Paulsboro carries about 11,000 tons. This vessel, which was built in San Francisco, established a new record in shipbuilding. The time consumed from the laying of her keel to the date of delivery was 4 months and 22 days. The work must go on.



MOTORSHIP BRAMELL POINT

The Motorship Bramell Point is one of the largest motor driven commercial ships built in the United States. Her launching created a considerable stir in shipping circles. Capacity 5,000 tons. The work must go on.



MOTORSHIP BAYONNE

The Motorship Bayonne carries 1,750 tons of finished oil products, and is used for local service between Paulsboro and Bayonne.

▼

Over the world's waterways the Gargoyle fleet carries Gargoyle Lubricants to every port of importance in the world.

The Vacuum Oil Company, recognized the world over as leader in scientific lubrication, holds a peculiar responsibility.

The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

Correct AUTOMOBILE Lubrication

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for *all* cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc								
Abbott-Detroit			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-38 & 6-39)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (6-39B)(Teetor H)	A	Arc								
" (6-39B)(Cont'l)	Arc	Arc								
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (E A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (Mod. C)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (2 & 3½ ton)	A	A								
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E		
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Federal	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. S-X)	A	A	A	A						
" (Special)	Arc	Arc								
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hal-Twelve			A	A	A	A				
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hudson					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King							A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " (Mod. 48)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. M)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" " (Mod. MW)			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Madison	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (6-36)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (6-38-39)			A	Arc						
" (6-40)	A	Arc								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Pathfinder			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	Arc	Arc		
Renault (French)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Riker	A	E	E	E						
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (¾ ton)			A	Arc						
Simplex			A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" " (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc	Arc								
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc								
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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remembered as the abolisher of feudalism and serfdom in Germany.

One can hardly rate too highly the value of this fascinating volume for the historian, the statesman, the scholar, the diplomat. It is a volume of sources first-hand, with notes that orient exactly the persons who are cited with reference to their surroundings. And it is a warning to those at the Conference of Versailles that mere idealism without reference to the needs of peoples and nations, any more than the selfishness of those who can take and do, can not make a settlement that will abide. The seeds of discord must not be sown in Versailles in compromises that jeopardize justice.

The treaties given in the other volume named above include that made at the Congress of Vienna with the annexes; those dealing with independence of Greece (1832, 1863); with the kingdom of Belgium (1839); with Turkey (1856); with the Danish duchies (1852, 1864); with the union of Italy (1859, 1866); with Austria and Prussia (1866); Luxemburg (1867); with Germany and France (1871); with Turkey, Russia, and the Balkans (1871, 1878, 1913); with the Triple Alliance (1879, 1903), and the treaty of San Stefano (1878). The introductory chapter on the technical aspect of the conclusion of treaties, together with the excellent orienting historical introductions to the several treaties, makes this an almost ideal source-book and piece of desk apparatus for the historian, student, and journalist. The series of maps adds to the value.

A BOOK FROM A BLUE DEVIL

Capart, G. P. (Captain). A Blue Devil of France. Epic figures and stories of the Great War 1914–1918. 8vo, pp. xii–198. New York: W. Watt & Co. $1.25.

Among those who came across to assist the United States Government in arousing our people to the immense issues involved in the war and to help in the subscriptions to the Liberty loans, none aroused more enthusiasm or inspired more awe than the Blue Devils of France. People halted and stood to hear the skirl of the bagpipes of the "Ladies from Hell," turned around to look at the step of the Canadians, and almost or quite saluted the sturdy Anzacs who came to do their bit here after doing more than their bit over there. But the snappy march of these Blue Devils, the staid cheerfulness and "business" that stood out all over the Frenchmen, drew more than casual attention. It is one of these who gives us these vignettes of action—both of war and of mercy 'tween skirmishes and battles. For vignettes they are, these brief sketches of "figures and stories," a scene in a quarter of a page, half a page, perhaps a page, or a little over. Nothing *in extenso,* but how illuminating of the resolution, the determination, the sheer will to do even when sure death attended the doing, and, therefore, the extremity of self-devotion, of the utmost of sacrifice, for France and all that the Tricolor stands for!

The author enlisted as a private in the Belgian Army, leaving Switzerland for that purpose, August 2, 1914. As a private and corporal he took part at Antwerp and in the retreat, joined the French Army in December, 1914, and the next year gained his commission. These scraps (from his diary?) cover the period from August 2, 1914 till his first sight of the Statue of Liberty, June 15, 1915. They furnish another instance of the native French genius for writing. Every story limns out a scene in lines that stand out like the lightning from a dark cloud. Each tells some story of grimmest determination, of tense action, of deeds, all but superhuman; or they throw as on a canvas the passions of the soul—a mere *Poilu,* or an officer, now and then of one of the generals, in civil life merely a draper, or a tradesman in some other line. Sometimes the tale is of solicitude for a wounded foe, now it is of the mutual support in adversity which comrade *Poilus* proved to each other. Each vignette is a "close up" of some one thing or person that brings out into the clear character and soul. The book as a whole is one to pick up now and again, "lest we forget"—as we seem in danger of forgetting while we argue for our theories. As we read this record of suffering and daring, we can hardly wonder that in France there is the greatest dread lest some of the theories we are set in establishing prove snares that will becomes dangerous in the future.

The translation, by J. C. Drouillard, loses little of the snappiness of the original.

MRS. WARD'S MEMORIES

Ward, Mrs. Humphry. A Writer's Recollections. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mrs. Ward must have inherited some of her grandfather's interest in religious matters, for the famous Arnold, of Rugby, was a great English Churchman; but there must have been a reaction when she came to write "Robert Elsmere." More likely is it that she imbibed some of the critical attitude of her uncle, Matthew Arnold, whose "Literature and Dogma" was scarcely what the son of such a father would have been expected to write. The atmosphere of the Oxford, however, that she knew in early days was enough to have created a deep sense of those changing times. A very fascinating record it is—this writer's recollections—for it brings the reader in direct touch with vital figures in England's religious, academic, and literary life in the Victorian period.

To her task Mrs. Ward brings a graphic sense of character; those whom she recalls are painted with the skilled hand of one who has gained her literary training by solid portraiture in fiction. She is generous and kindly in her memories and had many idols which were never shattered, especially during her life at Fox How and Oxford. Readers of her books will find in these recollections many explanations of scenes in her stories; but tho this phase is interesting, it is to the environment and association brought by contact with interesting people that one is instantly drawn in a continuous appeal. Take, for example, her never-failing admiration of Matthew Arnold. He gave England new ideas and standards; and he certainly gave them to his niece. Mrs. Ward suggests many beautiful human qualities in the man, none that is better than one disclosed in a letter describing the day when he waited for the election returns which gave him the poetry professorship at Oxford—

> "We went first to the telegraph-station at Charing Cross," he said. "Then, about four, we got a message from Walrond—'nothing certain is known, but it is rumored that you are ahead.' Then we went to get some toys for the children in the Lowther Arcade, and could scarcely have found a more genuine distraction than in selecting wagons for Tom and Trev, with horses of precisely the same color, not one of which should have a hair more in his tail than the other—and a musical cart for Diddy. . . . . ."

Such a glimpse gives a new impression of Matthew Arnold, the poet and critic. Tho Wordsworth was dead when Mrs. Ward went to live at Fox How, she was always closely identified with the Wordsworth region, where the tradition was still fresh and green. Besides, she prints for the first time letters from her grandmother to her father, which describe Matthew Arnold in company with the great poet, for whom he did so much both as critic and editor. The following was penned in January, 1848:

> "Matt has been very much pleased, I think, by what he has seen of dear old Wordsworth since he has been at home, and certainly he manages to draw him out very well. The old man was here [at Fox How] yesterday, and as he sat on the stool in the corner beside the fire which you knew so well, he talked of various subjects of interest, of Italian poetry, of Coleridge, etc., etc.; and he looked and spoke with more vigor than he has often done lately."

With the poets of the Victorian era, Mrs. Ward has had her share in association. Quite fascinating is the glimpse she gives of Browning at a dinner-party, where he recited into her ear from memory one entire Molière comedy. Tho we catch her enthusiasm for Clough, and her reverence for her uncle, it is undoubtedly the Wordsworth atmosphere which grips her most. The reminiscences of the great poet, while picturesque, are necessarily sad, for, in all the correspondence relating to him, he is shown near the close of his life, and that is a part of biography one dislikes to reach. In September, 1911, Mrs. Ward found herself the tenant of Rydal Mount, the Wordsworth home. Here occurred to Mrs. Ward's daughter one of those psychic incidents which science never fully explains. It is related in the daughter's own words:

> "Last night, my first at Rydal Mount, I slept in the corner room, over the small sitting-room. I had drawn the blind about half-way up the window before going to bed, and had drawn the curtain aside, over the back of a wooden armchair that stood against the window. The window, a casement, was wide open. I slept soundly, but woke quite suddenly, at what hour I do not know, and found myself sitting bolt upright in bed, looking toward the window. Very bright moonlight was shining into the room and I could just see the corner of Loughrigg out in the distance. My first impression was of bright moonlight, but when I became strongly conscious of the moonlight striking on something, and I saw perfectly clearly the figure of an old man sitting in the armchair by the window, I said to myself, 'That's Wordsworth!' He was sitting with either hand resting on the arms of the chair, leaning back, his head rather bent, and he seemed to be looking down straight in front of him with a rapt expression. He was not looking at me, nor out of the window. The moonlight lit up the top of his head and the silvery hair and I noticed that the hair was very thin. The whole impression was of something solemn and beautiful, and I was not in the very least frightened. As I looked—I can not say, when I looked again, for I have no recollection of ceasing to look, or looking away—the figure disappeared, and I became aware of the empty chair. I lay back again, and thought for a moment in a pleased and contented way, 'That was Wordsworth.' And almost immediately I must have fallen asleep again. I had not, to my knowledge, been dreaming about Wordsworth before I awoke; but I had been reading Hutton's essay on 'Wordsworth's Two Styles,' out of Knight's 'Wordsworthiana,' before I fell asleep. I should add that I had a distinct impression of the high collar and stock, the same as in the picture on the stairs in this house."

Whether, as scientists say, this was a "visual hallucination," it is interesting to be told that Miss Ward was sleeping in Dorothy Wordsworth's bedroom, and that the fantom was seated where the poet in life must have often sat. It is not given to every schoolgirl to grow up in surroundings made vital by the presence of the great Dr. Jowett, and the scholarly Mark Pattison, whose wife was ever fearful in her daintiness that the academic Oxford, with its Tractarian discussion, would take the bloom of youth from her. Nor was it every mid-nineteenth-century girl who could have access to the Bodleian Library, and win for herself reputation as a Spanish student. Readers of Mrs. Ward will learn with interest of her scholarly attainments. All that time she was mixing in a society of the most invigorating sort. She met George Eliot, when in conversation with George Henry Lewes, and heard from her of the trip to Spain which preceded the writing of "The Spanish Gipsy." She writes:

> "George Eliot sat down in the darkness, and I beside her. Then she talked for about twenty minutes, with perfect ease and finish, without misplacing a word or dropping a sentence, and I realized at last that I was in the presence of a great writer. Not a great talker. It is clear that George Eliot never was that. . . . She was too self-conscious, too desperately reflective, too rich in second-thoughts for that. . . . When it was done the effect was there—the effect she had meant to produce. I shut my eyes, and it all comes back—the darkened room, the long, pallid face set in black lace, the evident wish to be kind to a young girl."

It was another privilege for this young girl to enter the presence of Taine, who, with Matthew Arnold, must have given Mrs. Ward living evidence of the vitality of criticism. It was probably an even greater thing for her, later, to have as near neighbor such a vigorous personality as Walter Pater, whose mind was caught in a revolutionary whirl to which Oxford was not overcordial. Here is a charming picture of the Pater house:

> "Mr. Pater and my husband were both fellows and tutors of Brasenose, tho my husband was much the younger, a fact which naturally brought us into frequent contact. And the beautiful little house across the road, with its two dear mistresses, drew me perpetually, both before and after my marriage. The drawing-room, which runs the whole breadth of the house from the road to the garden behind, was 'Paterian' in every line and ornament. There were spindle-legged tables and chairs; a Morris paper; a sparing allowance of blue plates and pots, bought, I think, in Holland, where Oxford residents in my day were always foraging . . .; framed embroidery of the most delicate design and color, the work of Mr. Pater's elder sister; engravings, if I remember right, from Botticelli, or Luini, or Mantegna; a few mirrors, and a very few flowers. . . . . ."

The greater Master of Baliol, Jowett, was a directing genius to Mrs. Ward. She held him in profound reverence. Two other figures loom forth from the brilliant coterie of friendships of John Richard Green and Henry James. Of Green, one of her memories places him in Notre Dame, whither she and Mr. Ward had accompanied him:

> "There, as we all lingered at the western end, looking up to the gleaming color of the distant apse, the spirit came upon him. He began to describe what the church had seen, coming down through the generations, from vision to vision. He spoke in a low voice, but without a pause or break, standing in deep shadow close to the western door. One scarcely saw him, and I almost lost the sense of his individuality. It seemed to be the very voice of history—life telling of itself."

While reading these two volumes, one is imprest with an invigorating atmosphere. Mrs. Ward grew up in the intellectual life of the England which fought over evolution and the authority of the Church. Her recollections form a vivid picture of the social, political, and literary ideas of the period. She sketches the appearance of Swinburne, gives a portrait of Gladstone, touched with admiration warm and deep. Her interest was varied by reason of varied companionship. By marriage associated with the Huxley and Macaulay families, she added to her tradition a scientific strain. The kind of novel she would write was preordained by her environment. There is a unity to her picture of the advancing ideas of the nineteenth century, which isolated quotation can not suggest. But the glimpses of human character which are here shown only hint at what limitation of space can not touch.

We may not always agree with Mrs. Ward's critical summaries of the present, tho we find her suggestions regarding an impending religious revolution fraught with the wisdom of one who has tasted deeply of controversy and who thinks that the salvation of the Church depends on how much new light there comes to it from within. She still has social fervor and spiritual fervor. "If only," she exclaims in her Epilogue, "instead of deserting the churches, the modernists of to-day would have the courage to claim them!"

OUR $5,250,000,000 PAID OUT IN PENSIONS

Glasson, William H. (Ph.D.). Federal Military Pensions in the United States. (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History.) Large 8vo, pp. xiv—305. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50 net.

Under the Carnegie Endowment there was held at Bern in 1911 a conference of statesmen, publicists, and economists which formed a plan to work under the scheme of "promoting a thorough and scientific investigation of the causes and results of war." This particular division of the endowment is under the direction of a committee of research which includes members of the faculties of the universities of Geneva, Paris, Leyden, Illinois, Rome, Kioto, and Copenhagen, besides others eminent in the lines indicated. The committee selects collaborators eminent in their lines to pursue the researches and produce the results which are supervised and published. The present volume is by an author who had so far mastered his subject as to bring out a monograph on "Military Pension Legislation in the United States" in the "Columbia University Studies" as long ago as 1900. It has passed the committee, and may be taken as fully authoritative. It divides into two parts—pensions based on military service before 1861 and those based on service after that date. An Appendix gives the substance of the War-Insurance Law of October 6, 1917, and a brief outline of the provisions and schedules of the Act.

In the Introduction pensions are defined, the reasons for and against are stated, and the general rationale and method are given. In the first part the English and Colonial background and practises appear. Under Elizabeth the problem of the support of poor, sick, and maimed soldiers first attracted the attention of the Government. In 1592-93 Parliament passed the first law "for the reliefe of Souldiours." Chelsea Hospital came in 1697 or 1698. Virginia passed an act, which was not ratified, in 1624. Plymouth Colony had determined to assist maimed soldiers in 1636. Massachusetts passed an act in 1693, tho previous action had been taken for relief of this class. Maryland in 1661 and 1678, New York in 1691, Rhode Island in 1718, Virginia in 1778, and Pennsylvania in 1780 followed the lead thus given. Then comes the period of Revolutionary pensions, 1776-1789, a part of the record of which is so long delayed on the part of the Government that the effects of the law were a benefit to speculators rather than to the soldiers. This was, of course, in part due to the country's poverty. The general course attending this legislation, its application, and the results is carried up to the Civil War. The history of legislation since that time is within the memory of many of us.

One of the most interesting portions of the second part of the book contains the revelations concerning "Pensions and Politics." At the same time it is one of the most disgusting. The details about the pension-claim agents show how a nation's gratitude may be prostituted to the basest and most unblushing frauds. So legislation was piled on legislation until the soldiers themselves grew ashamed or callous. Between 1890 and 1907 the expenditures increased from about nine millions to over seventy-three millions annually. In numbers the pensioners under the law passed in 1890 increased from 114,757 to 641,349 in 1905. There were two laws in operation at this time, the general law and the act referred to. Under the general law the number of pensioners decreased from 530,174 in 1891 to 261,211 in 1907. The total paid out in pensions up to the end of 1917 amounts to nearly five and a quarter billions.

The new law applying to soldiers in the war just over is different in principle. It provides support of dependents derived from the soldier's pay with additions by the Government; it also provides compensation for disability or death incurred in service; and also for insurance by the Government in sums between $1,000 and $10,000; in case of death or disability the payment is to be made in 240 equal monthly instalments.

This study is able and enlightening. There is much of unsavory political history, the episode of "Corporal" Tanner being one of the most lurid. The fact that large numbers can and will band together to loot the public treasury and regard it as laudable is exemplified time and again in these records. And not the least interesting exhibit is the cowardice of legislators when faced by determined and plausible looters.

Trying to Save Him.—"America, for quite a period before the war, had relations with Germany which were similar to an episode which occurred in Frozen Dog," remarked Senator Lodge the other day.

"Seems a dentist strayed into town and one of his customers was Bronco Bill, a gunman.

"'Will you take gas to have that tooth pulled?' asked the dentist.

"'Will it hurt if I don't?' demanded Bill.

"'Yes, without the gas, it will be quite painful,' admitted the dentist.

"'Then,' said Bill, 'for your sake, maybe I'd better take gas.'"—*Los Angeles Times.*

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"BABUSHKA," FOE OF THE CZAR, NOW FIGHTS BOLSHEVISM

"I'M a Socialist, a Social Revolutionist, and I will be till I die—but God save us from the Bolsheviki!" said Mme. Catharine Breshkovsky, "the little grandmother of the Russian Revolution," who has been making something very like a triumphal tour of the United States. In the days of the Czar she was a Terrorist. The best part of forty years of her life was spent in Russian prisons and in Siberian exile. When the end of the autocracy was brought about by the first revolution she was hailed as one of the foremost of Russia's deliverers; but then came a new, bloodier, more lawless form of autocracy, and Mme. Breshkovsky, altho seventy-three years old, took up the fight against Lenine, Trotzky, and their hired "Guards." "To get to this country and help in the fight against them," says the New York *World*, "she rode horseback scores of miles, lay in hiding from them—as once she had done from the agents of the Czar—and ran risks and endured privations that most women fifty years younger would have hesitated twice before attempting." A noble by birth and well educated, "Babushka" believes in using reason rather than force, except as a last resort, and she is strongly opposed, at present, to Allied military interference in Russia. Education, books, a chance for the new generation, are what Russia needs, she says, and asks: "Did you expect Russia, land of ignorance and human degradation, to have a smooth revolution?" On one point she was especially emphatic: the Bolsheviki of Russia are not Socialists, as they seem to be in America, and their failure does not prove Socialism wrong, but themselves "corrupt and criminal." To quote one of her interviews, she said, her eyes shining, and her hands raised:

> "Socialism is a beautiful thing. It will come when men are true and righteous and honest. If every man is not that, there can not be Socialism. We speak of the brotherhood of men. We believe that Socialism will come, but not at once."

A representative of the New York *Call*, a Socialist paper that is generally credited with far more sympathy for Bolshevism than for Socialism as Mme. Breshkovsky understands it, met the white-haired "grandmother" in Seattle, and interviewed her. "Babushka" did not answer questions as to Russia in a way pleasing to the opinions of her interviewer, who explains the common American Socialist attitude in this quotation from "a woman companion" of Mme. Breshkovsky's:

> "It is a tragedy. The American capitalists are going to make use of this upright woman. It is a misfortune. Please don't use my name in connection with this."

The interview, as reported by this

unsympathetic interviewer, is given in *The Call* as follows:

The morning after her arrival, the capitalist press flashed forth in large red letters Babushka's denouncement of the Bolsheviki. The interviews were long, and the headlines vociferous, but they did not convey any great amount of intelligence, or give any concrete news about Russia.

I decided to talk with Babushka.

A middle-aged Bostonian woman who came across the country to meet the old revolutionist ushered me in to see her, on a promise not to keep her very long, as she was tired—dead tired from her trip of thousands of miles.

"Babushka, a young man, a comrade of yours, wishes to see you."

"Yes, yes, let him come in."

The insistent rebel of another day faced me. She was old. Seventy-five years, most of them spent in torture, had bent her back and wrinkled her face. A cane was at her side. An old peasant shawl covered her head and back.

The misery of Russia's last half-century was in her face, but the light of joy was in her eye. Russia, her Russia, was free. She told me that her mission to America was to institute a movement for the aid of the millions of Russian orphans.

"Babushka, you are still alive after the many times Lenine and Trotzky have killed you?"

"What! Lenine killed me? No, no! These papers sometimes misrepresent. A while after the Bolsheviki took power a warrant was issued for some of our people's arrest. I was included, but was never arrested. I left Petrograd and traveled all over Russia, in hiding most of the time.

"Oh, my people, my people! The Bolsheviki are the curse of Russia. If Kerensky had remained in power, a blessing would have been our lot. He was a true and good Socialist.

"How happy you are in America, where trees and grass are green in the winter and people are contented and prosperous."

"Tell me, Babushka, did the Bolsheviki give the land to the peasants and the factories to the workers?"

"No, the peasants took the land themselves and the workers are destroying the machines. The time is not here when the proletariat can manage the factories intelligently. The Bolsheviki are destroyers. They have murdered the best people. They have placed the entire *intelligentsia* against them."

"What about Gorky?"

"You do not understand Maxim Gorky. He can not be relied upon. Yesterday he was against the Bolsheviki; to-day, I hear, he is with them. Gorky does not understand politics. If you could only see Russia, and how desolate she looks! Hunger, hunger everywhere. The people want bread."

"But were not the Czar and his former régime and the war responsible for this desolation?"

"Yes, partially. But if the Bolsheviki would not have come, Russia would have settled her problems, and this horrible civil war and murder and butchery would have been staved off. The Bolsheviki are responsible for the desolation and starvation in my country."

"Babushka, tell me, are the stories of murder and assassination and loot laid at the feet of the Bolsheviki by the capitalist press true?"

"Yes, bad things have occurred in Russia. Stories have reached me of horrible doings. I have never happened to come

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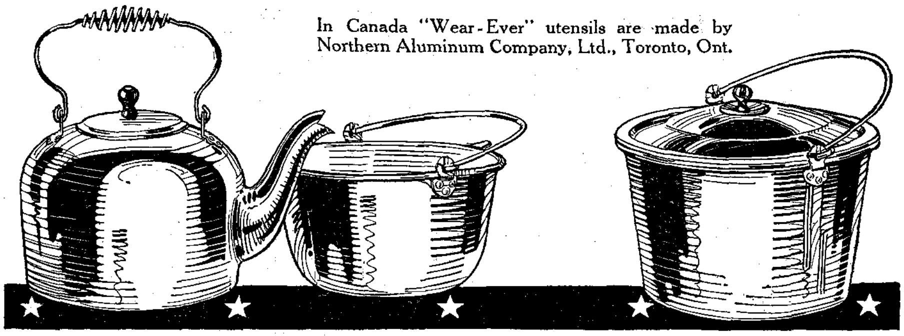

> into direct contact with these occurrences, and they have never happened in the districts I have been through, but I know some of the stories are true."
>
> "Are the Russian people in favor of invasion?"
>
> "No, the people are overwhelmingly opposed to it." Her position on this question she refused to state.
>
> "Have you heard, Babushka, that there is some talk of the Government recognizing the *Soviets?*"
>
> She shook her head and could not understand.
>
> My interview came to an early close, as Babushka was not in the best of health after a long voyage.
>
> A woman companion of hers followed me into the hallway, and to my surprize she said:
>
> "It is a tragedy. The American capitalists are going to make use of this upright woman. It is a misfortune. Please, don't use my name in connection with this."
>
> I bade her good-by.

Upon her arrival in New York, the little gray-haired woman was greeted by a cheering throng at the railroad-station, paraded before a battery of "movie" cameras, and escorted to a settlement-house, where she received a group of interviewers. Says the New York *Times:*

> She told a story of Bolshevik destruction, and of the plans of the Socialist-Revolutionists, the party of which she is a member. She wanted it understood that Socialism and Bolshevism could not be classed together. She was emphatic in her assertion that all of Russia would oppose intervention, if intervention by other nations was carried on for selfish motives. When asked how long the masses of the Russians would stand for the Bolshevik régime, she replied that Russia had lived for three hundred years under the yoke of the Czars.
>
> The work nearest her heart, said the little white-haired woman, who has spent the best part of forty years in Russian prisons, is the relief of the four million orphans of Russia, made helpless and homeless waifs through the war, the revolution, and the Bolshevik régime. She wants to tell the story of these waifs to America, and on February 10 at Carnegie Hall she will be tendered a reception by the Civic Forum and the Friends of Russian Freedom, and will there make her appeal.
>
> Next to the relief of the orphans, Russia needs books and teachers, she said. Supplies should be forwarded to her country, she added, and this as soon as possible. Agricultural implements, machinery, railroads, commodities of all kinds must go forward, she said, and Russia would give in exchange the treasures of the earth.
>
> "Are you tired?" asked a solicitous friend, while she was being plied with questions at the Henry Street Settlement.
>
> "Tired? I have been fighting for fifty years. Why should I be tired now?"
>
> "Why do you American people think that the Bolsheviki and the Socialists are the same?" she asked. "There is the greatest difference between them, and the Socialists are now at war with the Bolsheviki and struggling against them. And why do you make the great mistake of dividing the Bolsheviki from the *Soviets*, when the *Soviets* are the children of the Bolsheviki in Russia to-day? During the first revolution the *Soviets* were needed, for there was no other possible organization of the people. They had no political liberty at that time, and we were very glad to have the government in the hands of the people. But it was an organ for the moment only. Now the people have political liberty, and it should be possible for them to have a democratic constitutional Government which would represent all the people.
>
> "The people of Russia were freed and masters of life for three months following the revolution of 1917. They not only had the land, but they had the industries, only they were not able to handle them, and now everything is gone.
>
> "The rule of Trotzky and Lenine has been very bad. If you would only see the disaster their policy has brought to Russia! Under them Russia has been destroyed. There is no order, no industry, no education. The schools, the colleges, the universities, the libraries, the books, all are destroyed. And I am in America hoping to get thousands and thousands of books to send to the peasants, so that they may be able to learn to read. We need educators and we need railroads.
>
> "The *Soviets* are not elected by the people. For the most part their members are sent from Petrograd and Moscow—Bolsheviki, who act as dictators, and nobody can oppose them. They are Red Guards and Letts and German prisoners. Magyars and Chinese, who came in during the war to work in the industries, are still there, but they no longer have work, and they make up the troops in Moscow. The workers and peasants are against the *Soviets*—all except the armed groups composed exclusively of Bolsheviki. And that armed group is made up of men out of work, who can get no food unless they join the Bolshevik army, which will give food only to its members.
>
> "It is difficult to speak of Russia unless you understand Russia. So few do. To-day everything on the surface is destroyed, but in the ground there is unlimited wealth; the natural resources are inexhaustible.
>
> "When Russia was freed from the yoke of the Czar we were as free as the birds that soar—free from the bureaucrats. It was a splendid Government that was started in Petrograd by Free Russia. It was planned to elect a Deputy for every 200,000 of the population. All over twenty or twenty-one were given the right to vote, excepting criminals. However, as early as June, 1917, Bolshevik propaganda swept the land. As soon as the Czar was overthrown the Bolsheviki started the cry: 'You will never get freedom. You will never get land if you wait for the Constitutional Assembly. Take it now.'
>
> "They said there would be no more war under Bolshevik rule. The soldiers in Russia were glad to hear this, as they were tired of the war. They also promised an abundance of food. They said they had been promised food from other countries—from Germany."
>
> Declaring her opposition to military intervention by the Allies, Mme. Breshkovsky said that America must understand that an illiterate people, eighty per cent. of whom can not read and write, who have suffered under the régime of the Czars, can not make a "smooth" revolution. She believes the Russians will work out their own problems, but it will take years. The Russians in the towns taken by the Czecho-Slovaks, she said, are grateful to the Czechs for their deliverance. In telling of her escape from Bolshevik Russia after it had been reported that she had met death at the hands of the Bolsheviki, Mme. Breshkovsky said that friends hid her for two months from the Bolsheviki in Petrograd and for six months in Moscow. Thence she was spirited away by other friends and made a great detour of the Bolshevik lines from Moscow to the Ural front. Thence she reached Omsk and traveled to Vladivostok. Her party, the Socialist-Revolutionist, she explained, stands for the convocation of the Constituent Assembly under a system of elective representation.
>
> "Russia is corrupt," she continued. "It has been that way for two years. You can not expect different conditions when there is no religion and no education."

MEXICO TO-DAY A STORM-CENTER OF MISERY AND DANGER

MEXICO, which seemed the likeliest candidate for general trouble before Europe took the center of the stage, has not put her house in order; in fact, on the evidence of several recent investigators, our "sister republic to the south" is rather more of a danger to herself and her neighbors than when American troops in 1914 crossed the Rio Grande. The many recent complaints about conditions there, comments *The Journal of Commerce* (New York), suggest that "somebody is working up a movement for a new upset in Mexico in the hope of having our Government help it out." Passing over the somewhat lurid light shed on the situation by our so-called "yellow press" and by several bodies of interventionists whose motives are open to suspicion, William Gates, a graduate of Princeton, sums up his impressions of recent travel through Mexico in the statement that Belgium while it was under the German heel was less opprest than that part of Mexico now held by Carranza. When Carranza's "already tottering despotism falls," the country will face a period of I. W. W. Socialism, prophesies Mr. Gates, tyrannical and destructive enough to compare with the present rule of the Bolsheviki in Russia. "Every question to be solved for the good or ill of the world in Europe," he declares, "is also to be found in an acute form here, including a land question compared to which Ireland's is a new-born infant in age, acuteness, and irreconcilability." This land question is so fundamental that the leaders of the three most powerful Mexican factions, Carranza, Alvaredo, and Zapata, all promise a return of the land to the Indian. Zapata, called a bandit by his enemies, is credited with the only honest intention in this direction, as well as with the only orderly administration in Mexico to-day. Mr. Gates, writing in *The North American Review*, gives this "personal testimony":

> I have ridden hundreds of miles through southern Mexico, where I was told no other American had been for the last one

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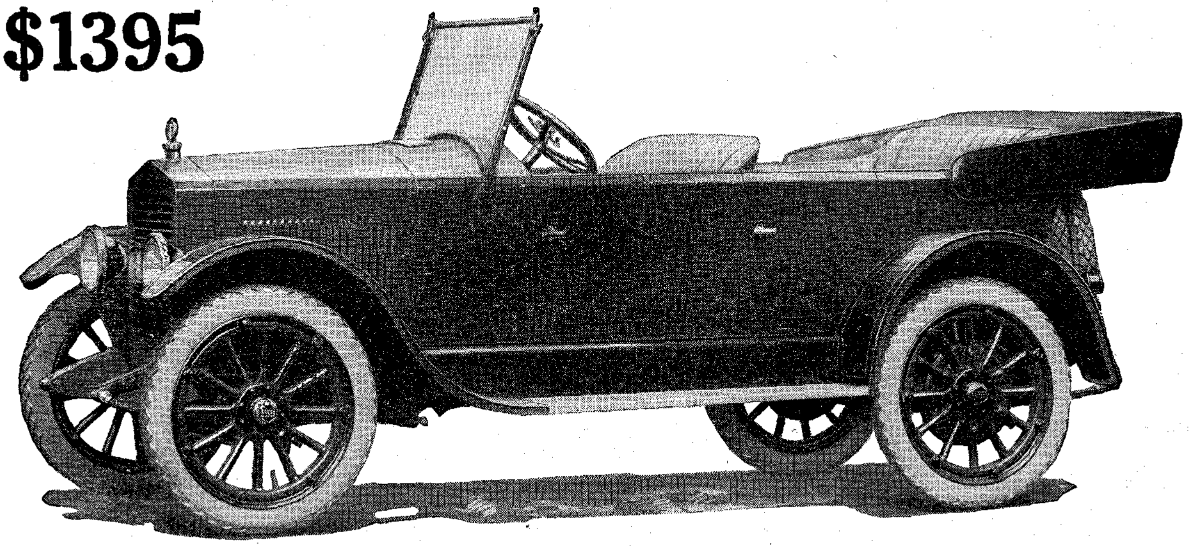

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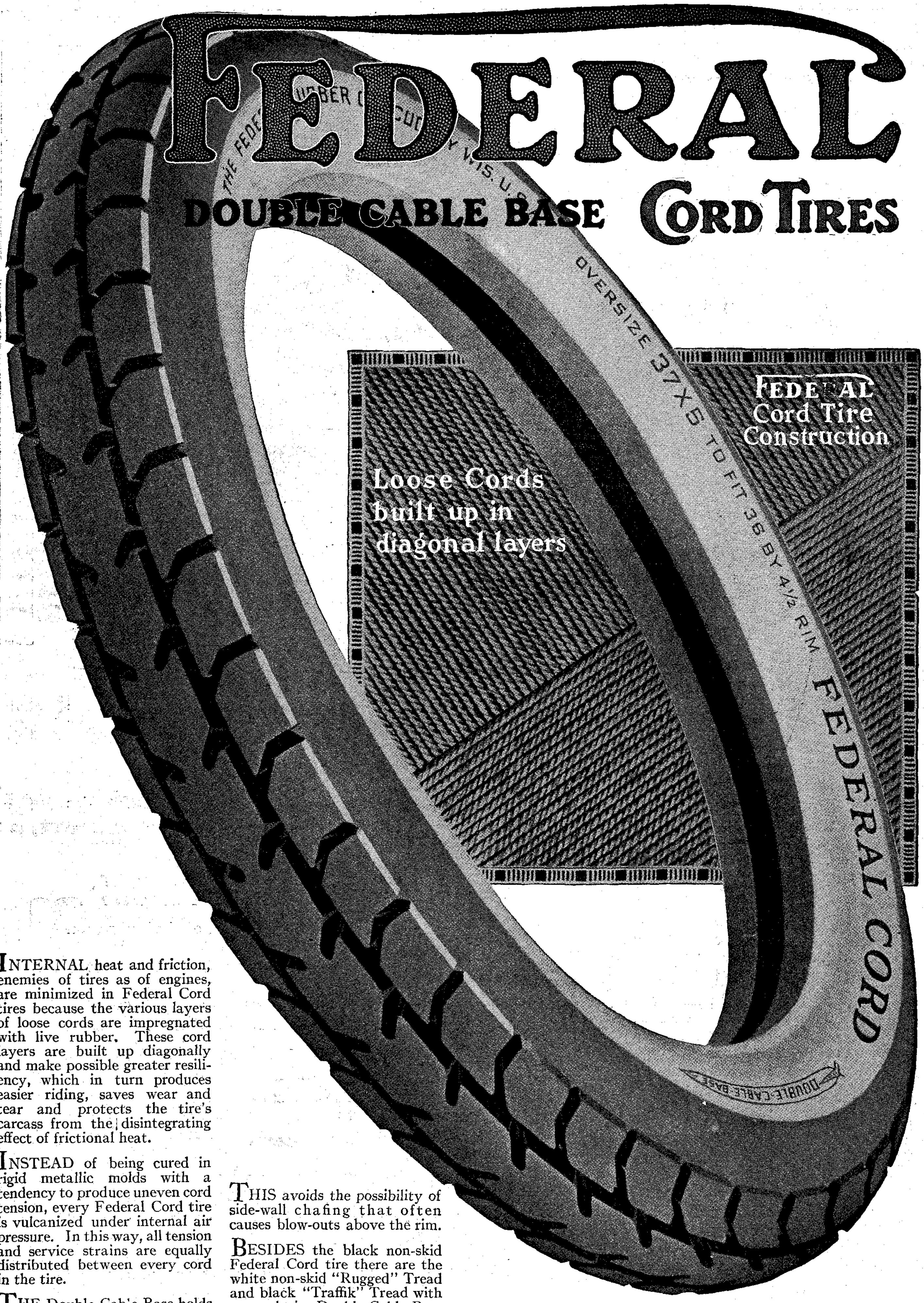
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> or two years, at least, and where I was warned that it was utterly impossible to go for roving bandits, who would at the least strip me to my shoes. I have been in a town as it was attacked by Felicistas, and seen the Carranzista soldiers, after repelling the attack, loot the town they were brought in to defend, the commanding general of the division, Heriberto Jara, of Vera Cruz, bringing up the rear of the line of loot-burdened men, while others, after shooting a prisoner found wounded in the leg, dragged him by a rope behind a cart, and while a colonel on the general's staff warned a friendly storekeeper to shut his doors, as they could not promise protection from their own troops. I never felt safe one hour of the time I was within Carranza lines; I felt safe every hour I was off among the country people, in the districts protected by their soldiers, farmers like themselves, working their fields and taking a gun when the need came to defend their homes from the marauding Carranzistas. I have no doubt there are bands of bandits, but I believe them to be mainly, at least, on the border-lines between the opposing forces. I have seen the interior quiet country life of the common people in Morelos, Vera Cruz, Pueblo, and Oaxaca, where Zapata, Meixueiro, and the Felicistas are maintaining a settled, orderly, and peaceful administration.
>
> Beyond doubt there have been brutalities on all sides, and by nearly all parties, but the stories of "rebel" outrages all come through Carranzista sources, and are more than paralleled by the long list daily in the public press of acts by Carranza officers, from the shooting by a colonel of the entire town council of a village over a personal quarrel to the murder, robbery, and nameless outrages that make Mexico City and Vera Cruz themselves unsafe. I was in Mexico City in the early part of the year; the misery, starvation, and nakedness of the poor were appalling. Children, almost naked, slept on door-steps in the business quarter, and they lay on the pavements as the sun rose to get warm again. The mark of tension and fear was characteristic; to see happy people, I had to go outside into revolutionary lines, with all their scanty resources, yet safe from "the Army."
>
> With a budget some 100,000,000 pesos short, the Government dare not shut off either the civilian graft or the heavily padded army payrolls (paid in lump sums to the officers), nor check the license. To support the Government gives immunity, for Carranza has to have support to try to hold the revolution in check, and the price is freedom for any excess, even to the long list of burglaries with the "gray automobile," finally traced to a certain high general; all reported openly, with or without names, but left unpunished unless some political toes got stept on, or the infractor had become otherwise politically *non grata*, so that the crime was a good chance to make a show of justice, and kill two birds. As just one case for illustration: while I was in Oaxaca the newly arrived Governor called the leading merchants and the consuls together to say that his troops had not been paid for months; that there was trouble up the line, and passage dangerous; that he had to have 25,000 pesos, not of course as a forced contribution, but as a necessity, for otherwise he could not hold his soldiers from looting. The storekeepers, the first to be likely to suffer, gave; the German consul gave 2,000 pesos; the American said he had no authority from his Government. It was a fact there was trouble up the line, and the Governor may not have had the money; but in another case where a similar contribution was made to pay several months' arrears to the teachers, it later appeared they never got a peso of the collection.
>
> The revolutionists of Mexico to-day are a peasant yeomanry defending their homes; while one may describe the government forces as Germans in Belgium, or Bolsheviki in Russia; either term fits. And if Russian *muzik* or Zapata Indian in the heat of overthrow of the old régime were guilty both of excesses, let us distinguish that from the crimes of the common political enemy which, in each case with German alliance, has usurped the power to oppress and steal, and betrayed the revolution of the people, to sell out the country both at wholesale and at retail; and just as shamelessly as the Carranza troops regularly sell ammunition to the "rebels" when in need of "spending money," the soldiers selling by the dozen cartridges, the colonels by the case. The current price is 5 to 10 cents per cartridge, including commissions.

German money, says Mr. Gates, has played a large part in stirring up anti-Americanism. As in Russia, German agents found that their aims could best be furthered by encouraging the criminal element and the more bloodthirsty radicals. The matter of the public press shows the power of German propaganda, as we read:

> In Yucatan a free press is non-existent; but in Mexico there is a long list of anti-government papers, rising and falling, besides the main dailies. Nearly the whole of this press is German subsidized; in some cases the anti-Americanism is virulent in the extreme, excitatory of fears of invasion. A good deal of this is hidden behind rabid I. W. W. anticapitalism, where that is the cue, as in the oil regions and in the north; and that serves to excite strikes, or destruction; but the purchase money is traceable, and has several times been openly proved German. Some of these rabid antiforeign papers are also anti-Carranza, to give them circulation among the revolutionary districts; but there, too, they serve Carranza's aims, for they excite the sentiment which he hopes to use when "the day" of vindication comes. When we learned that food shipments released by us to relieve distress were being used for outrageous profiteering, and ordered the question investigated, it gave rise to violent editorials on Mexico's sovereign right to regulate her own internal commerce.

No real information, says Mr. Gates, gets across the border and into our press, but the following summary is absolutely incontrovertible by the positive evidence on every side, and is the unanimous opinion of every one in Mexico, except those who are exploiting the Carranza régime:

> Carranza's policy has from the first been founded on the phrase I quoted: These foreigners have got to quit making money out of Mexico. His international policy has been not to build up friendship with us, but to divide all Latin America on the old European idea of the balance of power between two hostile groups, placing Mexico (with himself in the chair of Porfirio Diaz) at the head of this Latin revindication against the Yankee peril, and availing himself of Germany as his support. Every high military and civil officer is pro-German, except Gen. Pablo Gonzalez; it is said he urged a different policy on the President, only to be told, "I will not abandon my best friend (Germany)." The Army is German in sympathy and tendencies; wearing of buttons with the Kaiser's picture is common; they have all expected Germany to win; and then would be Mexico's time, and theirs. Our friendly Guatemala, where President Estrada Cabrera, tho a dictator, gives as good a government as can be asked under conditions, and whose policy has always been "to make friends with and protect the Indians in their home economic life," has specifically come in for Carranza's bitter hatred. Carranza soldiers invaded Guatemala some time ago; but did not get out. And a signed agreement with Salvador to invade Guatemala from both sides, Mexico to get some of the interior territory Alvarado needs for exploitation, and Salvador a port on the Caribbean, is common talk; it is heard everywhere, both in Mexico and Guatemala, and with a suggestion that some outside influence prevented its consummation.

As for the present condition in the interior of Mexico, which, says Mr. Gates, is "wholly misunderstood in this country," it is not a case of banditry and pillage. "It is a political movement, it is unified, and all parties are in cooperation, slowly strengthening themselves and pinching in the Carranza Government amid the growing hatred of the whole people." He explains the situation as he found it, and asks the moral support, at least, of our Government for the anti-Carranza faction:

> The present movement is a unified political revolution to restore constitutional government, wipe out the socialistic legislation, and come back to a position of respect internationally. From a military point, the country is controlled by three main forces, in cooperation: Felix Diaz, commanding in Chiapas, Vera Cruz, the Tehuantepec isthmus, and part of Puebla; the Oaxaca state forces under Meixueiro; Zapata, commanding in Morelos, part of Puebla, and Guerrero; Guerrero also seceded lately, and state forces there cooperate; up the west side and through the north various military leaders; on the east coast in the oil district, Pelaez. The southern contingents have definite political programs (substantially identical) to the restoration of constitutional government, with reforms giving effect to the social principles underlying the late revolution; these programs have been accepted by the military chiefs in the north. And they include, for the first time in Mexico's history, the economic regeneration of the Indian; that is Zapata's one care, for which he will fight to the end; it is Meixueiro's; and Diaz has made it his. The Mexican revolution (really started by Zapata in 1909, before Madero) will never end until the mountain peasants of Morelos come into their own; you might as well fight the Swiss; but give them their farms, buying them from the landlords if necessary, and it ends to-morrow. And, above all, give them economic assurance that it is worth while saving—and their regeneration and that of Mexico will come.
>
> What is our part? Recognize the facts, and not just the theories of the case. The Carranza-von Eckhardt Government of Mexico and the Alvarado-I. W. W. Government of Yucatan know that we

really understand the situation; but they hope that we can be kept edging on until they have made our final action too late.

YANKEE "GASSERS" BEAT GERMANS FIVE TO ONE

AMERICAN gas as one of the final arguments in the war received belated credit when "the first real story of the powerful gas-attacks made by the Americans" was told by Major John B. Carlock, of San Francisco, who recently arrived in New York. He fought with the First Gas Regiment of the American Expeditionary Force over the entire Western Front, wherever American troops defended the lines. War regulations, he said, had guarded the activities of this regiment with unusual secrecy, but, since the enemy was practically made harmless by the conditions of the armistice, he saw no harm in telling something of the effective work done by the "gassers." The New York *Tribune* publishes the interview:

"In the Revolutionary War," he said, "the farmers gave the British ball for ball, but in this great struggle in France the Americans gave the Germans five pounds of liquid gas for every pound they sent westward over the American lines."

This regiment went to France in January, 1918, and, brigaded with the British, served with them until April. They entered the first American sector and fought on every sector from Belgium to the Vosges.

"The people of America," said Major Carlock, "learned little of our operations, because it was imperative that nothing should be known. Nothing concerning us leaked out. The very nature of our work made this secrecy necessary. It is perhaps safe now to tell a little of our operations, what we were up against, and how we met the attacks of the enemy.

"Our gas was hurled into the heart of the enemy lines in three ways—by the cylinder, the projector, and the four-inch mortar. The cylinders usually weighed about 130 pounds and held from sixty to seventy pounds of liquid gas. We would put into action from 500 to 5,000 of these deadly charges on one front and hurl them simultaneously into the enemy lines. They were used exclusively for trench warfare.

"We used the projectors in attacks upon the concentration of enemy troops along stabilized fronts or in mobile warfare. These were sixty-pound bombs, each containing thirty pounds of gas. They were installed in batteries of from 20 to 5,000, and were discharged electrically.

"They were used chiefly against machine-gun nests, and were timed with exceptional accuracy. Our men did splendid work in putting over smoke screens, and in practically every infantry attack we went ahead and laid down a screen that the infantrymen might advance under cover. We also used the smoke to draw artillery-fire.

"The success of the Marines on the Vesle on November 10 was, in a measure, due to our smoke screens. The gas regiments led most of the offensives, and were subject to greater danger than any others in the conflict, and this is borne out by the fact that our regimental casualties were about fifty per cent.

"Our regiment was in a position to observe the work of the infantry, and right here let me pay tribute to the fighting 77th, of New York, whose work was wonderful and whose tenacity was of the highest order."

Major Carlock said that his regiment had a general idea of the effectiveness of their gas-attacks, but learned from the reports of German prisoners that it had been much more effective than was generally believed.

"These prisoners told us that our gas had not alone caused great mortality in their ranks, but had utterly destroyed their morale.

"Had the war continued, the gas regiments would have played a most important part in silencing the *Boche*. With the high pitch of perfection we had attained at the cessation of hostilities, I doubt if the Germans could have withstood our attacks any longer.

"One of the hardest things we had to contend with was the direction of our attack against villages where we knew there were French non-combatants. We always avoided gassing French villages where we knew there was a civilian population. Were it not for this we could have wiped out everything in our path, for our gas-cylinders could travel fourteen miles, inflicting death along the entire way."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

"WHEN I get back home again," writes Corp. Homer Galey, of the Tank Corps, now stationed at Varennes, "you will probably ask me what imprest me most of all the things in France. Well, it isn't being under shell-fire, nor air-raids, nor hikes, nor mud, nor cooties, nor rats, nor *vin rouge*, nor British cheese, nor French jam, nor the people. It is the *Forêt d'Argonne.*"

If the choice seems strange, it seems less so after Corporal Galey's description of "a walk I took last night." He writes:

I started out with another fellow, and we walked through a road in the Argonne. It is like spring here now, and the moon was almost full. As we went deeper into the woods, the moon seemed to get brighter and brighter, and threw everything into strong relief. The road was lined on either side with trenches, and here and there along the road was a shell-hole. Finally, we reached a clearing on the right-hand side of the road. Here there was a German cemetery, where we stopt to look around. In its center was a large shaft erected to some fallen captain, with little crosses around, each marking the grave of a German—a few stunted trees with the tops shot off, a few yawning shell-holes, a graveled walk. This is all I saw, but I felt something almost tangible about this place—it was the spirit of death, absolute and irrevocable. If it had been an Allied cemetery, the spirits might have talked together of their battles and of the victory they died for; but the German dead have nothing to say—dead bodies, mute spirits, and a lost cause. The very place where they lie is called by the French "*Le Mort Homme.*" Argonne itself is dead. The trees still stand with their shattered tops presented to the sky, giving silent evidence of the barrage that swept them ceaselessly for four years. It gives me a queer feeling to wander through these woods where I had been a few short weeks before, when everything was turmoil, uproar, and chaos—where the *Boche* worked feverishly day and night, toiling along torturous roads and through impassable ravines in the attempt to save his guns and material, pursued mercilessly by the American and French drum-fire. Now the spell of a strange silence has spread through the forest; no birds sing there and the quiet that reigns is not the quiet of peace, but is the silence of desolation and death.

There are many wonderful things to be seen in the depths of these woods, the relics of the four years of German occupation. The *Boche* was a master of detail, and the woods are full of curiously fashioned dugouts and traps, set for the advancing French. I have visited the Crown Prince's dugout. He had a feather bed, cheval mirror, fine upholstered chairs, a table that must have been the lifework of some French artizan, a Turkish rug, and a separate kitchen and dining-room; in fact, the only luxury he didn't have was running water—he even had electric lights and a piano. It all remains except the piano, just as he left it. The main part of the dugout is thirty feet deep, so nothing could reach him except a direct hit from a G. I. can. There is one near by which they say von Hindenburg would occupy on his visits to the Argonne sector, and it is almost as elaborate as the Kron Prinz dugout.

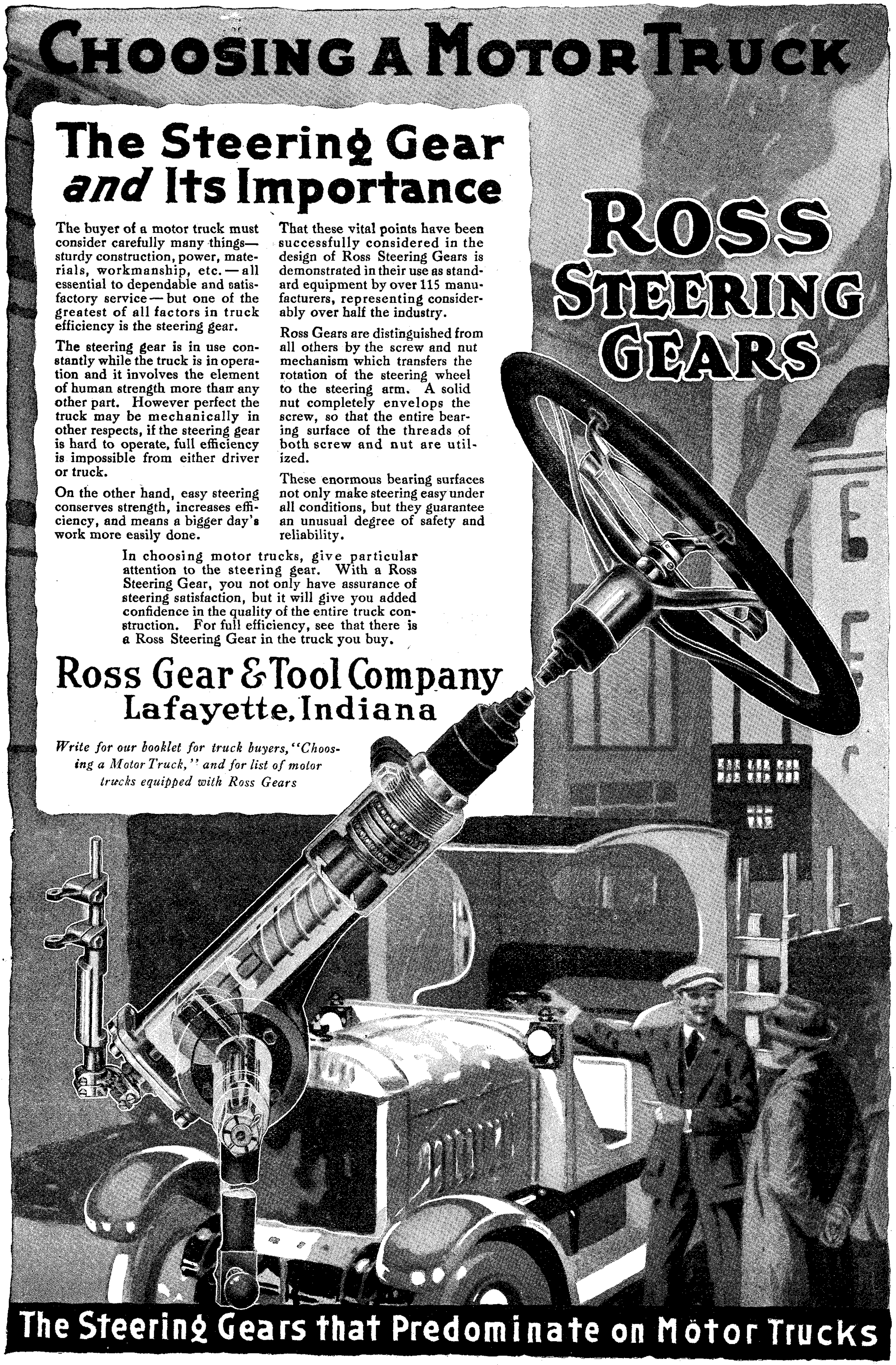
The standing trees abound in curiously concealed observation-posts and snipers' nests, and the ravines are full of cunningly laid wire traps and mines, some of which are still unexploded, so you have to go carefully, but it generally takes the weight of a gun or tractor to set these mines off. The amount of work the *Boche* spent here in the Argonne is stupendous, all the more impressive because it turned out to be futile labor. This sector, previous to the final drive, was just as hard a nut for the French to crack as Verdun always was for the Germans, and a trip through the woods will show why. But the woods are free from Germans now, and the terms of the world peace must keep them so, and perhaps, if those Germans beyond the Rhine make full atonement and restoration, and if the peoples of the world reach a higher plane of life through the sufferings of the war, these passive spirits here in the Argonne may at last break their silence and whisper to each other, "It was not all in vain."

I am filling a couple of sketch-books to take home with me. Having no kodak, I will try and get these sketches home so you may in a measure see France and the war and the life of a soldier as I have. I have to help make a detailed map of Vaquois during the next three or four days, so won't have time to write, but will soon after the job is done.

To-day is Sunday and I slept so late I missed my breakfast; but attention! here is what we had for dinner. Each man had a whole tenderloin—("T-Bone" steak), mashed potatoes, gravy, macaroni, and cheese, white bread, peach pie, and chocolate. Our chow is getting too good to be true.

It isn't strange that my souvenirs never reached home; some one probably took them, some S. O. S. mail clerk, but I am going to send you a *Boche* camouflaged helmet soon, and maybe it will get through.

CHOOSING A MOTOR TRUCK



The Steering Gear *and* Its Importance

The buyer of a motor truck must consider carefully many things—sturdy construction, power, materials, workmanship, etc.—all essential to dependable and satisfactory service—but one of the greatest of all factors in truck efficiency is the steering gear.

The steering gear is in use constantly while the truck is in operation and it involves the element of human strength more than any other part. However perfect the truck may be mechanically in other respects, if the steering gear is hard to operate, full efficiency is impossible from either driver or truck.

On the other hand, easy steering conserves strength, increases efficiency, and means a bigger day's work more easily done.

That these vital points have been successfully considered in the design of Ross Steering Gears is demonstrated in their use as standard equipment by over 115 manufacturers, representing considerably over half the industry.

Ross Gears are distinguished from all others by the screw and nut mechanism which transfers the rotation of the steering wheel to the steering arm. A solid nut completely envelops the screw, so that the entire bearing surface of the threads of both screw and nut are utilized.

These enormous bearing surfaces not only make steering easy under all conditions, but they guarantee an unusual degree of safety and reliability.

In choosing motor trucks, give particular attention to the steering gear. With a Ross Steering Gear, you not only have assurance of steering satisfaction, but it will give you added confidence in the quality of the entire truck construction. For full efficiency, see that there is a Ross Steering Gear in the truck you buy.

Ross Gear & Tool Company
Lafayette, Indiana

Write for our booklet for truck buyers, "Choosing a Motor Truck," and for list of motor trucks equipped with Ross Gears

ROSS STEERING GEARS

The Steering Gears that Predominate on Motor Trucks

Miss Eloise Robinson, in the course of a letter which appears in *The Wellesley College News*, mentions a visit to Joyce Kilmer's grave. "I hunted up Joyce Kilmer's grave," she writes, "between Fismes and Fère-en-Tardenois, on a hillside and the edge of a wood, looking over a lovely valley—near where Quentin Roosevelt's grave is. I had nothing to leave but an armful of red berries from a rose-bush in the garden of one of the little towns. But some one has taken loving care of it."

Of her work in one of the war-blasted villages near the front, Miss Robinson writes:

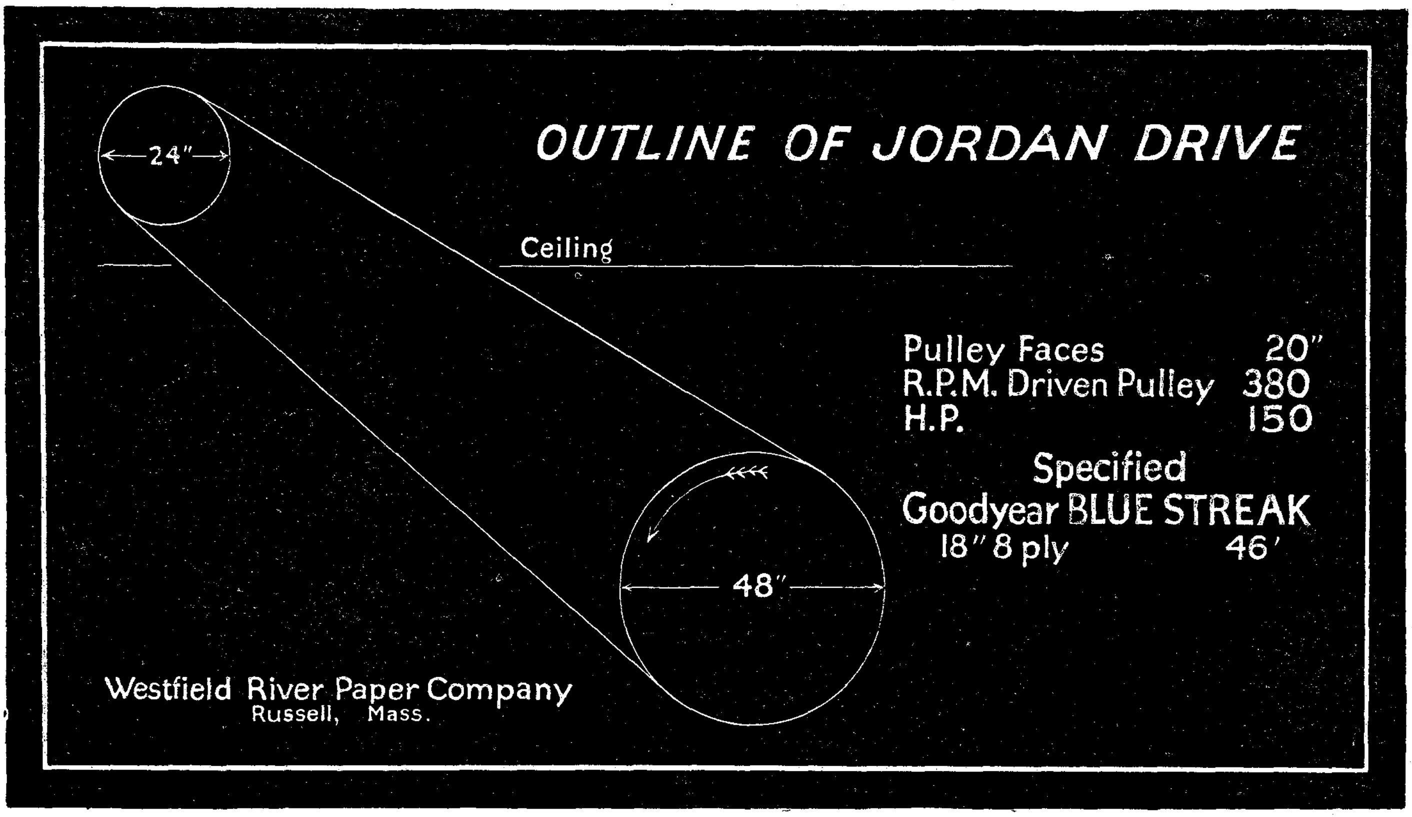
> It was a gay life in that little town. No water, unless we walked three-quarters of a mile for it along a shelled road, and then we had to boil every bit we drank. Mud, mud, mud till I shall always dream of it, and dirt until I felt as if I had never seen anything else. But always those blessed boys to do something for, so we didn't really mind. One afternoon I made fifty-five gallons of fudge, and gave it away. Another time it was candy out of corn sirup, with canned butter from the quartermaster, who was always our ally and would give us anything he possest. Almost every day it was cookies, and every day hot chocolate and cigarets. The boys were so happy over everything we could do. I made enough for every boy in the battalion and all the runners coming through and the supply company and the M. P.'s along the line to have about a quarter of a pound apiece. And a general—I suppose I mustn't tell his name yet—who came by and stopt to ask directions and the cause for the crowd—the whole battalion was lined up in a perfect tangle before my field stove—went away in his limousine beating a tin cup full of the hot candy that had just come off the stove and had not had time to harden, with an army spoon.
>
> And then every afternoon I took about six hundred newspapers in a little cart which the Huns had left behind them and made the tour of the boys in the dugouts on the hillsides where no car could go. How those boys did scurry out of their poor little holes like rabbits out of their burrows! Nobody who has not seen it will ever believe what awful conditions those men have had to live under, because it is simply inconceivable to us. No sanitary arrangements anywhere, no water, no adequate shelter—but then other people have told it—all that can be told. I had on the cart a German gas *alerte* that one of the boys had given me, and I used to blow that. They knew it meant papers, and how they did come running! I couldn't let them gather together too many at a time, tho, because if a shell came over it would "get" too many. But they didn't seem to mind, and we had our stock jokes.
>
> We weren't in one town all the time, but moved with the division. We were in the last town the Germans held before the armistice, and which our boys took away from them only long enough for us to be there one day. Our quarters were quite magnificent there: a room on the second story, which is a rare thing now, and which had apparently been used as staff headquarters, for it was fitted up with hand-made cupboards and shelves, papered with burlap, on which owls and flowers had been stenciled, and the fat German wreaths that look like sausages. I have a souvenir for you which I took from the walls—unless you prefer another souvenir. The colonel of the regiment sent over and presented the quarters to us, and we felt quite elegant. And every night this same colonel had a big army milk-can of water brought to us, hot from one of the field kitchens, so that we could each have a bath in our rubber tub! Talk about thoughtfulness! I don't know when I have ever appreciated any delicate attention from any man more. We ate in the field kitchens, going down and standing in line with our mess kits under our arms and waiting for our turn. Sometimes we had to go to the officers' mess, or they would have been cross at us. And once for five days I cooked for nineteen officers on an improvised brick stove, because the kitchen was lost.
>
> I wish I could make you see the country, but I can't, and no use trying. And I wish, too, I could tell you how peace came, and how strange it seemed without the guns and without the feeling that whenever the boys went out they might never come back. There was a great celebration, I can assure you. And then the boys insisted on taking us all through the trenches and the German dugouts on a sight-seeing tour, and we had a dance in a German dugout where there were two pianos! And the souvenirs that they heaped on us! I wish I could bring them home, but I can't. And the country around beyond Verdun—I forgot to tell you that is where we have been—is simply one enormous dump-heap of German equipment and ammunition. You must be careful where you walk or you will be blown up going through the fields by stray shells and grenades and fuses and flares and what-not. I lugged home a suit of German armor—it really looks like the Middle Ages, with breastplate and helmet and leg-pieces. And I have seen a pile of the terrible saw-edged bayonets, as high as a room, and I know they used them, as well as dumdum bullets, of which there were cases and cases and cases. Since peace, every night has been a Fourth of July, with the ammunition-dumps in all directions being fired by the engineers. The officers go off and bring back flares and all sorts of things which they shoot off for our amusement. And they are so pleased at themselves, like little boys, that we cheer them on and are only thankful that the terrible things are being used so innocently.
>
> I say all these things were, because we have already passed the country of desolation on our way to Germany. Luxemburg, where we are now, is glass-windowed and steam-heated and electric-lighted, and we sleep in real beds instead of on army cots and as many blankets as we can carry. There is more food, and the stores are full of things. On the 12th we go into Germany—to Coblenz. I don't know how long I shall stay—as long as I think I am needed. In some ways the "Y" is more necessary now, for the boys are restless to get home and need to be kept out of the mischief that is so easy to find. But that will have to be worked out.
>
> I must stop. It's nearly midnight. And I have *beaucoup* chocolate to make to-morrow and two Christmas plays to coach and the decorations of the Christmas-tree to get under way, and other things.

Frank Maresch, a Milwaukee boy, eighteen years of age, enlisted with a Czecho-Slav unit that was formed in the Middle West last fall and found himself a lieutenant shortly after he reached France. He writes from the headquarters of the 23d Regiment, Czecho-Slav Army, Cognac, Charente, France:

> We are still training and will leave within a short time. According to reports we are still to see some fighting with the Hungarians, and maybe with the Bolsheviki of Russia.
>
> We sure have some army here in France. The soldiers are gathered from every army in the world. The main part of them are soldiers forced to serve in Austria. They either deserted or were captured and enlisted in the Russian, Servian, and Italian armies. Later the Czecho-Slav Army was permitted to be organized, and all these fellows came to France. Then there are boys who were discharged from the American Army. Also the remains of the Czech battalion of the French Foreign Legion, who wear the seven service stripes and as many as four wound stripes.
>
> We also have a few captured during the early part of October near Verdun by the American negroes. They said that the Americans hurled hand-grenades so thick that the air was filled with bursting grenades. They had the terror of their lives whenever they saw a negro stick his head out of a trench, grin, and exposing his white teeth and disappearing before any one could shoot. Their officers told them the negroes were going to cut them to pieces with razors. They also saw three captured Americans. They were wounded, but had their hands and feet tied, for the Germans said that the wounded Americans fought more than the soldiers in the trenches.
>
> The region round here is in a fine condition, similar to late spring in America. Don't expect to see any snow this winter; but, oh my! the mud.

How the busy American Military Engineer continues to improve his dangerous hours, in spite of the armistice, is related in a recent letter from Lieut. L. G. Hayes, of the 304th Engineers. Lieutenant Hayes was occupied in locating and destroying German mines, cleverly prepared to distribute Allied tanks over the landscape. He writes:

> For the last ten days my company has been detached from the regiment and civilization. We were at Ville-en-Woëvre, about sixteen miles east of Verdun. Our job was to destroy the German tank-mines, and it was some job, as we destroyed about six hundred mines. The *Boche* is good at that sort of thing. He had a very clever device fixt up, and if a tank had tried to get through in that immediate vicinity—well, the salvage corps would have had hard work finding even a few bolts and nuts.
>
> Headquarters wanted a report on the work, so I had to write up the job; am enclosing a copy. This report covers only two types; there were several, but I only worked on these two. Two sergeants and myself cleared over 380 of the 436 mentioned. We were scared to move in that town, everything was mined—cross-roads, bridges, etc. Of course, when one was discovered it was cleared at once, but we were afraid that Fritz might have left a delayed-action affair that no one had found. My own quarters formerly belonged to a square-head major, and the place was entirely too good, too inviting-looking to suit me. I looked the place over carefully before settling down and couldn't



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That Extra-Power Jordan—and the G.T.M.'s Extra Ply

Even very good belts had proved to be trouble-peddlers on a certain Jordan. It was in the Westfield River Paper Company's plant at Russell, Mass. Some of the belts pulled out at the fastenings and lacings, all of them stretched, none of them delivered the horsepower needed for that particular Jordan.

One day a G. T. M.—our Mr. Leddy— called on the plant superintendent and explained the Goodyear plan of selling belts according to prescription instead of as a hardware man sells nails. He was asked what he could do for that Jordan drive. He asked to see it—and found that it required 150 horsepower instead of the usual 75 to 100 on Jordans. He asked questions and found that it had been built to do a special amount of hard work that inefficient belts kept it from doing. The G. T. M. made his measurements and started to figure.

He knew that an 18-inch belt ordinarily should not have more than six plies, but in this particular case since the smaller pulley ran at a comparatively slow speed, he saw that he could, with perfect safety, apply an 18-inch 8-ply belt which would do the necessary work. Particularly so, since the Blue Streak Belt possessed the required flexibility to permit the extra plies under the existing conditions.

Mr. Leddy got the order and the belt was applied May 5, 1917. There has not been any trouble on that drive since—although the belt has been working 24 hours every day.

Mr. Dozier, the plant superintendent, says that that belt is delivering more power than any belt he ever had. He thinks that its excellence is largely due to the friction surface that every Blue Streak user knows so well. But he admits that most is due to the G. T. M.—to the prompt and accurate way in which his diagnosis of this troublesome drive was made and the correct remedy figured out. So he has had a G.T.M. make a plant analysis covering every drive in the plant; and he now orders according to its prescriptions whenever an old belt wears out.

If you have a hard drive that makes belts you always thought respectable act like trouble-peddlers, ask a G.T.M. to call. One from the nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to do so when next he is in your vicinity. His services are free—for the savings he effects for purchasers are so evident and material that a gratifying volume from the plants served is sure to result within a few years.

And when the G. T. M. calls ask him about how another G. T. M.—our Mr. DeVerges—saved $347.98 on a single drive, for the Planter's Lumber Company of Jeanerette, La.; and how a G. T. M.—our Mr. Heehs—made $1.00 do the work of $3.00 on a sidehead drive in another plant.

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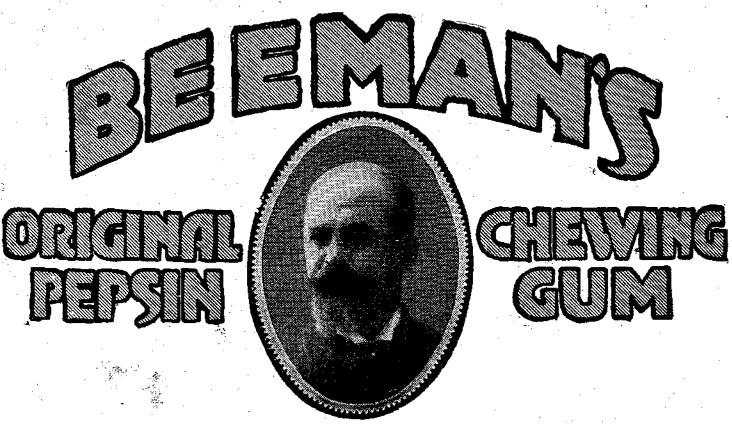


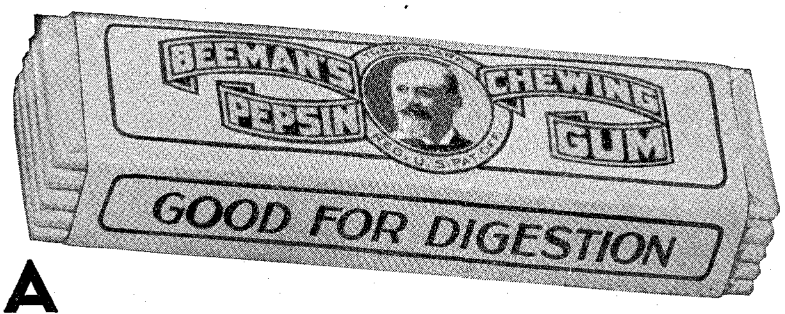
The great American ailment is indigestion

RAPID eating, keeping the brain constantly at work during meal time, and bad cookery—these lay the foundation for the conditions that nine out of every ten Americans suffer from. The food is imperfectly masticated, there is an insufficient flow of saliva, and the inevitable result is seen in the various mild forms of indigestion with which we are all familiar.

To relieve these conditions there is nothing better than the routine use of my original pepsin chewing gum. It stimulates the salivary glands, insures sufficient saliva, relaxes nerve tension, and aids the digestive processes.

Thousands have obtained relief from their digestive troubles by the simple expedient of chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten to twenty minutes after each meal.

D. E. Beeman



A
CHICLE

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find anything; but nevertheless I was always leery. However, when I left it was all there, so it must be O. K.

We are back now (north of Verdun), close to regimental headquarters. Too close. The colonel doesn't have to go far to bawl out the outfit. Very inconvenient to be so close to headquarters, but such is war. I would like to get out of this region mighty well. We are in a vacuum here, civilization all around us, but nothing here only ruined villages. I haven't seen a real town since the middle of September. It seems we are chained to Verdun, have been in it, on all sides of it, and through it, and the like, but have not been twenty miles away from the cussed place since first coming to the front. Somebody had a lot of nerve to start an offensive on Verdun. An army couldn't walk up those hills, much less fight up them.

I haven't any real dope on when we leave for home. It is rumored that we go to Luxemburg, but it is only a rumor, I guess. Hope so, anyway. It's a long walk from here to there, and that's the usual mode of travel—the dough-boys say, "Join the Army and walk around the world."

November 11, the day the armistice was signed, you remember, is called "Groundhog day" over here, because on that day every one came out of his hole. And that's the truth, too. You could appreciate the joke if you knew the conditions when the "whiz-bangs" were flying.

Gosh! I'd like to have a good piece of fried chicken and a biscuit right now. Army food is sufficient and very nourishing but tell me who in the dickens likes corned beef? Maybe we will have hominy in the morning! ! !

Lieutenant Hayes's official report, "passed by the censorship," is as follows:

DESTRUCTION OF GERMAN TANK-MINES NEAR VILLE-EN-WOËVRE

A line of about 430 German tank-mines was left by the Germans just southwest of Ville-en-Woëvre. These mines consisted of either a 150-mm. or a 250-mm. high-explosive shell enclosed in a wooden box. The lids of the boxes were so connected with the detonating mechanism of the shells that they would be exploded when a tank or other heavy object struck the mine. A man's weight was not sufficient to detonate them.

The mines were lowered in the ground to bring the top of the box flush with the surface. Camouflage was employed, and there was a small drain ditch around each box to prevent surface water getting into the shell. The line of boxes followed the contour and they were spaced approximately three meters center to center. The length of the entire line was approximately one and one-half kilometer.

The lid of a mine fitted loosely inside the box and rested on four wooden pins or four wooden blocks, nailed lightly to the sides of the box.

The 150 mm. shells were usually arranged with the detonators in the center and connected to the fuse-lighter, which was fastened to the box by approximately two feet of instantaneous fuse. The cotter-pin of the fuse-lighter was attached to one of the blocks supporting the lid of the box, so that when it was forced downward the cotter-pin would be pulled from the fuse-lighter, thereby exploding the mine.

The detonator and fuse-lighter of the 250-mm. shell were enclosed in the shell with only the tip of the fuse lighter exposed. A trip wire was attached to the cotter-pin of the fuse-lighter and strung across to the box, so that if the lid were forced down the cotter-pin would be jerked out, allowing the fuse-lighter to explode the mine.

The detonators were cemented into both sizes of shells, and it was not possible to remove them.

Before destroying these mines small splinter-proof dugouts, large enough to accommodate two or three men, were constructed close to the line of mines at intervals of about 200 meters. The lids were carefully removed from the boxes; the wires or fuses, as the case might be, were cut, and the shells piled in groups of from five to nine in close contact with each other, a block of triton was placed against the nose of one shell in each group, well tamped with mud and detonated electrically, two or three of the groups of shells being connected up together. The detonating of one shell in a group was usually sufficient to explode them all.

The firing apparatus and the men operating it were sheltered in the dugouts at the time of the explosion, and all other persons were cleared from the neighborhood, guards being posted at distances of about one kilometer in each direction. The explosion of a group of from five to nine large shells was very violent and pieces sometimes flew to a distance of more than a kilometer, while craters thirty feet across and ten to twelve feet deep were dug. Fortunately no one was injured.

THE "WHITE WOMAN" WHO HOUNDS THE KAISER

REPORTS of the Kaiser's mental breakdown and of the doubling of the guard around the castle of Amerongen, where he is staying, have revived rumors of the ancient curse of the Hohenzollern family, the "White Woman of Brandenburg." Let cynics scoff at the idea that this ancient Countess, beheaded hundreds of years ago, is playing Nemesis to "the last chieftain of the old German robber clan in his castle of refuge in Holland"; the people of Paris know, and particularly the soldiers from the eastern departments know, that the old curse has been fulfilled before, and will be fulfilled again. Miss Louise Arden, a Red-Cross nurse in Paris, writes of the common rumor as well as of the strange legend on which it is founded, in a letter published by the New York *Evening Sun:*

I don't know whether the interesting story that the ex-Kaiser has escaped the vengeance of the Allies only to find himself hag-ridden by the "White Woman of Brandenburg," who, you may remember, is the hereditary ghost of the Hohenzollerns, has reached New York yet, but it is common talk among the French soldiers here, particularly among the contingents from the eastern departments. They tell it in the most matter-of-fact way to explain and justify the report that the Kaiser is losing his mind.

"*Eh bien!*" one old *poilu* said to me when I told him that the guards had been doubled around the Kaiser's place of refuge to keep out kidnapers, "but they can not keep out the White Lady of Brandenburg."

Of course I had heard the story. Everybody has who has read Miss Mühlbach. But I asked *le vieillard* what he meant.

"The White Woman of Brandenburg

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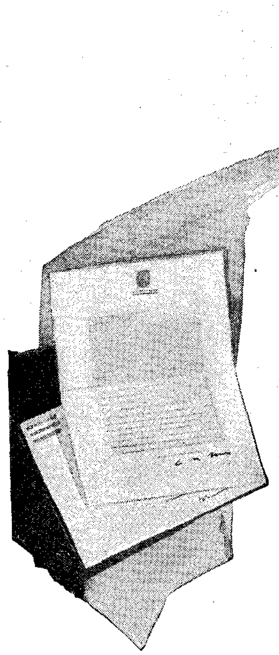

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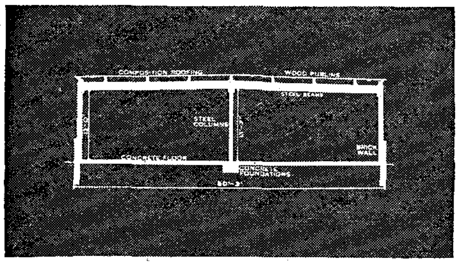
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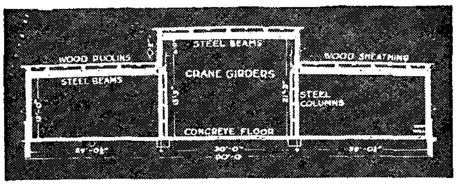
No. 1 Standard—This type is 60 feet wide with one row of columns, and no monitor. It is designed for light-machine work and storage. It can be any length in multiples of 20 feet. Built in 30 working-days.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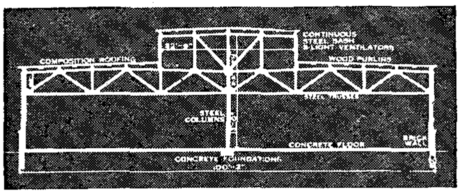
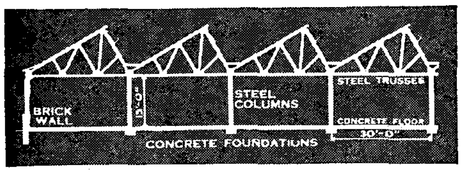
WOOD PURLINS
WOOD SHEATHING
STEEL BEAMS
CRANE GIRDERS
STEEL COLUMNS
CONCRETE FLOOR

No. 2 Standard—90 feet is the width of this building. It has two rows of columns and a monitor to give good light and air. It is designed for foundry and heavy-machine and erecting-shop work, and may be equipped with craneway if desired. Built in 30 working-days.


CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH & LIGHT VENTILATORS
COMPOSITION ROOFING
WOOD PURLINS
STEEL TRUSSES
STEEL COLUMNS
CONCRETE FLOOR
BRICK WALL
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

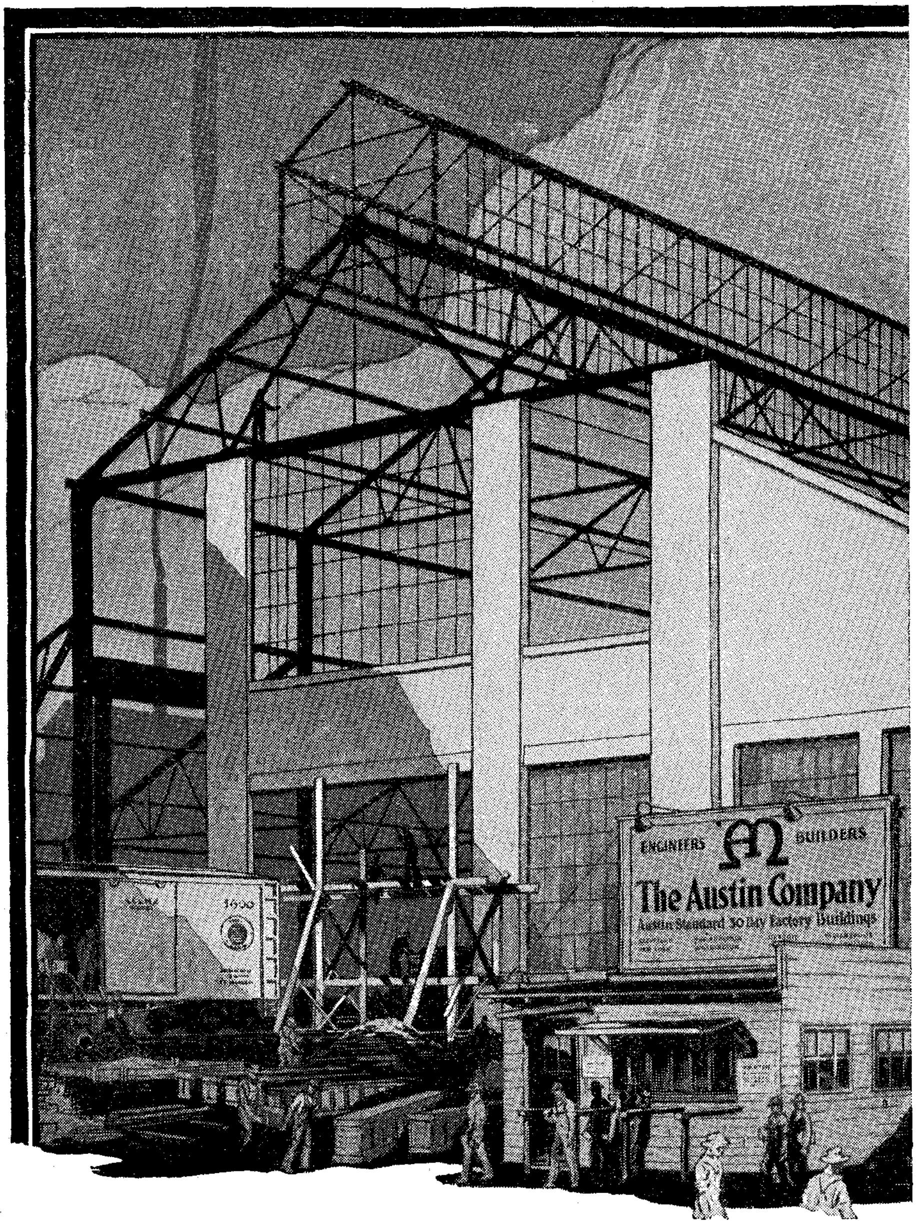
No. 3 Standard—This is the "Universal" type. It is 100 feet wide, or wider in multiples of 50 feet, and any length in multiples of 20 feet. It has a monitor with a single row of columns. Built in 30 working-days.


BRICK WALL
STEEL COLUMNS
STEEL TRUSSES
CONCRETE FLOOR
30'-0"
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

No. 4 Standard—This is the saw-tooth type. It can be built any size in bays of 20 feet x 30 feet. Level suspension for shaft hangers is provided. Built in 60 working-days.

The First Standard Factory-Building ever erected was built by Austin in 1909.

Since then 16 linear miles of Austin Standard Buildings have been erected for 240 concerns in 46 lines of business.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"PERMANENT factory-buildings ready for useful occupancy in *30 and 60 working-days*, complete industrial plants erected and equipped in from one-third to one-half the usual time."

Such is the Austin result—an accomplishment that marks a new era in industrial construction. Through the Austin Method hundreds of factory-buildings in over 46 Industrial Fields have been completed in record time. *Great savings in capital and speeding up for production has been the economic result.*

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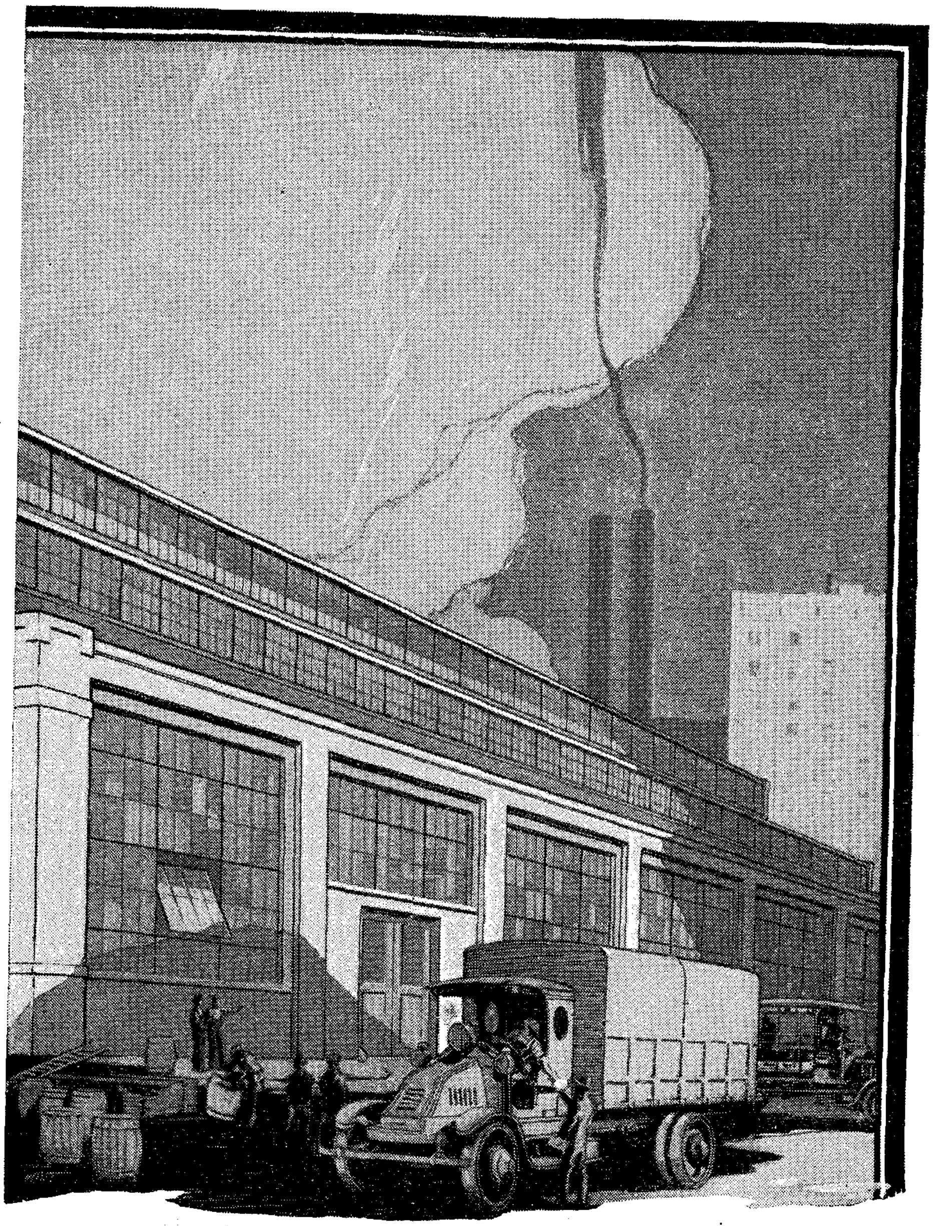
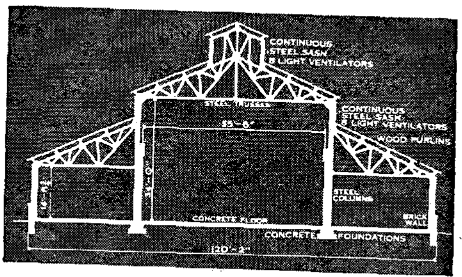


THE AUSTIN METHOD

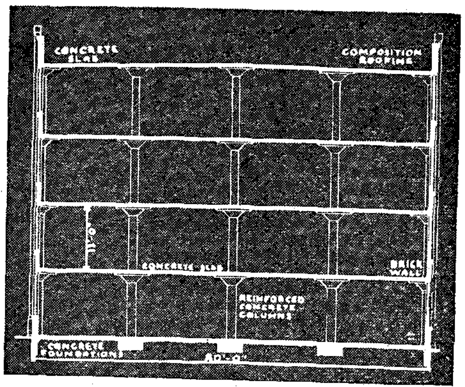
THROUGH over 40 years of experience in the construction of *special* industrial buildings, Austin Engineers have developed the 10 Austin Standards which are briefly described on these pages. These ten standard types together with their variations and combinations have been found to meet most industrial housing requirements. Both the Standard and special building service of the Austin Company will be found in the *Austin Book of Buildings*.

In this book there are specific facts of interest to the man who contemplates the building of an entire plant and its equipment, or a single industrial building, whether of the light manufacturing type or the heavy crane-equipped kind of structure. Copies of the book are gladly sent in response to requests written on business stationery. Manufacturers and engineers whose requirements for more space are urgent will save time by using the wires.

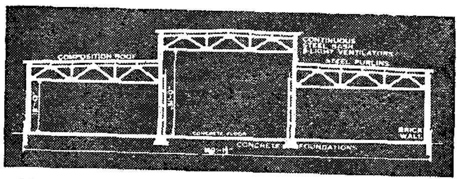
THE AUSTIN COMPANY, Industrial Engineers and Builders


CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH 8 LIGHT VENTILATORS
STEEL TRUSSES
35'-6"
CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH 8 LIGHT VENTILATORS
WOOD PURLINS
STEEL COLUMNS
CONCRETE FLOOR
BRICK WALL
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS
120'-2"

Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Standards—These are the heavier type for foundries and heavy-machine shops. The center aisles vary in size: No. 5 is approximately 40 feet, No. 6 is 50 feet, and No. 7 is 60 feet. The side aisles are slightly over 30 feet. Built in 60 working-days.


CONCRETE SLAB
COMPOSITION ROOFING
CONCRETE SLAB
BRICK WALL
REINFORCED CONCRETE COLUMNS
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

No. 9 Standard—This standard represents the flat slab reinforced concrete multi-story type. Can be built any size in panels 20 feet square. Clearance is 12 feet 3 inches. This type also requires a slightly longer time for construction.


COMPOSITION ROOF
CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH 8 LIGHT VENTILATORS
STEEL PURLINS
CONCRETE FLOOR
BRICK WALL
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

No. 10 Standard—This crane-equipped building is 150 feet wide with three 50 foot aisles. It can be built any length in multiples of 20 feet. Built in 60 working-days.

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AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

is after him and will get him," he said. "If the Allies won't make him pay for his crimes, she will."

A few days later I ran across the story from another *poilu*, who told me that he had heard that the ghost had appeared in broad daylight while his ex-Majesty was chopping wood, scaring Wilhelm out of seven years' growth.

The story of the White Woman of Brandenburg, or simply "The White Woman," as she is more often called, is one of the oldest and best known of the countless legends that grew and flourished about the House of Hozenzollern during the generations it lorded it over Prussia and the Mark of Brandenburg.

She was the Countess Cunigunda von Plassenburg and Orlamunde, and when but a girl was married against her will by the orders of her parents to the old Count Sigmund von Plassenburg. A few years after that he died, leaving her rich, beautiful, and the mother of two children. Incidentally she was deeply in love with the good looks of Albert, Burgrave of Nuremberg, surnamed after the custom of those days, Albert the Handsome, and the ancestor of the Hohenzollern family.

For a long time the Countess Cunigunda courted the Burgrave, but in vain, for he was in love with Beatrice, Countess of Hainault. At last Cunigunda sent messengers to Albert offering her own hand in marriage, together with the rule of Plassenburg and her other possessions.

The Burgrave did not care to offend the Countess, so he took refuge in the fact that his parents did not approve of her as a daughter-in-law and sent back the cryptic reply that he would be glad to marry her, but that "four eyes now in existence prevented."

He of course referred to his parents, but the Countess believed, so runs the old tale, that he hated the children of the old Count von Plassenburg, and wanted to be rid of them before he consented to their marriage.

So as her soul was set on the Burgrave, she determined to rid herself and her lover of the youngsters, and one night after the return of the messenger with the answer from the Burgrave the children were slain in a manner that left no outer sign of violence. Then, the story says, she went back to bed and "did sleep soundly, seeing her way clear."

As soon as the funeral of the two children was over the Countess sent another message to the Burgrave telling him to come to her at once, and on his arrival met him with the confession of what she had done.

"The four eyes that troubled are troublesome no longer," the story makes her say, "now let us be wed."

Instead, the Burgrave, who seems to have lacked the full flavor of the *Kultur* attained by his great-great-great-grandson Wilhelm, had her seized and tried and condemned for the murder of the children.

When she entered the room to die, the Burgrave and the officials of his court were there, and she paused on her way to the block long enough to curse him and all who came in contact with him, "his friends and relatives and children forever and ever. When you come to die I shall be there," runs the tale, "and no member of your family but shall know me."

She was beheaded with true German thoroughness and medieval dispatch. The Burgrave, a true Hohenzollern, confiscated her estates and happily married Countess Beatrice of Hainault.

This is the story Miss Arden says is being repeated after many years by Frenchmen. Her letter continues:

"Of course the whole thing is grotesque, but really I have heard so much of it of late that I have become obsessed with the glamour of it all, and when you come to think of it, it is strange that we should be repeating seriously in the year 1919 the tales they told more than one hundred years ago."

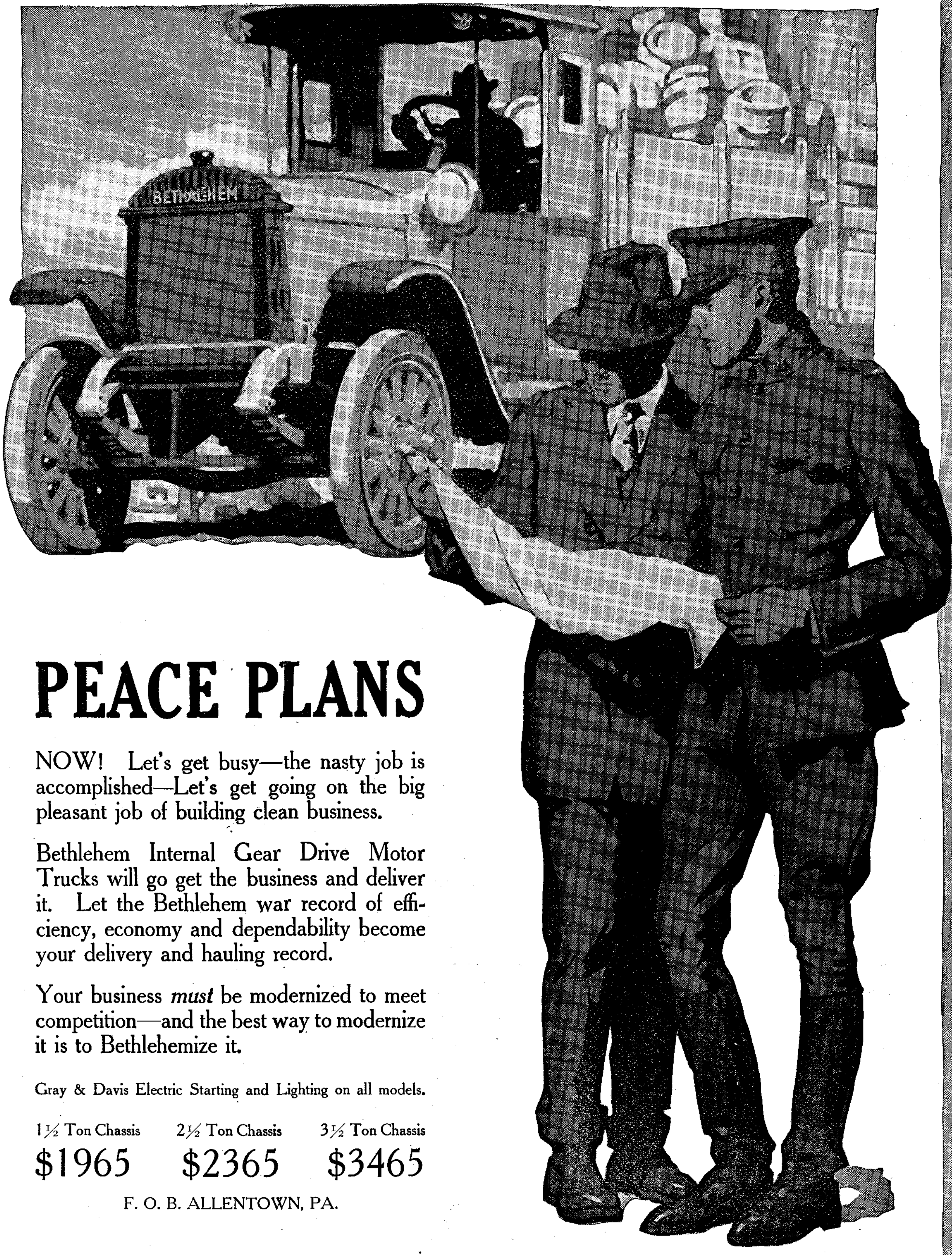
WAR-REPORTS FROM THE INFLUENZA FRONT

A WAR here in the United States, a war that reached into practically every community in the country and took a toll of American lives twice as great as that taken by the war overseas, has raged through the early winter months. In the fight against influenza, which is not yet finished, devoted women have served in the front ranks and many of them, uninspired by the interest and honor that helped the dough-boy to act the hero, have gone down to death, if not unwept, at least unsung. "The women of America have been pretty heroic in France," writes an official of the Visiting Nurses' Association of Chicago, "but they have been none the less so at home, volunteers as well as professionals, and honorable mention would perhaps bring the situation a bit more closely home to many of us." A new department in the President's Cabinet, a Department of Public Health, is the moral which some commentators see in the present epidemic. This moral, it has been pointed out, is driven home by extracts from a number of letters from nurses which appear in a recent issue of *Bureau of Public Health Nursing*, published by the Red Cross at Washington. "No decorations will be bestowed on these nurses," says the paper, "but their names are written in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and on His Honor Roll." The extracts given are chosen for their "variety or because they were typical of many reports," and not because honor and appreciation were not due to all alike. From Miss Colon, in Luce County, northern Michigan, comes the following:

> "We have had a terrible time in this county, losing one hundred people, or one person out of every fifty. . . . I worked with Dr. Perry, our health officer, going to the 'logging-camps,' in the hospital, in the homes, and wherever the need was greatest at the time. We all worked day and night, hardly taking time to eat. . . . Some of our patients lived miles back in the woods; not even a road could reach them, but the train could, so we had to go after them in hand-cars, and so saved many a life. We have gasoline engines on the more modern hand-cars and we hitched a flat-car to a hand-car with wire, put a board floor on, mattresses over that, plenty of covers, and a canvas to cover the top and break the wind, and we carried the patients fifteen or more miles to a decent bed and a chance to live.
>
> "We rode twenty and thirty miles at night through the deepest woods and over the roughest roads to camps, and many times we would find thirty or forty cases, sometimes ten people all huddled together fully drest in a tiny log cabin, probably all in two beds and all with fevers over 104.
>
> "On long trips we had one doctor, a driver, one helper, and myself, and we just worked and instructed and showed those among them who could help what to do when we had to leave. . . . We had splendid cooperation throughout the whole time. Everybody worked hard and long with unselfish spirit."

A letter from Miss Potts contains this vivid account of her work in Monmouth County, N. J.:

> "I think you may be interested to hear something of my experience in the recent epidemic of influenza. I had whole families down with it at once. The father and eight children in one home and then the mother came down with it, and labor came on ahead of time. The man got up and almost staggered round the house, just keeping up the fire and giving milk and medicine. One forlorn little tot of three years was around, and she stood by the bed patting her mother's hand, clad in a big sister's sweater that touched the ground. It was one of the careless homes, chairs without seats, panes of glass out of the windows, and doors you could not shut. None of the neighbors would come near—every one was afraid, I almost begged one of them to do some washing, and she did it once or twice, and that was all. The second day the woman's temperature was 105, and I thought we should surely lose her, but she pulled through, and so did all the rest of that family. Across the street was a man who had the 'flu' followed by acute nephritis. He had convulsions from 7 A.M one day until 3 P.M., was unconscious for sixty hours and neither spoke nor swallowed. I stayed with him from 9 A.M. one day until 1 A.M. the following morning—no one would come near except a younger brother of twenty. The next day the doctor had ordered hot flaxseed poultices. I stayed from 12 noon to 6 P.M.; went back at 8 P.M., and kept up the poultices until 3 A.M., when he showed the first symptoms of consciousness by grabbing a hot poultice and trying to get it off. He made a quick recovery to our surprize, for there was some pneumonia in one lung as well. We were not always as fortunate tho. One woman nursed her husband and three boys and then came down herself. She was a heavy woman, weighing 195 pounds. All she begged was to be left alone, she was 'so tired.' The man got up and tried to do his best. I stayed there all night and in the morning telephoned to the woman's sister and she came and tapped on the window. No one would come in, but I went to the door and pulled her in and told her she had to stay. When she heard that her sister's recovery was very doubtful she was ashamed—telephoned to another woman relative and they both helped the man out. I went back at seven, for it was a critical case, and stayed till midnight, when all one could do was to send for the priest.
>
> "Another of my new maternity cases was an Italian woman, and she was afraid of it. The day she came down-stairs her husband, who had had a cold, developed a temperature of 103. I put him to bed and sent for the doctor. Three days later the woman was down with it, and then the four children and the baby went down, one after the other; no neighbors would help out. They were panic-stricken. Finally, the eldest child, a girl of nine years, took it. She struggled so hard not to give up,



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Bethlehem Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks will go get the business and deliver it. Let the Bethlehem war record of efficiency, economy and dependability become your delivery and hauling record.

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but I said, 'Lena, I shall have to put you to bed,' but Lena said, 'I can't go to bed; who will keep the fire up and tend to them?' But I went out and found the Presbyterian minister's wife, and she came and stayed for four or five hours, tho she was ill herself, and then another woman came. That day the Emergency Hospital opened in Red Bank and we took the mother and baby and four children there; the father was getting better and we let him stay as he begged to, but the mother died in the hospital three days later, leaving the baby and the four children. And so it went on. Some families lost two members one after the other. It was like a horrible nightmare, only one had no time to think. We are short of doctors, and those we have worked night and day, but they could not answer all the calls. I knew their treatment and as I went around put the patients to bed, started the treatment, and telephoned the doctors to come as soon as they could. It is over now, but in this little community we have thirteen motherless children and two fatherless. Eleven boys, and four girls, curiously, are left."

From Canaan, Conn., Miss Edith L. Price writes:

". . . working every minute from 7:45 or 8 A.M. until 5:30 or 6 P.M. My night-work began about eight or soon after and I would come home soon after 12, 2, 4, or 5:30 in the morning, sleep until seven, rise, and begin over. I often used to feel like a machine going about until I ran down. The most of the cases were among Italians. . . . As it was almost impossible to get any help, I had to do a good deal myself, especially at first, of building fires, heating water and nourishment, etc. . . . In one family I had the parents and seven children, all bed patients. I had three full-size beds, two cots, one crib, and one cradle. They lived in a four-room shanty. I usually spent two hours, sometimes longer, caring for them; the children were from one year up to eight years. The mother was very ill with pneumonia and pregnant, father also ill with pneumonia. There was an old deaf man there who gave medicine and nourishment when I was not there. . . . It was some work each day to care for that family. I had several families of five, four, one, and two. . . . I did not have a death where I was called at the beginning of the illness."

Here is an extract from a letter written by Miss Kate LaPrade, chairman of the Nursing Committee of the Victoria Red-Cross Chapter, Victoria, Tex.:

"We found it necessary to abandon our routine work of nursing and direct the entire energies of the service to fighting the influenza epidemic.

"Having no hospital in our city, and only two trained nurses besides Mrs. Cortines, you can imagine just what we were up against.

"We organized an emergency hospital in order to get the sick where they could be more easily cared for and put Mrs. Cortines in charge. With the help of the women in town who had taken the Red-Cross course in Home Care of the Sick, she worked for days to save the lives of the people who were brought to her, often without even the help of a doctor, except such advice as they were able to give her over the phone. With 14,000 or 15,000 people in our county to look after, the four practising physicians we have left have not had much time to devote to individual patients, and the

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20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000
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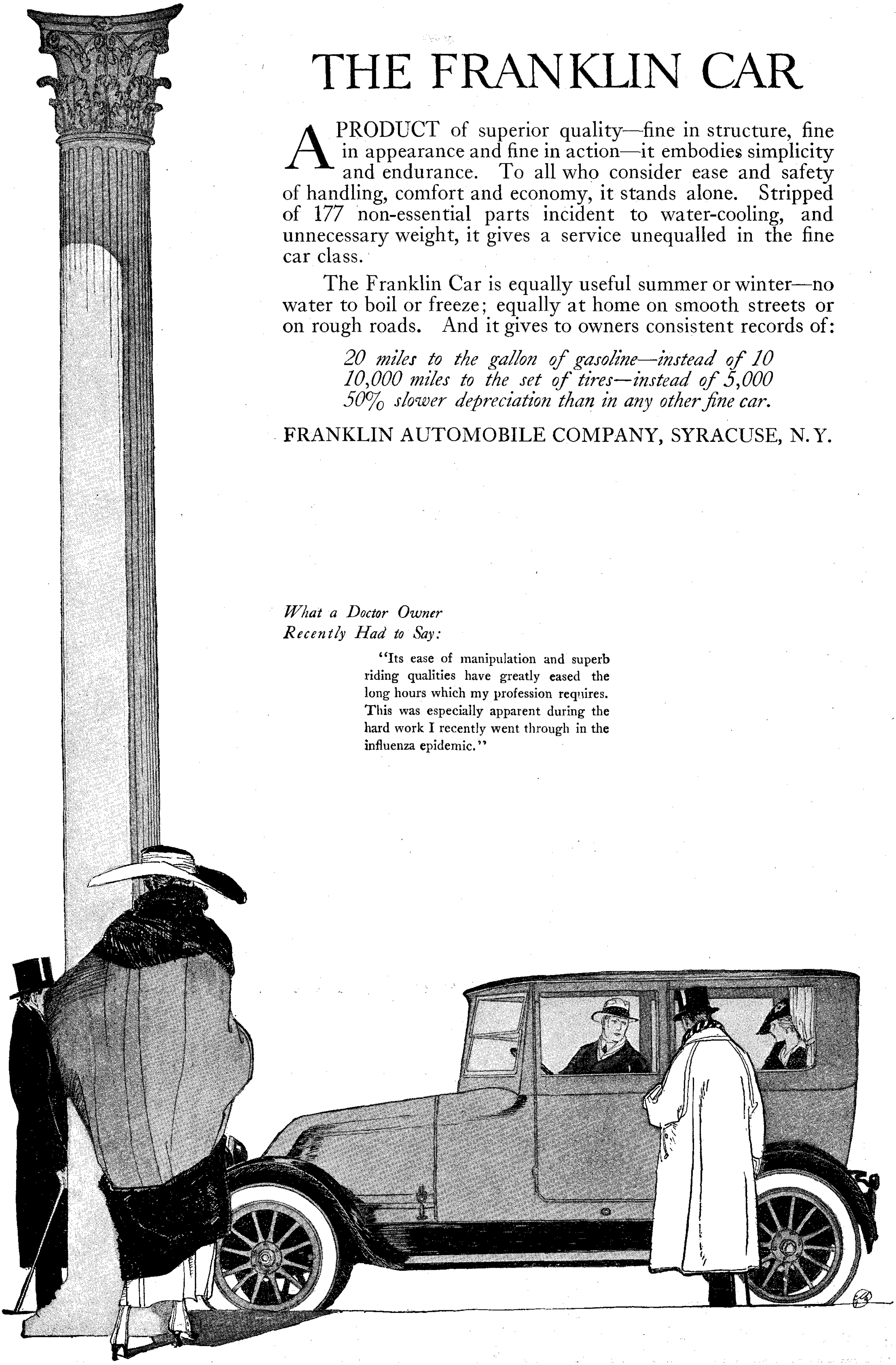
What a Doctor Owner Recently Had to Say:

"Its ease of manipulation and superb riding qualities have greatly eased the long hours which my profession requires. This was especially apparent during the hard work I recently went through in the influenza epidemic."



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> responsibility which has rested upon the nurses has been great.
>
> "Mrs. Cortines has done a wonderful work here and our people appreciate it. She went day and night until the worst of the epidemic was over, and then went to bed herself, absolutely exhausted. She has been awfully sick, but, I am glad to report, has now passed the danger-point. Fortunately she had her women so well organized they have been able to carry on the work very nicely, and conditions are improving every day, but with us, as it has been over the entire country, the experience has been awful.
>
> "The only good which could have possibly come out of an epidemic which has carried off a great number of our best as well as our poorest citizens is the proof to the public of the value of our Nursing Service and the necessity for a county hospital. These two ideas are thoroughly imprest upon the minds of our people, and we do not anticipate in the future any trouble in getting what we need."

Mrs. B. F. Thomson, Haddonfield, N. J., writes:

> "We feel you will be glad to know that we were asked to open an Emergency Hospital, October 9, and it was ready for patients, October 10, at 9 A.M. We have been working steadily, with almost an entire force composed of volunteers, save our two public-health nurses, night nurse, and kitchen helper. Even our washing is being done by a young colored woman whose husband is in France, as her patriotic duty. We also have followed up our outgoing patients when necessary with care, making broth, etc., and sending fruits. The hospital itself is our house purchased on October 5 for our community house, which includes apartment for our nurses, and which as soon as we close the hospital will be at once put into condition. I can not speak too highly of our nurses. This epidemic has proved as nothing else the value of our nurse to the community and surrounding towns, and our town has risen splendidly to the occasion. I'm glad our standing for the Public Health and Community Service has been able to prove its strength. We have had nearly nine hundred cases here of the influenza and pneumonia, with about sixteen deaths."

Quick action on the part of Miss Goddard and the town officials seems to have saved Cuyahoga Falls, O., from experiencing the usual severity of the epidemic:

> "We are having some influenza here, nothing alarming as yet. I have not been rushed so far. About two weeks ago I heard we had about a half-dozen cases in town. I went to the authorities right away and everything was closed that night at midnight and has been ever since, . . . the county being declared a sanitary district under government control. This is to continue after the epidemic has passed."

This extract from a letter from Mr. W. E. Downer, Muscatine, Ia., contains the valuable suggestion of holding classes for the instruction of volunteers before sending them into the houses of the sick:

> "As soon as we could arrange it, our Public Health Bureau voted to offer the facilities of the Bureau and its nurses to the authorities for the fight against the 'flu,' and undertook the training of a temporary nursing staff. Our call for volunteers brought immediate response, and we had between fifty and sixty women in a course of three lessons in the home care of the sick. Some of these women are now being used in the homes where it is impossible to obtain graduate nurses, and are doing good work. We have also secured the assistance of the county food-demonstrator, and are now giving a course of three lessons on sick-room diet. We have also arranged for an emergency hospital to be opened at our Country Club, if that becomes necessary."

A letter from Mrs. Lydia F. Griffin, president, Gloucester District Nursing Association, Gloucester, Mass., tells of conditions there:

> "We are now in the midst of this terrible epidemic. The whole city is stricken, no help is available from the other cities, and as one of our nurses is also ill with it, it leaves Miss Thomas and Miss Riley to do it all. I called for volunteers who had taken the nursing course, and only one was willing to report for duty this afternoon.
>
> "The situation is critical, the hospitals are filled, the doctors are ill, and the District Nursing Association and the few nurses and doctors worked in relays. No call went unheeded. As Gloucester was the first to be stricken, we were taken quite unawares. But I feel we were not found wanting."

Miss Banzhof, who is the only nurse in a mining town on one of the Colorado mountains, fought the epidemic single-handed for days before help could be sent her. She writes:

> "Our 'flu' scare did not stop with the 'flu' itself. Nearly all the cases were double pneumonia, and for ten days I had to go alone with an undergraduate to help. We had twelve cases in the house, and with all that had a big accident in the mine."

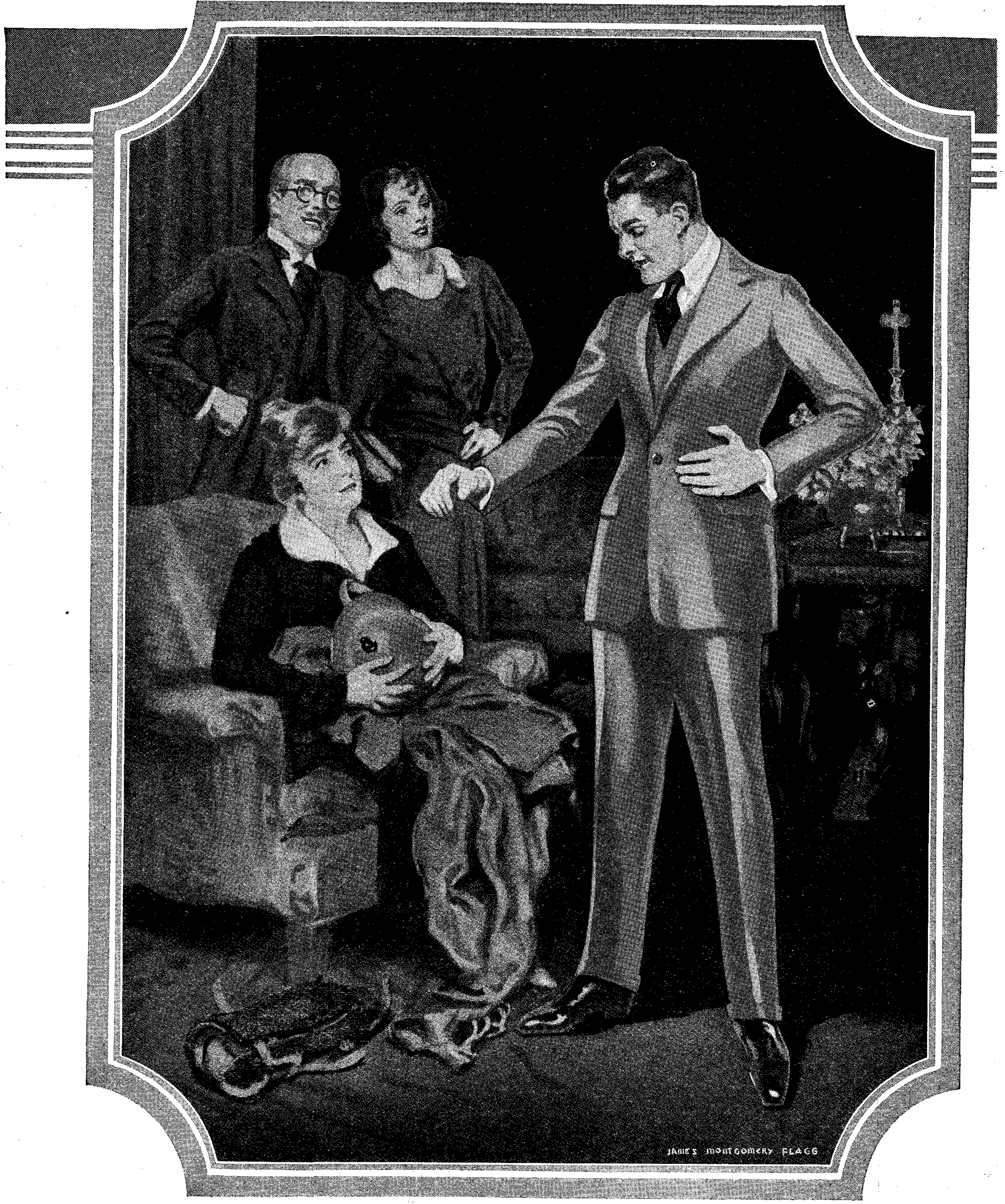
Without waiting for the epidemic to make its appearance in Kent County, Mich., the Board of Supervisors made prompt preparations. The Committee on Nursing asked Miss Gowdy to submit a plan of action. Her recommendations were accepted by the Board of Supervisors after having been indorsed by the Red Cross Chapter Committee on Influenza. The recommendations are given in detail as follows:

> *First*—That the Health Officers in each township keep closely in touch with the communities in their respective townships and through the physicians obtain a daily report of all new cases of the influenza.
>
> *Secondly*—That Health Officers secure a list of all women in their townships, who are willing to volunteer their services in event of an epidemic, these volunteers to be practical nurses, housekeepers, those who have taken the Red Cross course in Home Care of the Sick, teachers, or any woman without the care of children, to serve under the direction or supervision of whatever graduate nurses are available.
>
> *Thirdly*—That all agencies and resources be encouraged to combine their forces under a single direction to obtain efficient service for a community in event of an epidemic.
>
> *Fourthly*—That the county nurse be released from her routine work to assist in this work, wherever necessary, through supervision of the nursing personnel, in any community of the county needing nursing care.
>
> *Fifthly*—That the county nurse be called to a community by the Health Officer on recommendation of the physician or recommendation of township supervisor.
>
> *Sixthly*—That we cooperate with the Grand Rapids Red Cross Chapter through its Committee on Influenza, which is organized and securing supplies and recruiting volunteers for service in the event of an epidemic.
>
> *Seventhly*—That a copy of these recommendations be mailed to each Health Officer in the county.

THE PRESIDENT AS A MOVIE FAN

THE millions of movie fans throughout the country will be interested in knowing what screen-plays the President and his party saw on their recent trip across the Atlantic. Nazimova seems to have been the favorite star and one of her plays selected was "Revelation," the dramatization of "The Rose-bush of a Thousand Years," written by Miss Mabel Wagnalls and published by this firm. *The Exhibitor's Trade Review*, an organ of the moving-picture trade, had this to say just before the President's ship sailed:

> Three evenings were set aside by special request for showings of Mme. Nazimova's big *de luxe* screen productions, "Revelation," "Toys of Fate," and "Eye for Eye." President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson are enthusiastic admirers of the Russian actress and her work on the stage, but until now have never had an opportunity to view any of her famous achievements in motion-pictures.
>
> The exhibition will be given under unusually unique circumstances following the completion of the President's and his associates' day's work. A special theater has been constructed in the main saloon on the ship, and the musical accompaniment will be provided by the steamer's orchestra of one hundred pieces.
>
> In addition to the Nazimova productions to be shown on the peace leviathan, Screen Classics, Inc., features and Metro's All-Star Series productions will be part of the exhibitions. Among these will be Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne's magnificent picturization of "Romeo and Juliet," "Blue Jeans," starring Viola Dana; "Lest We Forget," in which Rita Jolivet, the suvivor of the *Lusitania* is starred; "My Own United States," the William L. Sherrill production in which Mr. Arnold Daly is the star; "Draft 258," starring Mabel Taliaferro; "The Slacker," starring Emily Stevens, and others.
>
> The patriotic features will be especially interesting to the delegates and newspaper men, as they are historical romances of the world-war built around actual events, such as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the Cavell execution, the mobilization of America's Army and Navy, and the closing incidents of the war.
>
> "The Great Victory," "Wilson or the Kaiser? The Fall of the Hohenzollerns," Screen Classics, Inc.'s latest patriotic superfeature, depicting the contrasting and dramatic life-story of Woodrow Wilson, the builder, and Wilhelm, the Kaiser and wrecker, besides being shown aboard the ship will be presented to the representatives of the different foreign nations gathered in Paris for the Peace Conference in the Grand Palais at Versailles. Count di Cippico,



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head of the Italian Commission in America, who will personally attend to the Versailles exhibition of the picture, will then take it to Metz for a presentation before the American and Allied commanders and their soldiers on Christmas-day.

A POET'S GOOD-BY VISIT TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MR. ROOSEVELT wrote no poetry, or, if he did, he took pains to keep it from the public eye. But poets were his friends, and to many of our American writers of verse the Colonel's death was as if a great mountain had been removed from the horizon or a bright star had fallen from its accustomed place in the firmament. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's poetical tribute takes the form of a narration in free verse of his last visit to Sagamore Hill. The poem gives a vivid picture of Mr. Roosevelt as he appeared in his last year of life and of the Colonel's own opinion of his mentality and achievements. We quote Mr. Masters's tribute as it appeared in the columns of the Chicago *Evening Post:*

AT SAGAMORE HILL

By Edgar Lee Masters

All things proceed as tho the stage were set
For acts arranged. I have not learned the part,
The day enacts itself. I take the tube,
Find daylight at Jamaica, know the place
Through some rehearsal, all the country know
Which glides along the window, is not seen
For definite memory.

At Oyster Bay
A taxi stands in readiness; in a trice
We circle strips of water, slopes of hills,
Climb where a granite wall supports a hill.
A mass of blossoms, ripening berries, too,
And enter at a gate, go up a drive,
Shadowed by larches, cedars, silver willows,
This taxi just ahead is in the play,
Is here in life as I had seen it in
The crystal of prevision, reaches first
The *porte-cochère*. This moment from the door
Comes Roosevelt, and greets the man who leaves
The taxi just ahead, then waits for me,
Puts a strong hand that softens into mine,
And says, "Oh, this is bully!"

We go in.
He leaves my antecessor in a room
Somewhere along the hall, and comes to me
Who wait him in the roomy library.
"How are those lovely daughters? Oh, by George,
I thought I might forget their names—I know—
It's Madeline and Marcia. Yes, you know
Corinne adores the picture which you sent
Of Madeline—Your boy, too? In the war!
That's bully—tea is coming—we must talk,
I have five hundred things to ask you. Set
The tea things on this table, Anna.—Now,
Do you take sugar, lemon? Oh, you smoke!
I'll give you a cigar."

The talk begins.
He's drest in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,
Laced boots for farming, chopping trees, perhaps;
A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks
Drained slightly of their fat; gash in the neck
Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that.
And when he walks he rolls a little like
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart
That rolls when springs are old. He is a moose,
Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets, stones;
Some finest tips of antlers broken off,
And eyes where images of ancient things
Flit back and forth across them, keeping still
A certain slumberous indifference
Or wisdom, it may be.

But then the talk!
Bronze dolphins in a fountain can not spout
More streams at once: Of course the war, the emperor,
America in the war, his sons in France,
The dangers, separation, let them go!
The fate has been appointed—to our task,
Live full our lives with duty, go to sleep!
"For I say," he exclaims, "the man who fears
To die should not be born, nor left to live."
It's Celtic poetry, free verse; he says,
"You nobly celebrate in your Spoon River
The pioneers, the soldiers of the past;
Why do you flout our Philippine adventure?"
"No difference, Colonel, in the stock; the difference
Lies in the causes." Well, another stream:
Mark Hanna, Quay, and others. "What I hate,"
He says to me, "is the Pharisee—I can stand
All other men. And you will find the men
So much maligned had gentle qualities,
And noble dreams. Poor Quay, he loved the Indians.
Sent for me when he lay there dying, said,
'Look after such a tribe when I am dead.
I want to crawl upon a sunny rock
And die there like a wolf.'" "Did he say that
Colonel, to you?" "Yes! and you know, a man
Who says a thing like that has in his soul
An orb of light to flash that meaning forth
Of heroism, nature."

Time goes on,
The play is staged, must end; my taxi comes
In half an hour or so. "Before it comes
Let's walk about the farm and see my corn."
A fellow on the porch is warming heels
As we go by. "I'll see him when you go,"
The Colonel says.

The rail fence by the corn
Is good to lean on as we stand and talk
Of farming, cattle, country life. We turn,
Sit for some moments in a garden-house
On which a rose-vine clambers all in bloom,
And from this hilly place look at the strips
Of water from the bay a mile beyond,
Below some several terraces of hills
Where firs and pines are growing. This resembles
A scene in Milton that I've read. He knows,
Catches the reminiscences, quotes the lines—and then
Something of country silence, look of grass
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little breaths
Coming between the roses; something, too,
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan, too,
Deprived his shop, great bellows, hammer, anvil,
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands
Spread over knees; something of these evokes
A pathos, and immediately in key
With all of this he says: "I have achieved
By labor, concentration; not at all
By gifts or genius, being commonplace
In all my faculties."

"Not all," I say.
"One faculty is not—your overmind,
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,
Govern and watch them. If we let you state
Your case against you, timid born, you say,
Becoming brave; asthmatic, growing strong;
No marksman, yet becoming skilled with guns;
No gift of speech, yet winning golden speech;
No gift of writing, writing books, no less
Of our America to thrill and live—
If, as I say, we let you state your case
Against you as you do, there yet remains
This overmind, and that is what—a gift
Of genius or of what?"

"By George," he says,
"What are you, a theosophist?"

"I don't know.
I know some men achieve a single thing,
Like courage, charity, in this incarnation;
You have achieved some twenty things. I think
That this is going some for a man whose gifts
Are commonplace and nothing else."

We rise
And saunter toward the house—and there's the man
Still warming heels; my taxi, too, has come.
We are to meet next Wednesday in New York
And finish up some subjects—he has thoughts
How I can help America, if I drop
This line or that a little, all in all.

. . . .

But something happens; I have met a loss;
Would see no one, and write him I am off.
And on that Wednesday flashes from the war
Say Quentin has been killed; we had not met
If I had stayed to meet him.

So, good-by
Upon the lawn at Sagamore was good-by.

Master of Properties, you stage the scene
And let us speak and pass into the wings!
One thing was fitting—dying in your sleep.
A touch of Nature, Colonel! You who loved
And were beloved of Nature, felt her hand
Upon your brow at last to give to you
A bit of sleep, and after sleep—perhaps
Rest and rejuvenation—you will wake
To newer labors, fresher victories
Over those faculties not disciplined
As you desired them in these sixty years.

BLONDES, BRUNETTES, AND SUCCESS IN LIFE

"BLOND people," states Dr. Orr Edson, "should have blond jobs." And that statement, far from having any reference to light opera or other frivolities, is the corner-stone of a new philosophy of efficiency, of success—in brief, of happiness. People are failures, says Dr. Edson, because they do not find their proper occupations. In order to find one's proper occupation, one has only to take into account one's most striking physical characteristics, of which one's degree of blondness or brunetteness is most important. Brunettes are born to sit and think, blondes to get up and demonstrate action; while people who are fifty-fifty, blond-brunettes, find happiness in peacefully cogitating half the time and exercising their muscles the rest. It is a simple problem of adaptability; and, tho some of his conclusions may appear "quite arbitrary and dogmatic," writes Dr. Edson in the New York *Tribune*, "I truly believe this problem of adaptability is little more than a mechanical or physical adjustment of the man to his work and his surroundings." Dr. Edson has reached his conclusions slowly and cautiously, he says, in introducing his subject, and cites long-familiar cases of judging a man's "disposition" by his physical appearance. Without attempting to pass any judgment on the doctor's system of charting the trail of successful endeavor, we pass his statements on for the sagacious scrutiny of our discriminating readers:

The earliest observers must have noted to what a large extent a man's character, and, in a lesser way, his capabilities, are written in his face. How familiarly we remark of a man that he has a "scholarly face." Or that he "looks like a fox" or a wolf or a sheep. The instant we meet a man we begin more or less to "size him up," from his looks, his manner, his mode of speech, his general air. He is smooth, ingratiating, kindly; or rough, brutal, offending. In ten minutes' conversation we have, more or less, made an estimate of the man. His personality is agreeable or repelling. We decide whether he is keen and intelligent or slow and a dullard.

I believe it is possible to go much further than this and fix certain broad classes into

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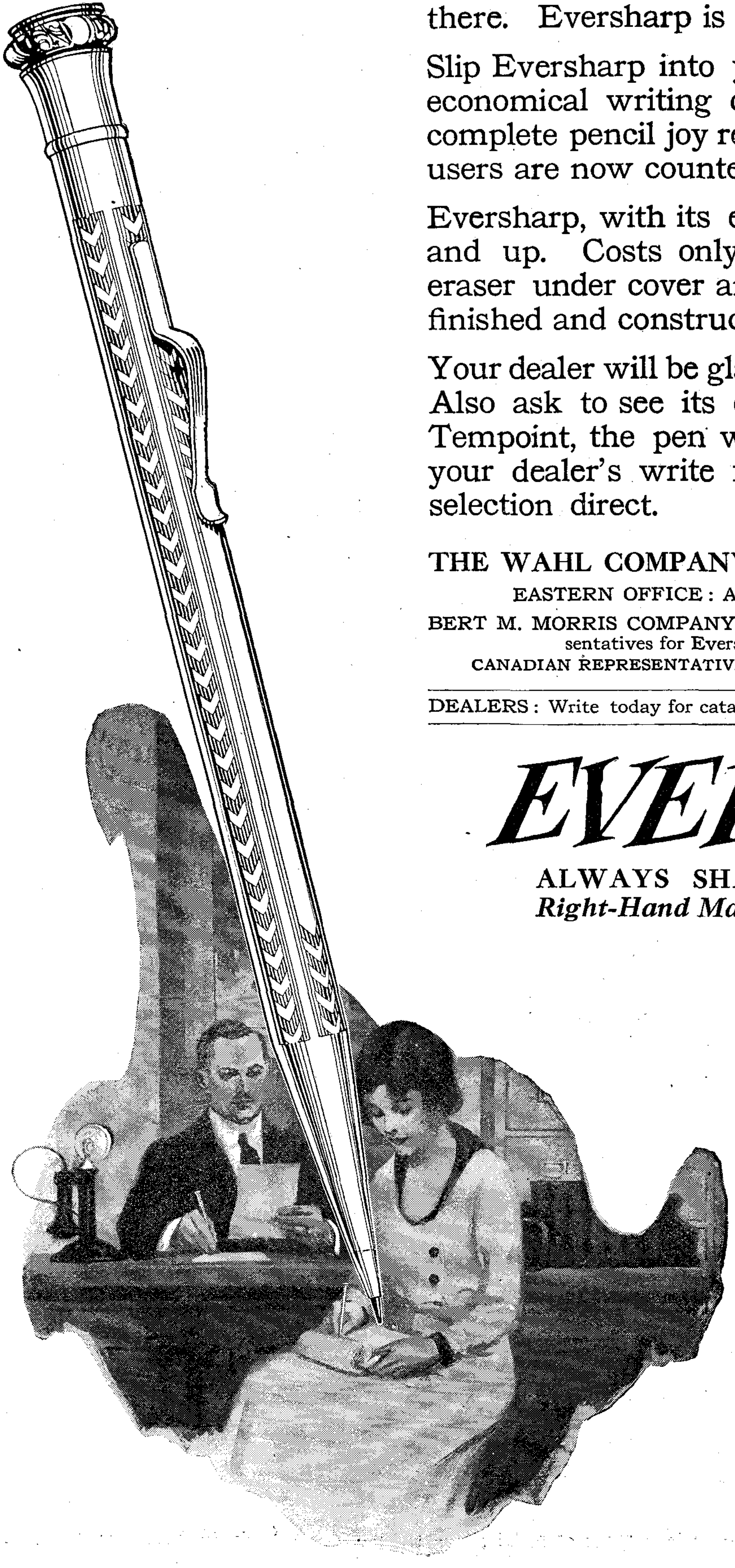

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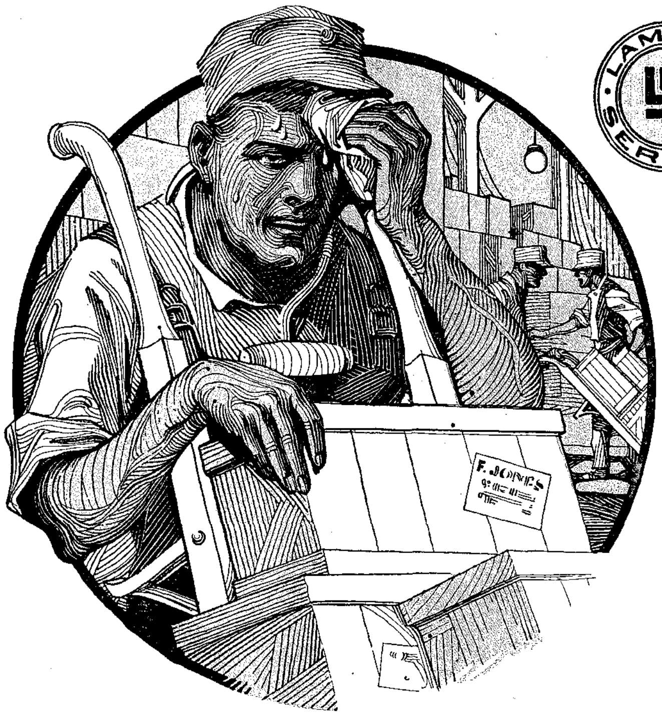
> which most men, and women too, will fall. We thus find a man who may sit at a desk all day long with no strain on his health, and with no sense of being "tied down." There is another sort of man who might be driven insane by this way of life. Such a man needs physical activity, he needs to exercise his muscles, he must travel and be given new things to do. The man whom we call a success is usually the man who is physically fitted to his work, enjoys that work, and excels in it. The man who does not find the job that suits his disposition and bent we are apt to call a failure. I believe that, at least in a broad way, we may find the reason for these relative successes and failures in this thing of adaptability. And I truly believe this problem of adaptability is little more than a mechanical or physical adjustment of the man to his work and his surroundings.
>
> I have before me an article by Edwin Bissell Holt, a professor of psychology of Harvard University, on "Harvard Men Paying to be Made Failures," in which he says: "Eight out of every ten Harvard graduates fail to attain prominence in the life-work for which they are trained. Either they are chained hopelessly by the necessities of the pocketbook and family to a profession which they detest, or they wander helplessly from one calling to another, driven by a feeling of dissatisfaction with the present and a longing for the future. Eight out of ten graduates go into the world from college without definite purpose, and without definite purpose waste their lives. To me this is one of the most terrible facts in life, that college men, educated men, the men upon whom the world depends for leadership, never reach in life the position for which their own nature intended them."

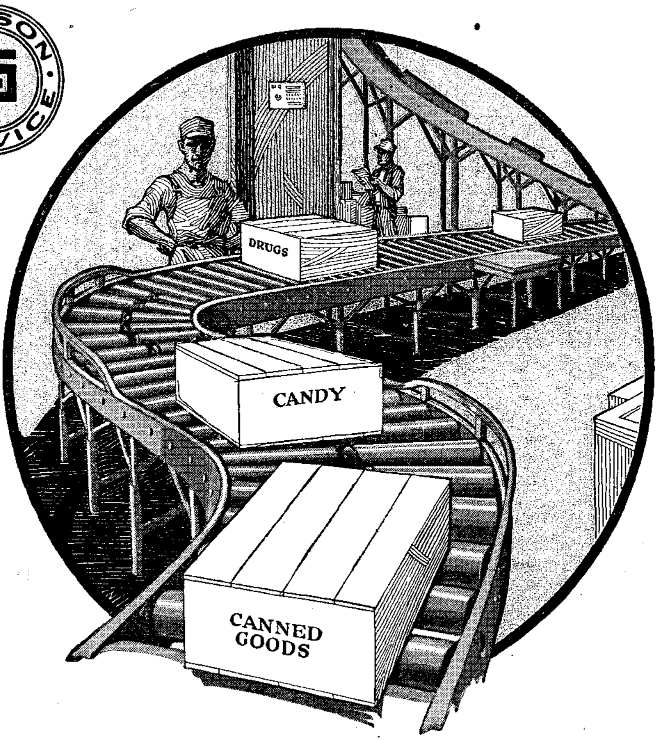
This leads Dr. Edson to take up the general bearing of his investigation of the causes of success and failure. He begins with our Navy, which has been recruited by the volunteer system, which means that fit men for the service have been drawn from all over the country. He proceeds:

> After two years of observation and a careful percentage count of more than a thousand sailors in various parts of the country, I find that more than 90 per cent. of them have light or blue eyes. We know that the high efficiency of the Navy can not be explained on other grounds than as the result of a successful adaptability on the part of the individual to his work. We also know that the percentage of light eyes in navy men is far too high to be left out as a factor in the matter. In other words, the light-eyed man is drawn to navy service in obedience to an instinct for his rightful work and environment.
>
> On the other hand, England discovered rather late in the control of her Indian dominions that her soldiers, and even her high officials, became hazy if allowed to stay too long in that hot climate. Why? At first the reason was not suspected, yet this was noticeable: that uprisings among the natives were periodic, largely because of this growing laziness and laxness on the part of the officials and soldiers. Finally, the British Government decided to adopt a system of rotation among the troops and office-holders. This solved the problem of control. Why? The responsible heads were removed after a short fixt period, before they became victims to the laziness and laxness induced by the hot climate.
>
> Curiously enough, it was the *x*-ray that shed light upon this subject. In constant use of the *x*-ray two important facts came to notice. The *x*-ray, it was found, had a terrific power to injure the human being, internally as well as externally. Also, it was learned that certain substances, like glass, water, and metals, served to block this penetrating force. Most curious of all, it was soon learned that blond patients, when subjected to the *x*-ray, received far more serious burns and internal injuries than did brunettes. This led to the discovery that the brunette contained in his tissue a pigment, known as melanin, which served to block the *x*-ray as well as did metal, glass, or water. This meant that the white race, not so fully supplied with this protecting pigment, could not long endure the steady force of the sun's actinic rays. The blond man had never acquired this pigment, because his life for ages had been spent under the moist cloud-banks of the northern sea-zones. His dark-skinned brother, on the other hand, dwelling in the hot equatorial climate, had acquired this blocking material—melanin—to protect him, as the northern man was protected by his moisture-laden clouds. These discoveries, practically applied to the British colonial service, solved many a problem of governmental policy.
>
> Right here, it seems to me, we have one great reason for the whole difference between success and failure. But there is still another great driving force which has a subtle bearing on the success or failure of the individual in the various lines of work and conditions of living—this is the shape or form of his face.
>
> The factor or shape, like the factor of color and pigmentation, is best understood if we look at man and his work from the geographical standpoint. The blond races which belong largely in the north have generally ruled the world. They have acquired a facial shape quite different from their darker brothers of the torrid zones. By reason of living in a cold and dry climate, where the moisture in the air is generally held in the clouds overhead, man's nose took upon itself a shape to meet the demands of his lungs. Through long generations of inheritance his nose became long and his nasal passages extended for the purpose of warming and moistening the air he breathed. On the other hand, his darker brother of the south, where the air on the surface of the earth about him is warm and moist, did not acquire this long nose. On the contrary, his nose is generally short and shallow.
>
> Again, the blond people of the north, by reason of their rigorous climate and its winters of non-productive cold, were forced to greater habitual effort in the quest of livelihood. This enforced activity led to the development of lungs of a greater depth, stouter muscles, and a larger heart. The northern man became from necessity a "doer." His darker brother of the equatorial zones, on the other hand, lolled in his warm and moist air, with his food abundant and easily obtained the year round. He was, rather, forced into a quieter life which induced thinking and philosophizing. From the history of the races we learn of a certainty that most of the philosophies and religions of the world, and all of the basic ideals or conceptions beneath them, originated in the south. The northern man was generally the doer, the southern man generally the thinker.

What influence the shape of a man's head has on his career is then discust. In charting various types of facial shape and coloring, Dr. Edson found himself obliged to conclude that "if facial shape and color did not actually determine the conduct of a man, they at least reflected the force within him." This was the basis of his studies in plotting the adaptability of the individual to his work and surroundings, and he observes:

> The pure northern forehead is a distinctly receding forehead, while the equatorial forehead, where it is pure in type, has always been prominent and bulging. In fact, I have been much imprest by the constant relationship between the shape of a man's head and his character. Even tho marriage and intermarriage have blurred pureness of type, this relationship between shape and conduct holds true through all the modifications resulting from mixtures of type. Among civilized nations people are neither pronouncedly light nor pronouncedly dark in color. Individually we are both blond and brunette, and the blond and brunette elements in us must have each an outlet.
>
> Some two years ago I drew up a chart intended to distinguish these differences of features. In making this chart I figured both blondness and brunetteness on percentage lines, so that I might follow man's differing conducts in the terms of his blondness and brunetteness. I had observed that a man would undertake a line of conduct, regardless of the fact of his being blond or brunette. I found that for a period of time he would endeavor to stick to his conduct. But inevitably he would reach a quitting-point.
>
> I had also begun to observe that this quitting-point was only the beginning of another line of conduct. The desk-worker, I found, would suddenly take to playing golf. Or the laborer would take to lolling on the grass. But after a time each of these men would go back to his original task. My observations also showed me that both the time spent on a job and the time spent in the new line of occupation varied in individuals. Some men stayed longer on the job; some kept longer to the new line of conduct.
>
> In short, I found that with the regularity of mathematical precision Nature herself would take in hand this question of quitting, or change of conduct, if the man remained at a job beyond the percentage of time indicated by his blondness or brunetteness. Nature either bowled the man over at his job with sickness or reduced him to such a mental state that nobody could get on with him. I learned from my chart that Nature thus holds the human being to a rigid balance-sheet of conduct according to these facts of blondness and brunetteness. This balance, however, seemed always to be indicated in advance by the color and facial shape of the individual.
>
> If these things are true it is easy to see that a man who holds both of these forces within him, the drive of the blond and of the brunette, in a fifty-fifty measure may be able to adapt himself to the two fields of endeavor natural to both types. Nevertheless, he may not expect to succeed in competition with a man who holds a higher rating in the possession of either force. Indeed, this fifty-fifty man may be a failure, for the reason that one force in him obliges him to quit so often in obedience to the other. The square peg and the round peg lose time in adjusting themselves to the holes that suit them.
>
> To come back to Professor Holt, it





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> seems to me that his eight graduates do do something, and not, as he contends, "nothing at all." But what about the two men in the ten of his own figures? Why do they go on with their professions and succeed? The answer is not in the blanket conclusion that Professor Holt reaches—"the pocketbook." There are many men in this world, happy and contented with a mere daily pocketbook livelihood, who would not exchange their daily labor for any price in money. It seems to me that Professor Holt more nearly touches the nub of the matter when he speaks of a man having an "avocation," or some occupation which calls him away from his regular occupation.

Applying his discoveries to workers in factories and industrial institutions, Dr. Edson says:

> During and since the war I have had uncommon opportunities for looking over the conduct of men at work in conditions which could never have existed except in time of war. Never before has labor been so magnanimously treated as during the period of war. Yet the effect was disappointing to those who set up these model conditions. The workers were treated to clubs, theaters, Olympic games, concerts, lectures, to say nothing of unheard-of wages. Still, with all these inducements, labor was not inclined to stick on the job. This, too, notwithstanding the great urge of patriotism which swept the country.
>
> The question put to me on all sides by employers and others was: "Why is it that the rate of 'turnover' in labor remains so high? Here we give the laboring man free all the things for which he toils and saves his money, yet his love of change is greater than ever."
>
> The answer is interesting and inevitable, tho no one seemed to expect an answer. First, a man does not labor primarily for money nor for the things which money will buy in the lump. He works for the particular enjoyments which will help him to keep his personal powers and tastes in harmony with his life conditions. Sometimes these individual tastes that a man labors to gratify will seem outlandish. We come back to the man dying of typhoid-fever who wants a pickle, to the consumptive who wanted to lie out in the rain. Such is the power of this demand on the part of the inner man for satisfaction to his personal balance with his surroundings.
>
> I once interviewed a big blond Swede who had just "fired" himself from a big ship-building concern. He was a riveter kept in one place all day, pressing his pneumatic hammer on the heads of rivets. I found him simple, diffident, and polite. When I asked him why he was leaving he said, protestingly: "I can't make a speech! I rather dig in my garden or walk in the country when I am through with my job." This man was a "doer" of the 90 per cent. variety. His arms and legs cried out for activity.
>
> I also had an opportunity of questioning a brunette of rather extreme type who was out of tone with his environment, and so was discontented. His phrase was: "This is a little too strenuous for me." On questioning him further, I learned that he had been hectored into joining a baseball team which played after hours, with the mistaken idea that it would entertain and recreate him.
>
> These two men seem to me to illustrate the reason for a good deal of success and failure in our complicated world. The doer is so often kept stationary, and unsuitable activities are urged upon those for whom they are unnatural. These misfits seem to occur in all grades of life. Professor Holt has observed them among the graduates of Harvard College itself. Have we not here an important study which society commands us to pursue for the relief of ills which we have ignored too long? The educated man, if he understands these principles of adaptation, will probably be able to solve for himself the problem of his personal balance with his work and environment. He enjoys a certain freedom of choice. The blond man instinctively seeks a blond man's job, and *vice versa*. The man of limited education is not so fortunate. He needs a helping hand out of the cruelty which we have practised upon him too long.

AS FOR THAT "STUPID WAR," MR. F. W. HOHENZOLLERN HAS AN ALIBI

MUCH water has gone over the mill-wheels of the nations—and of the gods—since the German Crown Prince was called "the most dangerous man in Europe." Mr. F. W. Hohenzollern's present place on the human scale is jocular rather than dangerous, according to most reports that come from his uncomfortable Dutch seclusion, and sooner or later, it is hinted, he will appear as a star in a "movie" show. Long before these degenerate days however, when he was dashing around the safe back areas in the early days of the war, Mr. Hohenzollern, Jr., was not the German firebrand that he was reputed to be. At least so says Carl H. Wiegand, recalling an interview with his (then) Imperial Highness about the time the battle of the Marne had upset German calculations. After some hundreds of words in explanation of the intense difficulty of securing a private interview with the young German potentate, Mr. Wiegand gets down, in the New York *Sun*, to some of Mr. Hohenzollern's brass tacks:

> Altho the war was then less than four months old, it seemed to have sobered him greatly, if stories I had heard about him had contained any truth. He was sedate to the point of dejection. Frankly he remarked to me one morning, "I have enough of it up to here," putting his finger to his chin.
>
> He called it a "stupid, senseless war," which the "blundering diplomats" had brought on. While always reiterating that neither he personally nor Germany wanted the war, he frankly admitted that "our diplomats had their full share in the blundering that made the war possible." He was indeed bitterly hostile to the German Foreign Office. He did not like Bethmann-Hollweg and had a contempt of the little Foreign Secretary, von Jagow. "If I had my way I would clean out the whole damn office excepting perhaps one man."
>
> Strangely enough, that one man was Zimmermann, at that time Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, who posed as a friend of America, but who, knowingly or unwittingly, played Tirpitz's game.
>
> Baron von Mumm's exclamation, "We want the Crown Prince to fight, not talk!" no longer mystified me, nor why the Foreign Office did not want a newspaper man to visit and talk with his Imperial Highness. The heir to the throne was not choice in the words in which he described the "stupidity of those who shaped Germany's foreign policy."
>
> One morning, commenting upon the little influence he had in matters of policy, he remarked: "Sometimes I feel like a man who knows that any day he may be called upon to take over the wheel of a big ship and steer it through dangerous waters, all the while realizing keenly that he knows nothing about navigation because he is not given a chance to learn and master its secrets. That is I." Now he will not need that knowledge.
>
> There was considerable truth in it. Harden had described the Crown Prince as "not a bad sort. A chap who has many good impulses, but knows little, is given too little opportunity to learn the things he ought to know, has little to do, therefore learns things not particularly good for him, and often gets into mischief." He attributed it to the "silly Hohenzollern tradition that a Crown Prince is treated like a boy, no matter what his age, and must keep out of sight as much as possible until he is called to the throne, for fear that he may gain popularity with the people, of which his father, the Emperor, invariably is keenly jealous."
>
> The Crown Prince had so often been rapt over the knuckles for what was called interference when he sought to make suggestions that, metaphorically speaking, those knuckles were sore and contributed to a soreness of mind. I found him deeply resentful against the entire government machine. No Socialist distrusted the Foreign Office more than he did, but his were different reasons. His charge was that the Foreign Office was "weak" and "unreliable." That attitude toward the Wilhelmstrasse was illustrated when in one of the acutest phases of the submarine crisis one day in 1916 he called me up in Berlin by telephone from his headquarters in Stenay to ask what the latest developments were in America. It recalled to my mind what he had said on the occasion of my visit to him, that "the Foreign Office tells me little, and I am never certain of that little."
>
> The Foreign Office never was exactly a press-agent for him. They looked upon him as a mischief-maker. The military censors were always pleased to see his name mentioned in dispatches, but the Foreign Office censors, on the other hand, had a way of discouraging it. One day, after the Crown Prince had called at the Foreign Office on one of his rare visits to Berlin during the war, Zimmermann remarked to me: "I washed his head thoroughly for trying to mix in where it does not concern him."

According to this correspondent, the Crown Prince was one of the first Germans to suspect that America might be drawn into the war. This amusing, and very Teutonic, little incident is related:

> Hanging by the neck on strings suspended from the chandelier over the table in the dining-room were little manikins painted in the uniforms of the British, French, Belgian, Servian, and Russian soldiers. I thought it poor taste to hang your enemies over your festal board. Seeing me glance up at them one evening at dinner, a member of the staff—I believe it was Major von Mueller—remarked, "I wonder whom we will have to hang up there next?"
>
> "Well, one thing is certain," replied Lieutenant-General von Schmidt-Knobels-

What the A·E·F·Learned About Canvas

Every American business man should know the facts that our Army learned about canvas during the Great War; because the direct bearing that these facts have upon canvas costs is of decided importance to America's industry.

MILLIONS of yards of cotton duck, or canvas, are used in this country for protective purposes. Wherever materials, machinery, crops, cargoes, etc., need temporary protection against the elements, there is nothing that will take the place of canvas.

During the Great War our government took the entire output of practically every cotton duck mill in the country, to use, not only in sheltering men, but even more largely for protecting the vast stream of materials, ammunition and supplies that poured ceaselessey across the Atlantic into France.

The officers at the head of the Service of Supplies in France quickly learned that no canvas was worth its cost unless first treated with a *preservative waterproofing* of proved efficiency. They found that plain canvas is not waterproof in itself against any but the lightest rains. Moreover, is quickly attacked by destructive mildews, and in cold weather is very likely to be stiff and clumsy to handle. In other words, without such treatment canvas does not offer adequate protection to the men or materials under it.

In August of 1917, therefore, orders were cabled to Washington that all articles from canvas should be so treated before shipment to France.

The Class of Waterproofing Used by the Government

There are two general classes used for treating canvas to make it waterproof. One is known as hard-finish waterproofing, the other as soft-finish waterproofing.

The hard-finish method accomplishes its purpose in-so-far as waterproofing is concerned, but unless the canvas so treated is used where it can be kept rigid and free from handling, the treatment *does not tend to lengthen* the life of the canvas. Hence, there are but few instances where the hard-finish treatment can be used to advantage, because canvas so treated will soon become stiff and hard, and if handled cracks and holes will soon develop.

Soft-finish waterproofing affects canvas in exactly the opposite manner. It keeps the fabric soft and pliable, and when scientifically formulated from the correct ingredients, it *preserves the fibre* of the canvas, greatly lengthening its life. And it was this class that was specified by the Q. M. D. for all its cotton duck.

Preservo—the Scientific Canvas Waterproofing

Preservo is a scientific, soft-finish waterproofing that has demonstrated its *protective* and *preservative* qualities through 19 years of successful service. From sheer merit the demand for this product has grown from a few hundred gallons per year to hundreds of thousands of gallons annually.

For Preservo does everything that a canvas waterproofing should do. It makes the canvas really waterproof, keeps it soft and pliable—and at the same time preserves the fabric.

Mildew-Proof and Rot-Proof

Mildew is a great destroyer of canvas used for out-door protection. Moisture soaks into the fabric—mildew soon develops; the canvas quickly loses its vitality, then the fabric starts to rot and rapid disintegration follows.

Canvas treated with Preservo is proof against mildew and decay, hence it wears much longer in addition to being waterproof. Actual experience has shown that PRESERVOED canvas wears at least *twice as long as untreated* canvas. Accordingly, thousands of gallons of Preservo was used in treating enormous quantities of canvas sent overseas to our Army in France.

Ask for PRESERVOED Canvas

When you need canvas—whether it be just a few yards or hundreds of yards—you can be assured of maximum service and maximum economy by insisting upon PRESERVOED canvas.

Almost any canvas goods dealer can supply you with PRESERVOED canvas. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, write us and we will see that your needs are quickly supplied.

For special literature and information, write us or send coupon, if convenient.

ROBESON PRESERVO COMPANY
423 White Block, Port Huron, Mich.

Eastern Branch
357 Western Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

Canadian Branch
Sarnia, Ont.

The Hunter-Johnson Co.
311 California St., San Francisco, California
Distributors for the Pacific Coast

Where PRESERVOED Canvas is Extensively Used

Contractors and Builders use PRESERVOED canvas for protecting fresh construction work, especially concrete, also for protecting materials and equipment.

Farmers find PRESERVOED canvas very economical where used for stock covers, and for protecting binders, mowers, tractors, and various other farm implements.

Boat Owners use large quantities of PRESERVOED canvas for deck covers, life-boat covers, hatch covers, cargoes, sails, etc. A positive necessity in marine work.

Sportsmen and Campers use PRESERVO for treating their tents, pack saddles, duffle bags, covers, wearing apparel, etc. It insures both comfort and economy.

Truck Owners insure protection for valuable loads of merchandise against storms, dust and dirt by having their truck covers made from PRESERVOED canvas.

Preservo is furnished in one gallon and five gallon cans. Also in 55 gallon steel agitator drums.

Robeson
Preservo
Company
Port Huron, Mich.

Please send information about Preservoed Canvas to be used for

....

....

Name ....

Address ....

Preservo
Trade Mark Registered
Waterproofs and Preserves Canvas

Does *the* Work *of* Five Hand Mowers

Ideal Power Lawn Mowers are great labor savers. Any man with an Ideal can easily cut as much grass as five hard-working men could with hand mowers. Moreover, as the Ideal is designed with the roller as an integral part of the machine, the grass is *rolled every time it is cut*—this keeps the turf firm, smooth and in the finest possible condition.

Cuts Four to Five Acres a Day

The mower has 30-inch blades and, with one man to guide, cuts four to five acres of lawn a day, on an operating expense of about fifty cents for fuel and oil. The Ideal is of extremely simple design with no complicated clutches nor gears. All the operator has to do is to guide the machine and operate the starting and stopping lever.

Uses Tractor Principle

The cutting blades operate by their own traction upon the ground, just the same as the blade on a hand mower operates. This eliminates the difficulties that are almost sure to occur where an attempt is made to drive the blade direct by power from the engine.

Cuts Close to the Walks, Trees, Flower-beds and Shrubbery

With the Ideal a man can work just as close to various obstacles as with a hand mower. The mower is hung at the front in such a manner that it turns easily and is guided around corners, flower-beds, trees, etc., without difficulty.

Photo at right shows how the Ideal is quickly converted into a power roller by using the small castor which we furnish. Valuable feature for early spring rolling.

Five Days Trial—Satisfaction Guaranteed

Write for particulars of our five day trial offer. Ideal Power Lawn Mowers are sold on a positive guarantee of satisfaction and we will willingly refund money on any machine that does not prove satisfactory when properly operated.

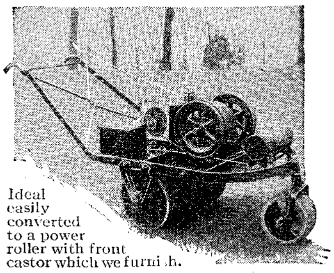
You can secure this Ideal through your hardware dealer or direct from our factory. Write today for special literature.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER COMPANY
R. E. OLDS, Chairman
420 Kalamazoo Street Lansing, Michigan
Boston, 51-52 No. Market St. *Philadelphia, Pa., 709 Arch St.*
New York, N. Y., 270 West St. *Chicago, Ill., 163 N. May St.*
Toronto, Ont., 17-19-21 Temperance St.

IDEAL
TRACTOR
LAWN MOWERS

Photo shows how cutting mower turns when working around flower-beds, etc.

Cuts close to trees or other obstacles.



Ideal easily converted to a power roller with front castor which we furnish.

ROSEHILL CEMETERY AND CREMATORY
Rosehill Lodge, Linden, N. J.
November 26th, 1918.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.,
Lansing, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower we purchased last spring has proved to be a life-saver to us, coming as it did at a time when labor was so scarce and high. It proved equal to two horses and several men, as it worked up close to obstructions saving much hand work in this way.

Yours very truly,
F. L. Howard, *Supt.*

TOWN OF ARLINGTON
SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
Arlington, Mass.
November 27th, 1918.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.,
Lansing, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

We have found our Ideal Power Lawn Mower very satisfactory indeed. It is a great labor saver and we would not want to do without it.

Yours very truly,
G. C. Minard, *Supt.*

JOHN L. BROCK
Trenton, N. J.
November 27th, 1918.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.,
Lansing, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

I have about three acres of lawn to cut. Thanks to the Ideal Power Mower, my lawn looked much better this summer than it ever has before. I believe much credit is due to the roller attachment. In my judgment, it would require at least four men with ordinary hand mowers to do the same amount of work as I am getting out of my Ideal.

Yours very truly,
John L. Brock.

dorff, at that time Chief of Staff to the Crown Prince, "it will not be an American."

"One can not be too certain about that," said the Crown Prince.

"But, your Highness! Surely your Highness does not mean that!" chorused several shocked voices from around the table.

"Nothing is impossible for our diplomats when it comes to making us enemies," he answered.

"Impossible! Impossible that America will come against us," declared several.

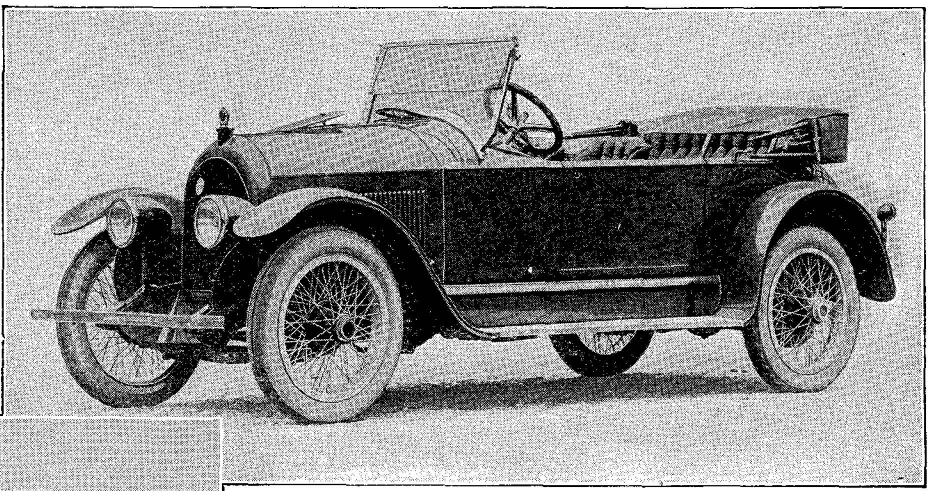
"Not at all. You don't know our diplomats," quietly insisted the Crown Prince. His misgiving proved well founded, tho there may be disputes as to whether the German diplomats or German military leaders brought America into the war.

Tho nominally in command of big men and events, the princeling, says Mr. Wiegand, was really nothing but a figurehead. The personality of the man, also, is brought out in a way that makes him rather pathetic than dangerous. Of the Prince's part in military affairs, the correspondent writes:

> The Crown Prince was in command of the Fifth German Army. That army held the Verdun sector. That is, the Crown Prince at that time "commanded" very much in the sense that King George "rules" England. Of course, he signed all general orders, but the drawing up of those orders, the making of plans and decisions, were done by Lieutenant-General von Schmidt-Knobelsdorff, assigned by the General Staff to the Crown Prince as Chief of Staff. He was close to sixty and a brusk and gruff old martinet, but regarded as a fine soldier and strategist.
>
> Young Wilhelm had rapidly been advanced from Colonel of the Death's Head Hussars to Lieutenant-General in command of an army. Hohenzollern tradition demanded that the heir to the throne must have martial glory. Whether his own genius or the genius of some one else won it mattered little so long as it was credited to him. Knobelsdorff was Chief of Staff, military instructor, and military adviser to the Crown Prince. From time to time both got on the nerves of the other upon occasion. Later Knobelsdorff was succeeded by General von Luttwitz.
>
> It was difficult to reconcile the real Crown Prince as I found him with the stories I had heard about him being such a war-firebrand. With a weak face, a figure as slender as a young girl's, of which he is not a little vain, almost effeminate appearance, and a soft, almost womanlike voice, he makes an impression that is anything but warlike. Often Germans remarked, "If he could only grow a beard!" There was little of strong, masculine timbre in his voice. He always spoke in a low tone. Once when he was deploring that he was painted as a "war-firebrand," which he said he was not, I called his attention to speeches he had made to his regiment.
>
> "What regimental commander has not made such speeches to his men?" he asked. "That is part of the game of being a soldier. It does not necessarily mean much and should not be taken too seriously. Others have made such speeches and worse, and yet you have never heard of them."
>
> Wilhelm looked years younger than he was at that time. His appearance was extremely boyish for a man in the thirties and father of four children. He had little

KISSEL CUSTOM-BUILT SIX

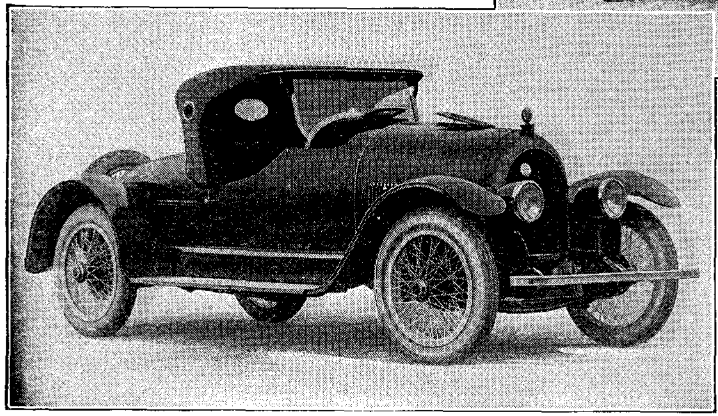
An Inspiration in Coach Designing and Building for the Connoisseur



QUIET ELEGANCE AND INDIVIDUAL APPOINTMENTS

AS YOU WOULD BUILD IT

Since the war, there has been created a class of automobile critics who "design" their own cars, theoretically speaking. They inspect the cream of Europe's designs at the Salons, they view the best efforts of leading coachmakers, they visit the Nation's exclusive automobile show rooms, looking for their ideal automobile—one possessing the best features of all the custom-made motor cars. Where one car's exclusive body lines are wanted, it lacks the quiet elegance and individual niceties of the imported models. Where one make has that exclusive atmosphere of the hand-wrought artist, it has not a chassis distinguished by the performance standard and service range of another make. And so on.

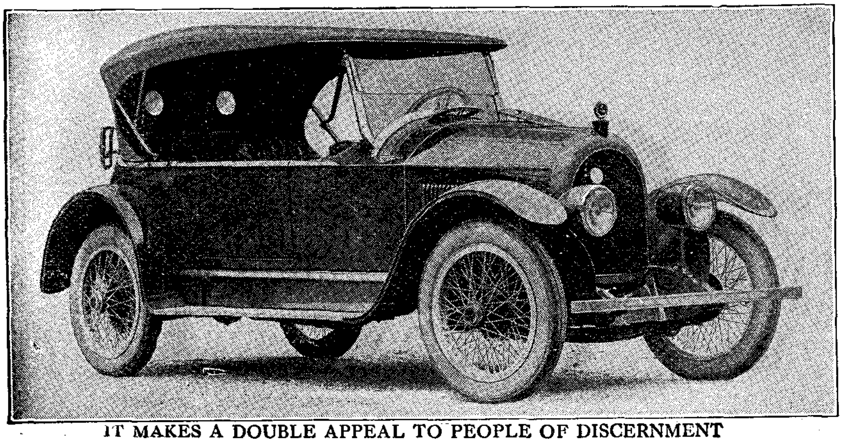


THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE SPEEDSTER TYPE

With twelve years of advanced engineering principles, construction standards and body building innovations back of him, Kissel set about to produce a strictly custom-built car, combining in one model, all the chassis and body features which the motor car connoisseur would demand if he himself were designing a car for his own use.

THREE OBJECTS ATTAINED.

Three objects had to be attained, first—war-time economy of operation and maintenance that proved such a surprise at a time when conservation was the Nation's war cry and still is today; second—peace-time efficiency to meet the increased pace which the present reconstruction period demands of everybody; third—after the new car had been designed and built to that point of development that practically offered no further advance in efficient or economical performance, super-human craftsmanship must be brought into play to produce a really custom-built job in every particular.



IT MAKES A DOUBLE APPEAL TO PEOPLE OF DISCERNMENT

MASTERPIECES OF THE 1919 SHOWS.

The result brought forth the new Kissel Custom-Built Silver Specials—which proved to be the 1919 New York and Chicago Auto Show Masterpieces—the 4-passenger Tourster in Silver Blue, hand-wrought with the same skill and technique that characterize the custom-built job—advanced chassis construction—body building—mechanical excellence—a composite in body design of those unique and distinctive features which mark the custom-built motor car costing thousands of dollars.

The 4-passenger Speedster—an inspiration in motor car designing—an example of custom-made work at its rarest—the aristocrat of the speedster type—4 seats—two over the running boards—finished in Chrome Yellow with the new Kissel custom-built motor that develops 61 H.P. at 2300 r.p.m. Dynamometer test.

In addition the Kissel Custom-Built Six will be built in a moderate priced model—the 7-passenger Standard Open Touring with all the vital custom-built features.

Among the exclusive custom-built features are bullet-shaped headlights of powerful radiance—an unusually attractive radiator of the semi-spherical design, the most expensive in America—ventilator in the hood operated from the driver's seat to keep motor cool in summer and permit gas fumes to escape before reaching the occupants; a long, racy hood with an unusually wide graceful dash with a skylight that permits light and air; distinctive rounded windshield, silver trimmed and set at a rakish slant; straight-line body; unusually wide doors; luxurious seats, with that of the driver sliding forward and backward; attractive rounded body-rear; in fact, a car that belongs on Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive, Michigan Boulevard—perfectly at home among the exclusive and high-priced imported thoroughbreds.

The new models are mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis, the result of twelve years of brilliant engineering achievements. The new Kissel custom-built motor is of the high speed and high efficiency type—bore 3-5/16″; stroke 5½″.

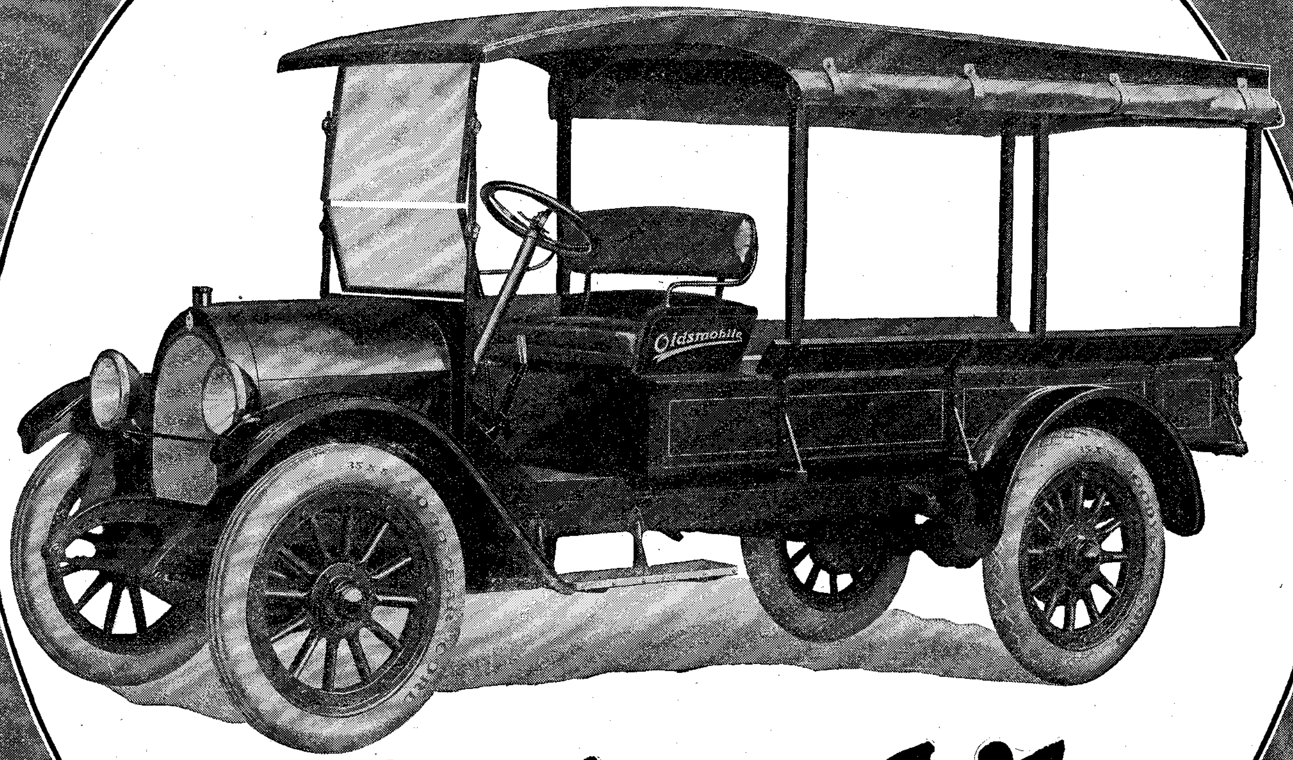
NEW ALL-YEAR MODELS.

The All-Year Car, Kissel's original idea that changed the motoring habits of a Nation—will be built in two or three new models and mounted on the new Kissel Custom-built chassis.

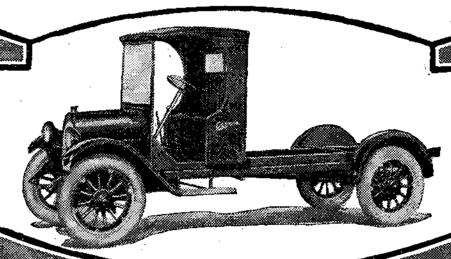
Kissel dealers in all the principal cities are showing the new Kissel Custom-Built Silver Specials to those men and women whose discrimination is the result of years of motor car ownership. Literature on request.

Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

Truck Leadership, too



Oldsmobile ECONOMY Truck



Power, speed, low cost. To every business this truck means certain delivery, saving, profit.

Oldsmobile-Torbensen Internal Gear Drive means most economical transmission of power.

Goodyear Cord Tires, 35x5, mean speed, extraordinary mileage per gallon of fuel and long life to the mechanism.

Chassis with instrument board, windshield, cowl and fenders, $1250.00.

With steel cab and sills ready for mounting stake, rack, grain dump or box body, $1295.00.

With express body, strongly ironed, braced and handsomely painted, ready *for action on your delivery problem,* $1350.00.

(All prices f. o. b. Lansing)

Complete electrical equipment—starting, lighting, ignition. Four-cylinder, valve-in-head motor. Deep channel section frame.

Every feature is a tried and tested success. The truck for permanence with a nation-wide service organization behind it.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

patience with rigid formalities and stiffish dignity and had a boy's delight in shocking some of the stiff-necked statesmen and persons around the Kaiser.

Young Wilhelm had an antipathy to old men. With the exception of General von Knobelsdorff and his personal physician, all the others of his personal staff were young. With those he seemed to be on terms of equality. Dispatches indicate that one of them, Major von Mueller, accompanied him into exile.

The Crown Prince nursed a grudge against several of the men close to the Kaiser. His friends said they were always misrepresenting him to his father and telling tales on him. He disliked Mackensen intensely. As those men knew that on the Crown Prince's accession to the throne they would belong to the party of "outs" and no longer be favorites they took no particular pains to conceal the fact that they did not think much of him. Once when I mentioned the Crown Prince to Tirpitz, the father of ruthless submarine war exclaimed: "The Crown Prince! What does he know?"

Young Wilhelm of Hohenzollern is no intellectual giant. Neither did I find him the idiot so often painted and caricatured. As George Bernard Shaw recently wrote, "It is no longer necessary to feed the popular mind on legends." Perhaps the truth may now be told even about our enemies. Wilhelm, I found, lacked all the versatility and brilliancy of his father. He made no pretense to possess these qualities. He was disposed to scoff at the "divine-right" idea. But he was more modern in his views than any other person I ever met in royal circles, and had a common-sense way of looking at things that was surprizing for a Hohenzollern. At that he would hardly be the man one would nominate for President.

NEW YORK HOTEL PRACTISE "À LA MODE"

A PROFESSIONAL New York newspaper funny man is responsible for this account in *The World* of the way in which a famous Gotham hostelry treats its guests:

> You enter the Forty-second Street lobby, where you are met by the proprietor. He searches you to ascertain how much money you have and if the amount is satisfactory he gives a signal for five hatboys to assault you and punch you into the restaurant.
>
> You seat yourself meekly, and fifteen minutes later a young man comes up and places a glass of water on the table. He is the waiter's valet. Ten minutes later another man steps up to the table and delivers a napkin. He is the waiter's private secretary.
>
> Finally, a gentleman in handsome evening suit hands you a menu printed in French and meaningless to you. In desperation, and at random, you indicate with your finger an article on the menu, and the haughty gentleman in evening suit says, "Pardon me, sir, but that is one of the musical selections. The orchestra is playing it now."
>
> In a state of humiliation you order a lamb chop. As you are munching your food later on, the gentleman in the evening suit accosts you again and asks, "How did you find the chop, sir?"
>
> You reply, "By moving aside the pea on the plate. The chop was under it." Then you pay the check, hand the hat-boy a quarter in return for another man's hat, rush outside, and board a street-car, while the head-waiter drives away in his limousine.
>
> In every prominent hotel in New York there is a sign reading, "Leave your valuables at the desk." You might as well do it. The proprietor will get them, anyhow.

HUMAN NATURE AS IT STRIKES A POSTMAN

THE joys and woes of the letter-carriers, if collected, would be an epic sounding the entire keyboard of what we call human nature. One source of constant worry to the carriers is the idiosyncrasies of the solons who name the streets; a carrier gets a letter for No. 876 Maple Avenue, the avenue stops at 102, where it becomes Oakwood Boulevard; maybe the letter has to go back to the office, maybe the carrier knows that Oakwood Boulevard fades away at 616 and Maple Avenue reappears. Then again we have rabbit-warrens called apartment-houses, some with thirty boxes in the front, some more in the annex with a few more in Addition I, a tangle of boxes, where the light is not only bad, but the names get torn from the boxes, or were never there, in addition to which the mob is continually on the move. To get letters delivered, plus the Burleson red tape of doing everything in so many minutes and so many seconds, is no joke; especially in bad or hot weather, or when the magazines are due. One carrier, writing in *The American Magazine*, deals with the subject from the point of view that letter-carrying reveals some peculiar phases of human nature. Here are some of these confessions of a postman:

> When you see the postman coming to your house, the first thought in your mind is not of him; it is of what he may be bringing you. But he, especially if he has been on a route a long time, is interested in you as a human being. The people he serves become more interesting to him than characters in a novel or a play. It is like reading a lot of "continued stories" which never are concluded—unless the whole family moves away. The people in them are sometimes amusing, sometimes a little irritating, now and then pathetic. But they are always interesting.
>
> Between the postman and his "customers" there is a very intimate relation. They take it for granted that he knows a good deal about their affairs—and they are perfectly willing to have it so. They even try to get him to share with them what he knows about their neighbors! Curious as it may seem, they sometimes are more anxious to find out what he is taking to their neighbors than what he is bringing to them. And they are especially interested in packages. Time and again, when I am going along with a package in my hand, some one will stop me and say:
>
> "Is that for me, Joe?"
>
> Even when I tell them that it isn't, they like to look the parcel over and to wonder what is inside of it. Of course they examine the name and address. People in the same section of a town are a good deal like a big family, and naturally they like to know what the others are doing. Sometimes I have been in a house in the evening when one of the neighbors has strolled in and said:
>
> "I met Joe bringing you a package this morning. I guess John must have sent the missus a birthday present from New York, didn't he?"
>
> Or they ask some other question to find out what that parcel contained. They use me to "check up" the stories they tell each other. If Mrs. A. tells Mrs. B. that she has received a letter from her son Charlie, saying that he has got a raise in salary, Mrs. B. will ask me casually the next day: "Mrs. A. got a letter from Charlie yesterday, didn't she?"
>
> They seem to think that the postman examines every letter he handles. If I have to tell people, as I sometimes do, that it is against the rules for me to give out information they jump to the conclusion that I am trying to hide from them something that would be worth their knowing and they speculate all the more curiously about what it can be.
>
> One thing they don't understand. It is that by stopping the postman to ask these questions they are delaying the delivery of the mail. When they complain of his being late, part of the blame belongs to them. Sixty questions a day, each wasting a minute or more of his time, will make him at least an hour late in completing his work.
>
> When people meet me on the street, for example, and ask me for their mail ahead of their turn, it takes me two or three minutes to reach into the bag and pick out their letters. And often, after I have gone to all that trouble, they will glance at the letter and say, "Oh, I don't want that. Take it up to the house with you."
>
> Another delay is caused by people who, having a letter to mail and seeing that I have passed the house, shout after me: "Wait a minute, Joe. I'll go up-stairs and get a letter for you to post." It takes them several minutes, and I am left with nothing better to do than to play with the dog—and meditate on the queer ways of human beings.
>
> A third delay is that caused by people not putting sufficient postage on a letter, thus making me stop to collect a cent or two. All postmen know that pennies are apparently the rarest things in the world. No one ever has them around when a few cents have to be collected on a letter, and so I have to stand around and wait while the house is turned upside down to locate the necessary change. One woman offered me a ten-dollar bill one day to pay a penny due. . . . . .

Some other tendencies that turn the postman's hair gray are then sketched. For one thing, people will address their letters wrong. As we read:

> Once, for example, we had a letter which was addrest to a number that did not exist. It was written in Russian and contained a five-dollar bill. Our registry clerk wanted to send it to the dead-letter office; but I remembered that I had seen a woman who looked like a Russian in a house near the end of my route. I took the letter to her, and tho she was not the woman we wanted she translated it and told me that the writer had lived at a certain address in New York. I wrote to her, explaining the situation, and by return mail received a grateful letter in English, giving the right address of the woman in our town. I delivered the letter myself, and discovered that the five dollars was the weekly allowance of an old invalid who, without that money, would probably

You'll Have to Dig

SALES CHART
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919

Get a

The Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired.

Up Some New Alibi

for lack of sales, or for *high cost* of sales, besides the one of new and changed conditions or new and stronger competition or inability to get a selling force as good as you would like to have it. Those alibis will never clear your skirts in any business court. If you want to get the best results, and get them at *low cost* no matter what conditions are, *back up your selling force with ADVERTISING*—and especially with *Advertising printed on the Multigraph.* Put down in black and white, in short crisp sentences, the selling arguments that your best salesmen use, and send them broadcast to your customers and your prospective customers so that the selling job will be half done *before* your salesmen call, and you will get results that heretofore you've thought *impossible.*

Instead of using up on educational and preparatory work the valued time of men whose job it is to *sell,* do all the preparatory work yourself with *printed matter* and let your men out on the business firing line devote their time to *SELLING,* not to *TEACHING.*

You have no right, from any business standpoint, to use the time of salesmen or of *any other men* in doing things that electric juice and steel and printers' ink can do.

Experience has shown time and again, in cases without number, that if you'll put dynamic selling force into your printed matter, if you'll tell your customers exactly what you have to sell and give them honest reasons why they ought to buy it, and *keep on telling them* through folders, circulars, and mailing cards and letters, *all printed on the MULTIGRAPH,* you will not need to worry about your sales results.

Moreover, instead of waiting and delays in getting out this printed matter—instead of rainbow promises that don't materialize—the Multigraph will give you *ACTION* and give it to you *NOW.* It gets your printed matter out and in the mails *TODAY,* not tomorrow or the next day or perhaps next week. It gets it out just when you want it out, when it will be the most effective and do the greatest good. And it cuts the printing cost from *25 to 75% on every job you use it on.*

No matter what your business is—retailing, jobbing, manufacturing, or any line whatever that requires the use of *printed matter*—the chances are you need at least *one Multigraph* and need it just as soon as you can get it.

We'll gladly give you detailed information—we'll show you samples of the work turned out by houses similar to yours and give you definite, specific facts on *RESULTS* accomplished—if you'll fill out the coupon below and mail it in.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

MULTIGRAPH

The Multigraph
1811 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

We want action, not alibis; send specific information.

Our line is____________________ Firm____________________

Name____________________ Official Position____________________

Street Address____________________ Town____________________ State________ Lit. Dig.—2-22

have been in serious straits. It is experiences like these, you see, that make us worry about these wrong addresses. You never can tell when you may even save a life by finding the person to whom a letter belongs.

As for negroes, there is no doubt that they are the champion letter-writers of the world. They not only correspond diligently among themselves, but they send for foolish, worthless things, loading up the mails with all sorts of truck. And the worst part of it is they seem incapable of getting numbers straight. If they want to write "402" it will invariably come out as "204" or "240." They get the right figures, but in the wrong order.

One more point that is noticeable about the negro correspondent is his love for special-delivery stamps. Whenever a negro has twelve or thirteen cents and wants to write a letter to any one, he always buys a special-delivery stamp. I asked one once why he was wasting the money in this way. He grinned and said, "Ah wants to show mah lady frien' that Ah wants her to get mah letter in a hurry."

Italians, also, have a few pet tricks with regard to stamps. The best one of all is their idea that if they fail to put a stamp on a letter, it will insure speedy and safe delivery. They seem to reason that the Government will be so anxious to get the money for the stamp it will surely see that the letter promptly reaches the party in question. The fact that the person at the other end has to pay the money due doesn't bother the Italian for a moment. He seems to know, and he is quite right, that no one ever refuses to pay money due on a letter. People always figure, you see, that it is worth a cent or two to find out what is inside the envelop.

One of the reasons for this, I am sure, is that people are always expecting that the postman will some day bring a letter announcing that they are heirs to vast fortunes. I have ten "fortune-watchers" on my route, and they always look first at the envelop to see if it has come from a lawyer's office.

The writer then proceeds to show how many sorts of a thing he is; question-answerer-in-chief, errand boy on the side, with such commissions as "Tell the grocer to hurry up my butter." "Send Billy home if you see him." "If Marta wants to leave Mrs. X, tell her I'll give her a dollar more." "Where can I get a job?" Tips are dealt with gently and circumspectly. To continue:

We also train ourselves to remember faces; for, tho it is not generally known, letter-carriers are mighty helpful amateur detectives. The police figure that a criminal in hiding must use the mails to keep in touch with the outside world, and, therefore, if a mail-carrier had the criminal's face photographed in his mind, he could recognize the man when he delivered his mail to him and at once report his presence in town to the police. For that reason descriptions of criminals are always sent to post-offices, where the mail-carriers are supposed to fix the items in their minds and keep their eyes open for the men wanted. So successful have carriers been in this respect that Inspector Byrnes, chief of the New York detective bureau years ago, once declared that they were more useful to him in hunting criminals than his detective force.

Unfortunately, I have bever played an important part in the capture of a criminal. But one of our men caught an embezzler who had jumped his bail and who had come to our town to go into hiding. One of the items mentioned in this man's description was a huge wart on his nose. His name was Johnson; but we were warned that he would probably change it.

Well, for two or three weeks nothing happened. Then this particular postman began to notice that letters for a man named Jackson were arriving at a boarding house on his route. Jackson isn't far away from Johnson, and so this carrier framed up a "phony" letter and demanded to see the man. The woman who ran the house said she would sign for the letter, but the carrier said he would have to see the man personally. "Jackson" finally came down-stairs, and the carrier saw the wart on the man's nose! A few hours later the police arrested the man.

It is when we are hunting murderers, however, that we get some real excitement. Every opening door may reveal the man's face; and we repeat the descriptions over and over again in our minds. At the time the gambler Rosenthal was murdered in New York, it's a wonder any mail was delivered in our town. Two of his murderers had relatives living there and, of course, the carriers were warned to keep a sharp watch, on the theory that these relatives might try to hide the men. We kept our eyes open, you may be sure, but to our great regret the men were found in another town.

In many small cases, however, we are a great aid to the police. They depend absolutely upon us to tip them off when some petty thief has returned to town. We know through our delivery of the mail.

The greatest fun of all in our work, however, is when we become an aid to Cupid. Many a happy wedding has resulted from the mail-carrier's love for romance and desire to aid beauty in distress.

You would be surprized if you knew how often some pretty little girl whom I have known all my life whispers in my ear that father has forbidden her to correspond with Jimmy Jones, a boy who used to live in our town but who has moved away. As a result, the girl is in tears and begs me to give her Jimmy's letters apart from the rest of the family mail. Knowing that Jimmy is a fine boy and that father's objection is the usual one—no money—I can't help an interest in the pair. Of course, I make sure that she is over eighteen. For if she is of age she is entitled to receive her own letters without interference.

From skating on thin ice the writer nonchalantly glides off on to even more parlous ground and reveals another side of letter-carrying:

The postman must deal, too, with the married women who want their letters delivered to them personally. Some wives will run up a bill in the department store and not want their husbands to see it. Or a woman may be corresponding with relatives whom the husband dislikes, in which case she is anxious to keep the letters out of his sight. Of course, they have a right to receive their letters. The carrier can not refuse that.

I try to accommodate every one, married or single; but often it is pretty difficult to do so, especially with husbands, who, it has been my experience, are much more jealous than wives. Very few women ask me if their husbands are getting mail secretly; but many husbands will say to me, with a careless air, "I'll take Mrs. M.'s mail to-day." And when I say that I haven't any mail for Mrs. M., they look at me with suspicion.

Young boys are also very jealous individuals, especially when the rival is some-one from another town. They sometimes ask, with attempted carelessness:

"Did Mollie get a letter to-day from Pottsville?"

There are some married men, foolish and weak enough to conduct intrigues, who give themselves away completely by their handwriting and by souvenir post-cards. A man will go on a business trip, write home to his wife, and in the same mail write to some woman whom we know he has no reason to be writing to. And as for the post-cards, some men try to camouflage by signing only their initials. They don't seem to realize that after delivering mail for years we know the handwriting of every one on the route.

It is this wonderful contact with young and old that makes this work seem so worth while to me.

Throughout the course of years you watch babies grow to the school period; then on to youth, and finally into manhood and womanhood. You bring them their little presents and post-cards; you carry their schoolboy notes and, later, their love-letters. Then, when at last these little girls and boys are married, and their own children begin to come, you start the same old round over again, thinking as you deliver the post-cards to one-year-old Jimmy, that twenty years ago you delivered the same sort of a card to Jimmy's pretty mother.

And so we mail-carriers "carry on," seeing the human side of life, and realizing, perhaps, that tho in a money way we may not be very successful, so far as human relations are concerned we get a great deal out of life, nevertheless.

WHAT ONE ENGLISH WORKINGMAN DEMANDS

STRIKES and rumors of strikes, which seem to have reached a high point in recent English history, give particular point to the letter of an English workingman which received wide attention during the January general elections, and recently found its way into the American press. The letter, calm in tone in spite of its reference to the spead of Bolshevism, "offspring of injustice and despair," reduces the labor problem to its most concrete form, in the case of one individual. The writer who, as he says, "unfortunately learned to read" and to hunger for the world of art and intellect above him, explains that his letter is a response to appeals for his suffrage from various candidates. But they do not seem to comprehend his needs, and he offers a "plain statement of my life and position" as an aid to their understanding. His letter appears in full in the New York *Evening Sun:*

I am a journeyman shipwright, married, and have three children, aged thirteen, ten, and eight years, the two elder being boys. I have been working at my trade thirty years. At this moment I am possest of fifty pounds (about $250) in money and a small houseful of furniture. I am a teetotaler and do not gamble; my only vice is smoking. I am insured against

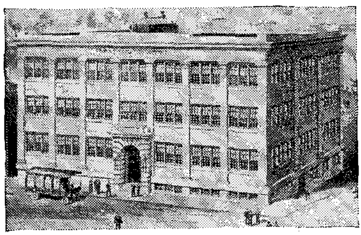
Real New England Clam Chowder
—direct to you from old Gloucester

"Made from Clams gathered from the sea-washed sands of beaches far from the dirt-defiled flats near big cities."

"Second to None" is the standard I have set for my goods. Anything we send you must match up to this in your estimation—or it will cost you nothing.

DID you ever sit down to a helpin' of *New England* Clam Chowder? Have you ever dipped your spoon into that cherished dish of the Down-East seacoast housewife—genuine New England Chowder—*the real thing?*

Of all the right-down satisfyin', appetizin' dishes, "born-an'-raised" in New England, there's none quite as good as our home-kind of Clam Chowder. It's as different from the imitations served most everywhere for Chowder as a genuine dollar is different from a counterfeit one—*it's the simon-pure article!*



Here is our plant at Gloucester. The fishermen tie up their boats right at my "side-door." The cream of all sea-food is delivered direct from here to 100,000 families throughout America—EVERY OUNCE GUARANTEED.

In makin' Chowder, just like makin' anything else good, you've got to start right. Good clams are necessary to good Chowder. And by good clams I mean those that are clean, fat, full-flavored, and wholesome. The clams that go into my Chowder are taken from the sea-washed sands of beaches far from the dirt-defiled flats near big cities. I wish you could see 'em when the diggers bring 'em in—the shells white as chalk and as clean as a baby's cheek! And they open plump, full of rich juice, all salty-sea flavored, ready for the Chowder.

Tell you just how it's made! I could tell you, but you couldn't make Chowder just as we do here at Gloucester. I could tell you with what care it's prepared, and name each ingredient that goes into it, but I couldn't teach you the "touch," the Gloucester "natural gift," for preparing sea-food. Gloucester folks have been doin' it ever since the Puritans landed.

What I want you to do is just to taste my Chowder. But you say you never eat it. That's because you haven't had the *real thing. I won't ask you to pay a cent for the Chowder*—if you don't say my New England Chowder is *altogether different, is better,* than any dish of its kind you have ever tasted in your life.

So you can fill in the coupon below with full confidence; you can know in advance that the transaction will be satisfactory. I will send, carriage prepaid, east of Kansas, a box containing 12 cans of Davis' Real Gloucester Clam Chowder, each can sufficient for 4 people. This makes provision for a most agreeable change in your menu from time to time. Just consider its economy! It's so handy to have in the house, too. But not until you have tried my Chowder, and are more than satisfied with it, do you send the purchase price, $3.95.

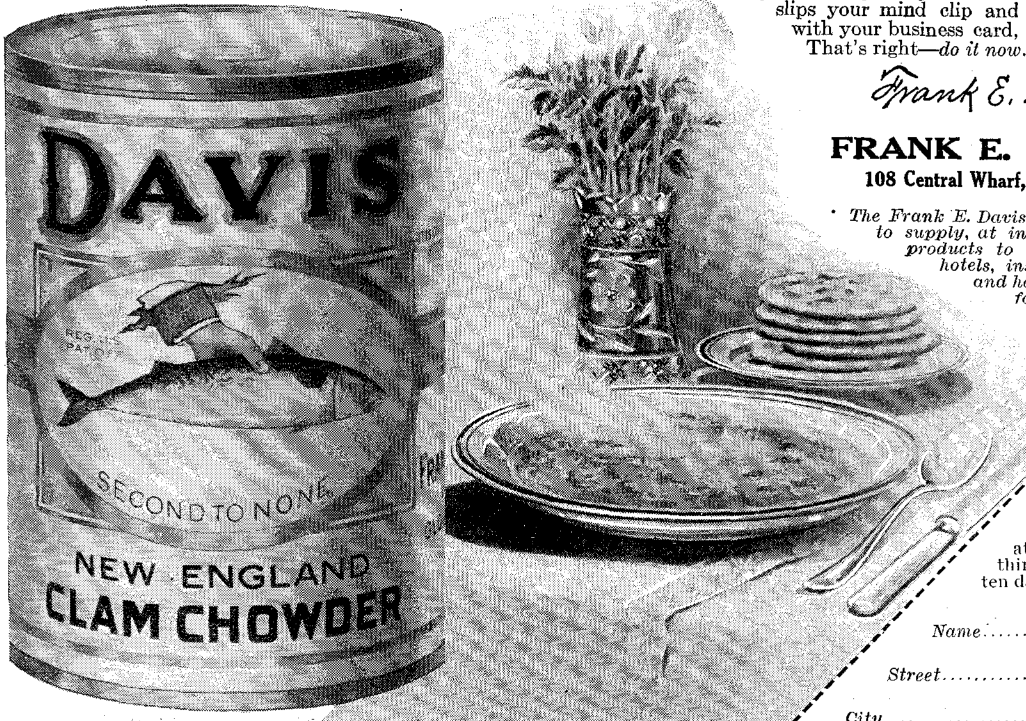
Like all my other fish products now being sold and delivered direct by parcel post and express to 100,000 American families (I've been in business 33 years), I *guarantee* my Chowder. In order to get and hold your trade I must make it convenient for you to deal with me, and I must give you better fish than you can get elsewhere. *I never sell to dealers.*

When we send your trial order, we will also send one of our new Sea-Food Cook Books, telling how Gloucester folks cook fish in the home way. Included in the box, too, you will find a sample package of Lobster Sandwich Filling, gratis, so that you may get a taste of one of the many products we prepare, all of which are listed in the circular accompanying it. After all, there isn't any food more economical, more satisfying, or more nutritious than *good* fish. It's a case of knowing how and where to get the *good* kind, however. You can open an account with me just as you do at your grocer's or butcher's. But before it slips your mind clip and mail the coupon below with your business card, letter head or reference. That's right—*do it now.*

Frank E. Davis *Founder and President*

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
108 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its products to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs, and hospitals. Write for special list.



Frank E.
Davis Co.,
108 Central Wharf,
Gloucester, Mass.

Yes, I would like to taste that *real* Clam Chowder, *at your risk.* Please send me, all charges prepaid, one case, 12 cans, of Davis' New England Clam Chowder, each sufficient for four people. If, after trying a can, I find I don't care for it, I'll return the other 11 at your expense and not owe you anything, otherwise I'll send you $3.95 in ten days.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

sickness and death. If I die to-morrow my wife will receive about £100 ($500) to face the world with. If I live to sixty and no long period of unemployment or sickness intervenes, I shall have probably £150 ($750) saved. I can retire at that age with eight shillings (about $1.92) per week from my trade-union, with a prospective other five shillings (about $1.20) a week at seventy. If my health lasts I shall work to near the latter age.

I have yet to place my children in some trade; this may take the greater part of my savings.

Twice during my lifetime I have seen those savings swept away, once during the eight-hour strike in 1897—I was locked out indirectly as a consequence of it—and again during the great distress of 1906, when I was out of work for nearly six months.

Now, Messrs. Candidates, you see my reward for a lifetime of toil. I am a skilled mechanic, one of labor's aristocrats, and have been both prudent and lucky. The great bulk of my fellows, the unskilled workers, are infinitely worse off.

I was educated at a Board school, where I unfortunately learned to read. I read much.

I read of a world that raced at Ascot, yachted at Cowes, shot in Scotland, and wintered on the Riviera. A world that bought first folios of Shakespeare and original works of Rembrandt and Corot, a world that paid its guineas to hear Patti, Caruso, and Paderewski. A world that, satiated with pleasure, tried big-game hunting in Africa or mountaineering in the Alps to cure ennui.

I have read of such a world, and dreamed of it—that has been my portion.

I have not been without my little pleasures. I once heard Patti sing; I stood and heard her divine voice at the cost of a day's pay. Of travel I have had my share, when looking for work. Travel loses much of its charm under such circumstances. Once I spent a week at noisy, blatant Blackpool; once three days in London.

I could have had more pleasure, but I have been prudent and saved for a rainy day.

Now, Messrs. Candidates, you have heard my story. What of my brother, back, maimed and scorched from that hell in France? What of that other brother whose bones lie bleaching on the sands of Arabia?

What of them and their children, and my children? What will you do for them?

For myself I do not ask much. I have grown used to my life and have gone beyond much enjoying of another. But my children and their children, they are on the threshold of life. I have taught mine much of the joys and glories of that life; they are eager to cross the threshold.

Messrs. Candidates, are you going to bar the door to them as you did to me?

Think well before you promise not to; make sure that you intend fulfilment, for by the living God retribution awaits you if you fail!

Look to the East—what do you see there? 'Bolshevism' you may call it—its name is Nemesis. It is the offspring of injustice and despair.

Look to it that you do not breed such a monster in these isles, for if you do it would be better that you die now.

Messrs. Candidates, I thank you for your attention and ask you most earnestly to weigh well my words. W. M. D.

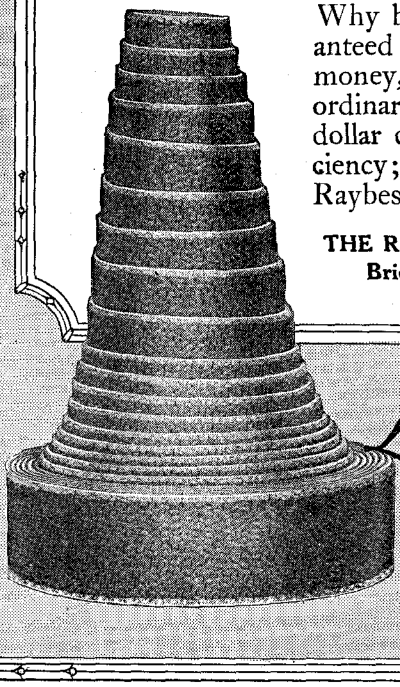
12 months wear guaranteed

When you buy Raybestos brake lining, there is no doubt as to the service you will receive. Our definite, positive guarantee assures *at least* one year's wear.

Raybestos
BRAKE LINING
Guaranteed to Wear One Year

Why bother with non-guaranteed linings? Why waste money, time, trouble with ordinary lining? Make every dollar count—get brake efficiency; get wear; get *real* Raybestos.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Connecticut



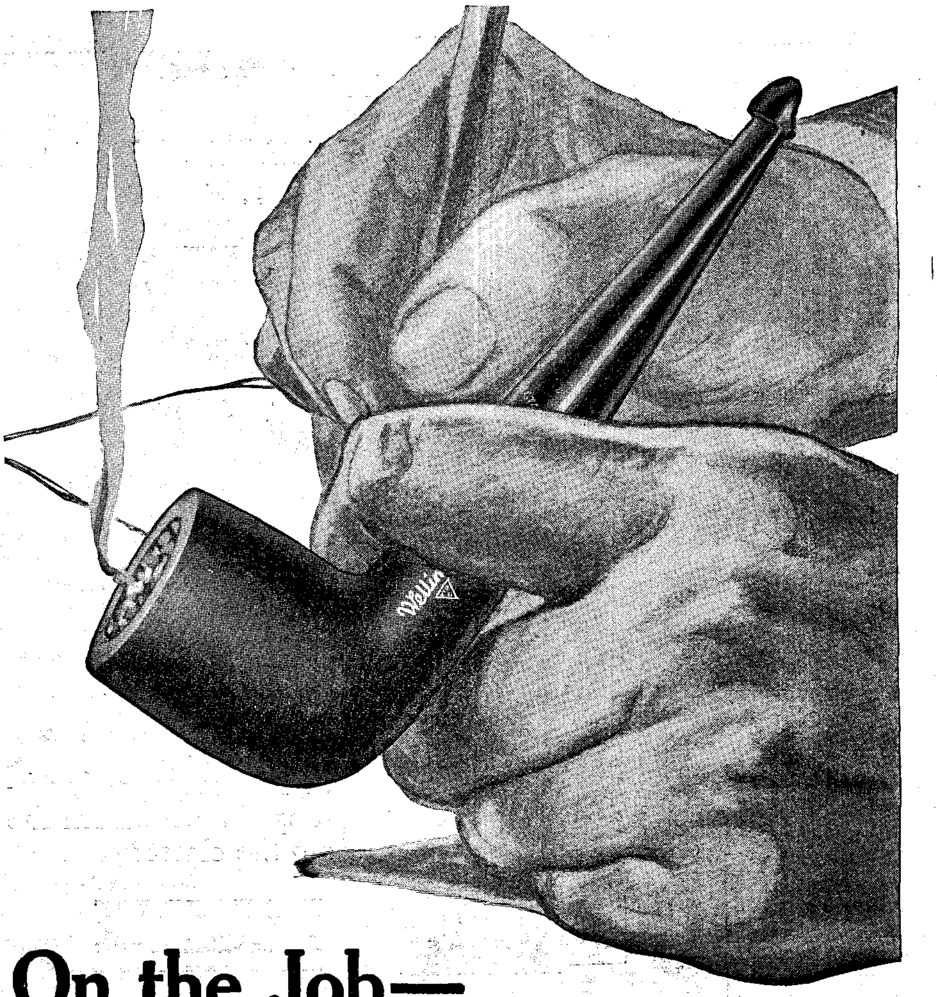
Look for the Silver Edge

A DOUGH-GIRL ON THE FIGHTING-LINE

HER name is Adjutant Helen Purviance, of the Salvation Army, and she is credited with making the first American doughnut produced for American dough-boys in France. The first doughnut was followed by others, all of such quality as to call forth a compliment that ought to become classical. "If this is war," said an American soldier, as he partook of Miss Purviance's doughnuts, "let it continue!"

But all was not light-heartedness and doughnuts in the fifteen months that this American Salvation Army lass spent near the fighting-lines in France, and of which she tells in *The Forum* (New York). However, the hardest aspects of life near the great battle-front were softened by the doughnuts, which, in a way, seemed to the young American soldiers to stand for the "mothering" that they needed. For it was mothering more than anything else, it seems, that the American fighter thought of in any extremity. As Miss Purviance writes:

> When a French soldier is wounded, and knows he is "going West," he asks for his wife; an Englishman calls for his sweetheart; but an American wants his mother. And the thought of that mother is carried with him like an indelible print from the training-camps in America, across three thousand miles of water, and remains with him when he goes "over the top" and into that unknown country from which many never return.
>
> I don't believe there are any big mothers in America, I mean big in stature, for every soldier speaks of her as "little mother."
>
> "Say, when I get home ——" Well, you just ought to hear some of the things these boys of ours tell me they are going to do when they get home. Some are going to sleep two weeks, but most of them are going to eat. So I just want to warn you, you American mothers, stock the pantry right up to its topmost shelf with all the things he likes best, because he has already decided what he wants for that first dinner at home.
>
> Our organizations sent women workers to France that your boys may not miss you quite so much. We try to create a little of the home atmosphere and with a woman's hands help them over the rough spots of homesickness, wounds, or any of the other hurts that come to the fighting man. Our huts do not always look like a home. Sometimes it's a real, honest-to-goodness hut that can be taken to pieces and put together again at a moment's notice. Another time it may be a tent, or a corner in some shell-torn house.
>
> The boys very rarely call us sister, but very, very often you hear a twenty-seven-year-old girl addrest as "mother." If it wasn't for the beautiful tribute in that word "mother," one would have to smile when it's used by a man old enough to be her father.
>
> After I had been in Paris a few days, I went down to a camp of thirty-five thousand soldiers, where the Salvation Army has six huts, to learn something of housekeeping in a strange country under difficulties. The boys seemed glad to see American girls, and many of them came over and bashfully shook hands with us.



On the Job—

when you want to think hard and think straight—the old familiar feel of your favorite pipe and haze of good tobacco smoke seem to cut you off from the rest of the world and let your mind work the way it should.

That being the case, you'll be glad to know that the pipe that never interrupts, nor takes your mind off your work, is the

WDC TRADE MARK **Wellington**

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on other pipes that we make of every style, size and grade. Price for price, grade for grade, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

As you smoke your Wellington there's never a bubble nor a gurgle. The well attends to that by catching all moisture and loose tobacco crumbs. The smoke comes, quiet and cool and sweet as a night breeze, and it comes *up, away* from your tongue, through the top opening in the bit.

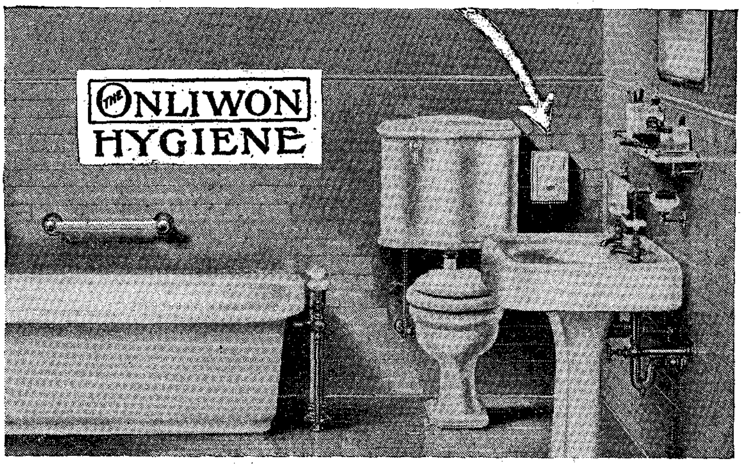
You will like your Wellington from the very first. It is always made of genuine French briar, seasoned by our own special process, so as to break in sweet and mellow. And it's a good old reliable friend—guaranteed against cracking or burning through.

Get a Wellington Pipe. It will fit into your life in a mighty agreeable way. It has fitted into more men's lives than any other pipe. Good dealers have it in all sizes, shapes and grades from 75 cents up. Just be sure the one you get is marked W. D. C. Wellington.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK

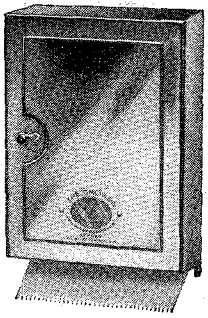
WORLD'S LARGEST PIPE MANUFACTURERS

This is the system of Toilet Paper Distribution that is saving thousands of plumbing bills every year—



Model Bathrooms in the Good Hotels, Hospitals, Schools and Colleges, Business and Public Buildings, and Manufacturing Plants and Homes are equipped with ONLIWON HYGIENE.

Have you ever undergone the experience of having your plumbing all pulled to pieces because someone dropped a cone from the old style toilet paper roll into the closet?



THE ONLIWON HYGIENE
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

saves plumbing bills because there is nothing about it that can possibly clog up your plumbing — and ONLIWON *is thoroughly Sanitary and Efficient and very Economical* for Factory and Office equipment.

ONLIWON HYGIENE is the combination of an interfolded package of high grade toilet paper and a handsome cabinet that protects each sheet from dust and germs—serves just two sheets at a time—keeps the paper under lock and key — PREVENTS WASTE, SAVING from 15 to 50 per cent for Factories, Institutions and Building Owners.

ONLIWON toilet paper is folded by machinery—reaches you untouched and uncontaminated. No. 2 grade is favored for Factory and Institutional use. No. 1 is the favored grade for Office Building, Home and private bath equipment.

ONLIWON Cabinets cannot get out of order.

The Nickel and dull finish Cabinets are very durable and practical for Factory and all Public Toilets. The beautiful Cabinets for Office Buildings, the Home and private baths are our Porcelain fixtures that match your other porcelain fixtures — or the "Set-in" Tile where tiling is used.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send us your dealer's name and $2.25 and we will ship you prepaid, to any point in the U. S., the nickel plated ONLIWON Cabinet and eight 1000-sheet packages of ONLIWON toilet paper, or sixteen 1000-sheet packages and the Cabinet for $4.00. Regular price of Cabinet, $1.00.

Your dealer will furnish additional paper at the regular price, eight 1000-sheet packages, $1.75; sixteen 1000-sheet packages, $3.50.

A. P. W. PAPER COMPANY, 1279 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

For Every User of English

The unusual new book, EXPRESSIVE ENGLISH, by J. C. Fernald, L.H.D., is indispensable to everyone who uses English in writing or speaking. This book puts the full power of English at your command. It treats every phase of rhetoric and grammar, showing how to convey the exact impression you wish with the greatest power and beauty.

474 *pages, cloth bound. Price* $1.60; *by mail* $1.72
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SPEAK Speak and write correctly by using words that exactly express your meaning. All these words fully explained in **AND** "A Desk-Book of Errors in English." By FRANK H. VIZETELLY. **WRITE** Price, $1.00; by mail, $1.08.
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You Can Own a Library of 100 of the World's Great Pictures

Lifelike reproductions *in the original colors* of some of the best works of Rubens, Turner, Velasquez, Millet, Meissonier, and other renowned artists, bound in two sumptuous volumes and hand mounted on fine art board ready for framing. Produced by a new process, closely resembling canvas. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton, the well-known art critic, with the life, chief characteristics, and technique of the artist facing each picture. This is a handsome library of art in itself, packed with information and alive with beauty. The original paintings are valued at over five million dollars. Only a limited number of sets are available, at a price that will appeal to you. Send for full descriptive matter to-day telling how the two volumes of **Famous Paintings,** 11 by 15 inches, will be shipped to you ***for examination on approval.*** We take all the risk and make the terms easy for you. Write us **NOW.**

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 257, New York

Some of them hadn't seen any girls from the States for months.

From there our Colonel Barker, of the Salvation Army, took three other girls and myself out in a car to look for some troops who needed mothering. Our destination proved to be a big camp of the First Ammunition Train, which supplies ammunition to the First Division, America's famous shock troops. The boys absolutely refused to let us go, so Colonel Barker left us with them. It was at this camp and on this division that the first American doughnut was given its try-out.

"What can we make to eat out of the things we have that will be American and taste good to the boys?" said one of the girls.

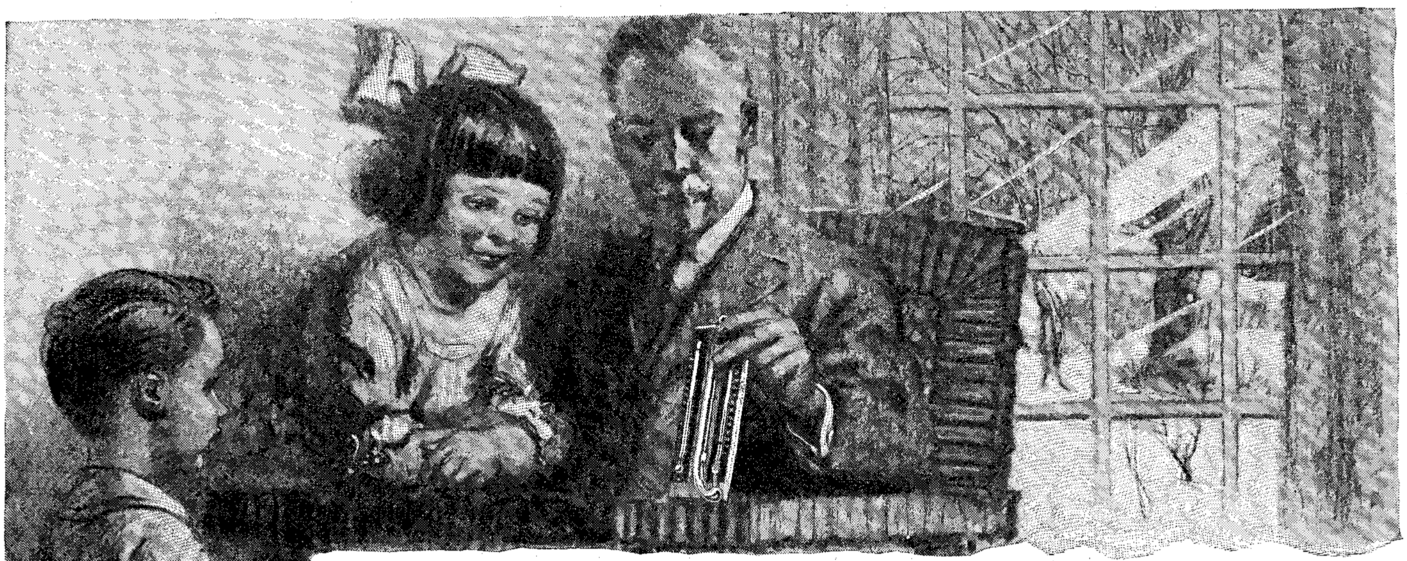
"A doughnut," promptly replied Margaret Sheldon, of Chicago, Ill., and a doughnut it was. We had no rolling-pin, so the dough had to be patted into shape, and then came the question of how to cut it out. That problem was solved with the top of a baking-powder can, and the hole—for whoever heard of a doughnut without a hole?—was made with a camphor-ice tube. I fried the first doughnut and saw it eaten by an American soldier. One of the boys remarked a short time after that as he was munching one of our doughnuts, "if this is war, let it continue."

When orders came for the men to move to the front, the commanding officer did not think we would be allowed to go, but just the same he supplied each of us with a helmet, two gas-masks, and a shelter-half. (A shelter-half is part of a tent and the other half is carried by the fellow who shares the tent with you.)

It was decided that we were to go to the front after all. On our arrival in the Toul sector, the boys made dugouts for us, we opened our canteen, and everything was decidedly comfy, considering we were in range of the enemy's guns. One of the boys gave me a dog, a French shepherd dog, whom we called "Sancey," and whenever the *Boche* planes began to bomb us that dog ran immediately to the dugout where she knew she would be fairly safe. But I can't say that the dough-boys or dough-girls displayed quite so much common sense. Most of us ran out to see the planes, and on one occasion one of them flew so close to the ground that we could see the aviator. Several of the boys, and a couple of the girls too, got rifles and shot at him. Of course this was very dangerous and strictly against regulations, for it only proved to the *Boche* what he already suspected, that troops were billeted there.

It was at this time that the general in command of that division asked that all American women doing war-work in France assist at the hospitals during a drive. I volunteered, and was sent to a field-hospital for gas and shell-shock men. I worked in the evacuation ward trying to make the men as comfortable as possible while awaiting their turn. We washed the blood from their faces, took away their handkerchiefs, which were soaked with the gas, and gave them fresh pieces of gauze. For some we wrote letters, and if we had time washed their hands. We always made hot chocolate, soups, or cooling drinks for them. A doctor said to me, "If you women didn't do anything but walk through the wards so the boys could see you, and hear you talk, it would help." Another doctor told us that the hospital attendants were more gentle with their patients because women were there.

Increased efficiency on the part of an



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The Round Oak Moistair Heating System, of which there are now more than 70,000 in use, helps safeguard those healthful conditions. Every sixty minutes in cold weather the air in the home is automatically refreshened, re-vitalized and *re-moistened,* as the Hygrometer test shows.

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Not only does this System safeguard health and vitality but saves fuel in these four ways: First, absolute in control—no leakage of air below the fire. Second, fire travel is longer inside the casing—it robs the heat from the chimney. Third, completeness of combustion—it cokes the coal and burns the gases. Fourth, it scientifically humidifies the air. You will be more comfortable and healthy at a temperature of 68° with this system than at 75° with usual forms of heating.

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Send the coupon for our illustrated, descriptive Moistair Book which answers your mental questions. It describes fully the improvements and advantages to you of the Round Oak Moistair Heating System. Contains *space* for simple sketch of the floor plan of your home which will enable our engineers to prepare for you *Free* a scientific heating plan, and quote cost estimate. You will also be advised the name of the nearest authorized dealer, who will gladly demonstrate this system.

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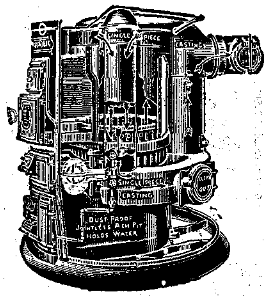

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Check plainly below which heating system you desire FREE plan and information on.

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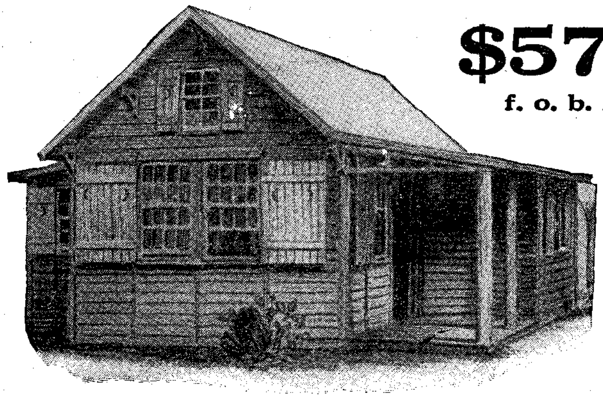

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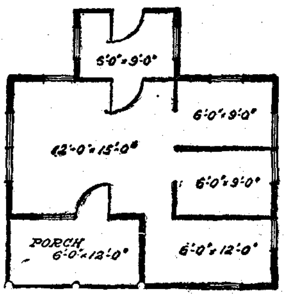

the Bossert "Pocono Hills" Bungalow is substantially built. Any two persons—absolutely without experience—can quickly and easily erect it. Shipped in sections of convenient size for handling. All you need do is assemble the parts. Simple instructions furnished. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

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ammunition-train was also attributed, by an officer of that branch of the service, to the all-night lunch-stand maintained by Miss Purviance at another part of the front. Most of the work done by the ammunition-boys, she explains, had to be done under cover of darkness, so she kept her hut open all night. "My men are having fewer accidents and far less repairing to do, since you started up here," the officer told her. "They don't want to miss that piece of pie and cup of hot chocolate."

Here is a simple, heart-catching little incident from the front:

> One afternoon I was feeling a bit "fed-up" with remaining indoors, so I left one girl in charge of the hut and suggested to the others that we take a walk. We felt that it was selfish to be merely taking a pleasure stroll, and decided to go up the hill and decorate the three American graves there. They were by a poppy-field, and gathering great armfuls of these brilliant blooms, we made the resting-place of those American boys a mass of pink and crimson flowers.
>
> "Let's go down the other side of the hill to the hospital and leave the rest there," I said. "We have so many left." So we did, and I hope they cheered up the sick boys.
>
> Whenever we find an American grave (they are all marked) we take pictures of it, and if possible get the address of the relatives and write them, telling its location. It must be some comfort to those at home to know that his grave is being cared for by another American woman. The French people incidentally are very kind in this respect, and often the kiddies carry bouquets of flowers to put on freshly made graves of "*Les Américains*."

And here are two more incidents, told with poignant simplicity:

> My brother, who is working with the ambulance service, was carrying the wounded out of a town I watched being shelled. It was filled with civilians, and among those hurt was a small boy of about eight or nine. Just before my brother left me I gave him a flower, so he gave it to the little fellow.
>
> "He didn't groan once," he told me afterward, "and nearly one whole side of his face was shot away. I put him in my ambulance and took him to the nearest hospital, but when I got there he was dead. Closely prest to his baby face was the crusht flower."
>
> One of the hardest things I ever had to do was to tell a boy of his mother's death. His captain came to me with two letters, one written to him by the boy's sister and the other for the boy.
>
> "Look here, you're a woman and can do this better than I can," he said, putting the two letters in my hand. Then he sent the boy to me. He was just a youngster, only seventeen years old. When I finished talking with him, he said, "I guess my sister thinks I don't care what happens now, but she's wrong. I'm going to live a clean, straight life so I'll be able to meet my mother when it's all over."

"I have a message to you, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of America," Miss Purviance announces, in conclusion, "a message from your boys in khaki":

> I am trying to tell you what it means to those boys to have some of their women-

kind with them in France, and how much more it's going to mean to them now that the fighting has stopt. Those fighters of ours whom we affectionately call "our boys," but whom the Germans speak of as "men," will need us much more now. America can't send too many of her best men and women to help the man in khaki through that tiresome period of waiting to come home.

GLIMPSES OF KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN LIFE—CORPORAL FESS WHITAKER TELLS HIS TALE

NOT far from Kingdom Come, the Kentucky mountain stream made famous by the novels of John Fox, Jr., a boy was growing up thirty years ago into a life as romantic as the imaginings of any novelist. The hard life in the mountain home, the scanty education in the rough schoolhouse, the years of army training in Cuba and with the Coast Artillery, more years of hoboing and rough-riding railroading in Texas, more railroading in Kentucky, political candidacies in Letcher County, and the present term of office as County Jailer, have made up the career of Fess Whitaker. To-day he is doing his part to remove the stigma of illiteracy from the mountain counties by conducting moonlight schools in his jail.

Fess Whitaker was an adventurer before he was a reformer. Many of his early exploits were typical of the mountains. But, unlike thousands of inarticulate rovers, Fess Whitaker seems to have been a born story-teller. As a homeless wanderer, he said, people were "glad to give me dinner because I could tell a tale to suit anybody." The comparative leisure of these days, when moonshiners and feudists no longer crowd the jails, has been utilized by the keeper of the jail at Whitesburg in penning an autobiography. Fess Whitaker's book, "History of Corporal Fess Whitaker" (Standard Publishing Co., Louisville), is the naive work of an uneducated man. The author shifts from first to third person, drops into the mountain fashion of speech, and sometimes uses the peculiar vocabularies of places and trades in most perplexing fashion. Yet his story reveals a personality as typically American in its way as Lincoln's or Roosevelt's. Besides his own adventures, Whitaker tells us of many curious dwellers in the mountains and much of the now vanishing characteristic ways of the people.

Whitaker's mother was a strong and versatile woman, as she had need to be, being left a widow with her eight small children, Fred and Fess, the twins Little and Less, Gid and Jim, and the girls Julia and Susan. Fess's memories of his early home life are fascinating. The first incident he remembers seems to be that of Sol Potter, who had come to the Whitaker home with other men to do some logging work, and at dinner was "eatin' big onion blades, got choked and got his

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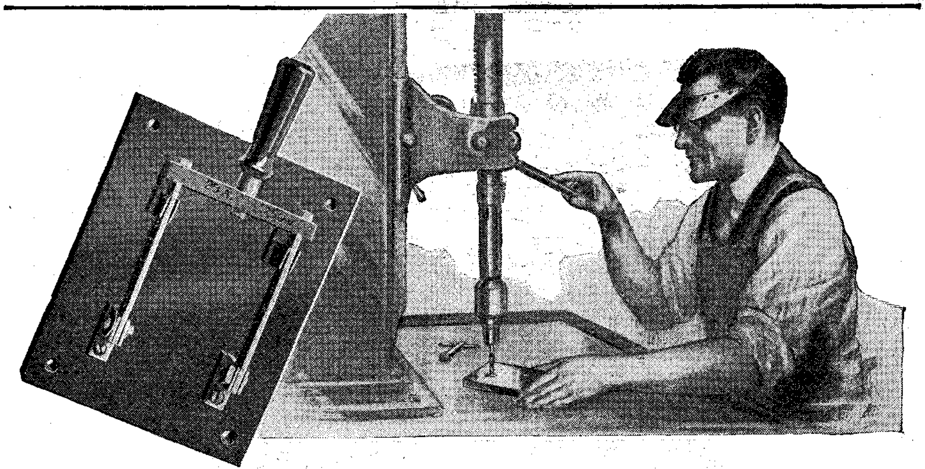

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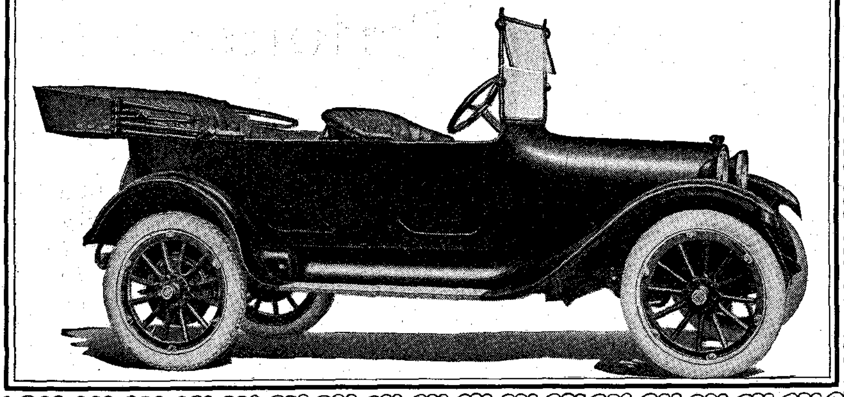

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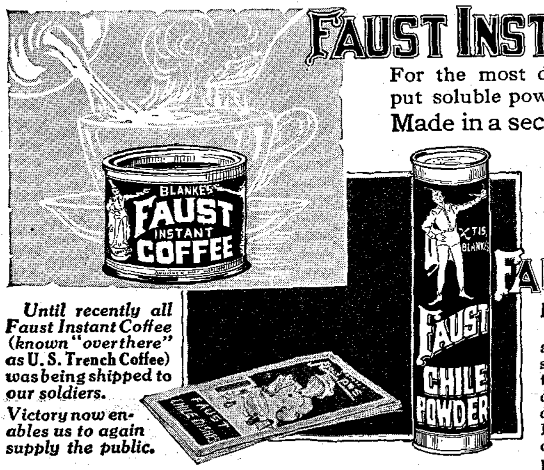

breath all that evenin' through the onion blade." Fess also remembers well his "miracles." It seems that the boy was tongue-tied, and had been considered an idiot by his neighbors until a doctor at the county seat enabled him to speak. This was the "first miracle." The second miracle came a year or two later after the boy's school-days had begun. Fess was behind in his arithmetic, so his mother gave him a week and told him that if he did not have his arithmetic well in hand by the next Friday she would give him a good whipping. Friday evening came, his mother took him on her lap and tried him patiently in long division, "but all in vain." So, continues Fess in his book:

> She put me down and laid the book upon the table and took me by the hand and led me to a large cedar-tree and broke her a good switch and began whipping me. She whipt me until she gave out, and sat down on a large rock-pile to rest and stood me up and talked to me while she was resting. After she got through resting she raised and gave me the same dose again; then she took me back in the house and got me up in her lap and began to show me about my lessons, and it jumped in my head like a falling star, and from that time until the present date I challenge the State of Kentucky in the arithmetic. That was my second miracle.

After that came more years of school under teachers all rough, some lazy, others cruel. Fess tells many stories of these days which we have not room to reprint. When he was about fifteen the four Banks boys persuaded him to visit their home over Sunday. That was a memorable trip, for on it Fess learned, as he said, "to have a nerve and to have faith in myself." The chief incident of the trip was Fess's first prize-fight. As the party went through the woods, the Banks boys told their guest that the predominating reason for the invitation was that "Thomas Gent, a big, rough, nineteen-year-old boy, had knocked out Press Hensley's black cow's eye, and they wanted me to whip him, and they would give me twenty-five cents for it." Fess describes what happened:

> I told them I would do it. I had the twenty-five cents on my mind, and it was my first piece of money to get, should I win. I made up my mind to win. So now we were around in the flat woods to where Press Hensley lived. The Banks boys called out Hensley and asked him about his old black cow getting her eye knocked out. He went on and told all about it, and it sure did go in on my brain, so we had to go down a little steep place through a big chestnut orchard to where the G. boy lived. I went in and asked where the boys were and the old folks said that they were around in the Rich Gap field. That pleased the Banks boys, so just as we got in sight of the field I met Thomas, a very big man, weighing about 140 or 150 pounds. I asked him about knocking the cow's eye out, and, like a mountain man, he said he did. Just as he said it I struck him in the stomach with my left hand and on the chin with my right hand and he struck the ground, and on to him I went and into his face. I skinned it in

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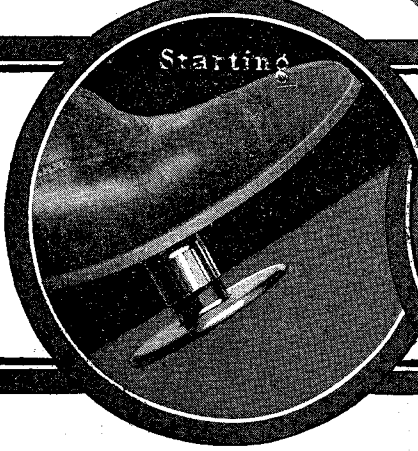
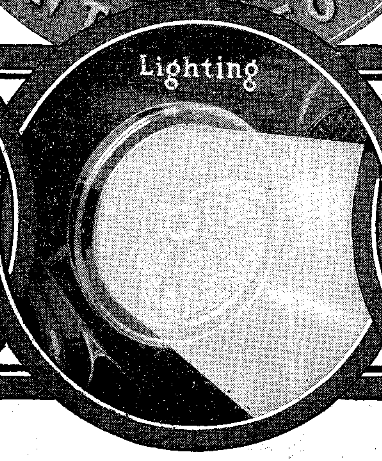
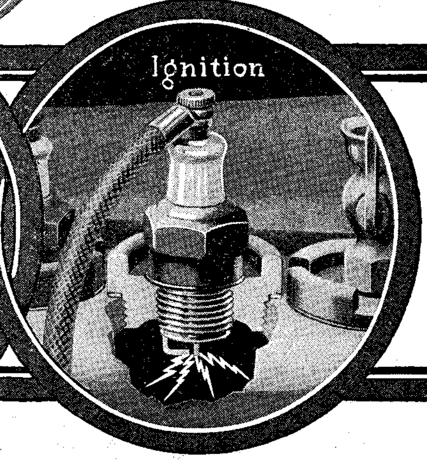


When you step on the starting pedal, regardless of weather conditions you want the response to be instant, certain. You can rely on Remy to crank the engine in the most dependable way possible.



After dark you want positive, efficient service from your lighting system—plenty of current to make night driving comfortable and safe. Remy meets these requirements perfectly, efficiently.



Your ignition system must promptly furnish a strong, uniformly hot spark at all speeds to ignite the gas. Again Remy serves you, winter or summer, thoroughly, steadily and surely.

Remy Assures Constant Performance of These Vital Functions

THE constant, perfect performance of your starting, lighting and ignition system is vital to the satisfactory operation of your car. Choose your car, therefore, with due regard to the quality of its electrical equipment.

Remy Engineers have planned each detail of Remy equipment with scrupulous care—laid strict standards of construction—built quality into every working part—given Remy Systems the ability and stability that has earned them their title "Products of Constant Performance."

The patented Remy Thermostat illustrates this perfectly. It makes possible a large capacity generator whose output of current is *sufficient* for the heaviest winter demand and made *safe* for summer—automatically adapted to the seasons by the Remy Thermostat. Three years of use on thousands of cars have proved the perfection of this feature.

Look for the name "Remy" on the car you buy and assure yourself perfect satisfaction in Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

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"Your Nose Knows"

All smoking tobaccos use some flavoring. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Tuxedo uses *chocolate* the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings! Everybody likes chocolate—we all know that chocolate added to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more enjoyable.

That is why a dash of *chocolate*, added to the most carefully selected and properly aged burley tobacco, makes Tuxedo more enjoyable—"*Your Nose Knows.*"

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco

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a thousand places, and I got up and asked for my price of twenty-five cents, which was gladly paid. We all went on rejoicing over the hill to where the boys' father lived.

At sixteen Fess had to leave school in order that his younger brothers might continue their education. These were parlous days. One Saturday noon five of the boys fell from a mulberry-tree into which they had greedily rushed for the ripe fruit. "Less got two ribs broken, Little threw his left arm out of place, Gid broke his left leg, and Jim got his tailbone broke, and poor old Fess fell out at the same time and got my left thigh broke." Then, since there was not a doctor within forty miles, the very efficient mother "put splits on our limbs and put them in boxes to keep them straight. The boxes were made out of six-inch lumber. It did not take over thirty-three days until we were all out to work again." A few months later the mother in turn fell and broke her right leg. The boys attended to her as she attended to them.

But this accident meant that Fess must leave home and go to work, so, as he tells it, "on November 1 I took me a piece of raw middling meat, a piece of corn bread, and two big onion-heads, and pulled out to look for me a job." He first worked in a saw-mill, then rode back and forth on railroad-trains—his first hoboing—until he found a job in the mines just over the border in Virginia. In February he brought home to his mother twenty-three dollars in one-dollar bills to help her keep the boys in school. In June he walked home again thirty-three miles across the mountains to give his mother forty-five dollars.

The Spanish War was now on and Fess Whitaker joined the Army. While still in camp in Kentucky, Fess was taken with fever. He was told he could get out of the hospital by drawing his breath so as to cool the thermometer and keep his recorded temperature down. This he did successfully, and when his uniform was brought in to him he found that it had been wrapt up in an American flag to be placed with his body, as he had been given up to die. He was discharged from the Army in 1899, and at once reenlisted and was sent to Cuba. After eighteen months in Cuba he was discharged, and in August, 1901, joined the Regular Army and was assigned to the Coast Artillery. He became a corporal and a first-class gunner and instructor and was discharged in 1904, after various experiences which need not be noted here.

After war came romance, and the story of his courting and marriage can best be told in Whitaker's own words:

> Soon as I got home all of the girls began to come in to see me, and I sure could court some. All the girls were struck on me because I was a soldier, and after a man has been a soldier for four or five years and gets back home and there being so many pretty girls, he wants to marry.

So I got struck on four real pretty girls, Susan Cornett, Tina Breeding, Mary Amburgey, and the one that made the winning, Mantie Ison. When I made up my mind which one I loved best I sure set in to courtin'.

I first got struck on my wife it was down on Caudill's Branch, to old "Stiller Bill" Caudill's funeral. He had made so much moonshine that he bore the name of "Stiller Bill." He had been dead ten years and had twelve grown children, 187 grandchildren, and 91 great-grandchildren to mourn his death. His funeral was preached by the old regular Baptist and Ira Combs was up preaching. It was then that I looked under a big beech-tree and I saw a big, fine-looking country girl. She weighed about 160 pounds, had blue eyes, black hair, and big, fine, red, rosy cheeks that God had given her, and she had a nose as large as a banana.

Something went down in my heart and it really smothered me, so I kept my eyes on her, and the more that I looked at her the prettier she got. Finally she got up and went out to an old country spring to get a drink, so I got up and went out to follow her. I went right to her and said, "Mantie, I am struck on you."

"Now you are just trying to make fun of me," she said.

"No, I mean what I say," said I, and so we began to talk, and she and I went back down to where they were preaching.

After the meeting was over I asked her what she was riding and where her horse was. She told me she was riding "Old George." The horse had built a good reputation by being a good horse to tram logs. So I rode by her side home, and after we got home we began sparking and after month's courtin' we one Sunday were sittin' in an old-fashioned country rocking-chair out on the back porch. I had her talked down, and all she could do was just rock and nod her head to what I said. She had never seen a railroad or a train of any kind, and she had never been to Whitesburg, the county seat of Letcher. She had been kept out of school to help her father run his farm. She could not talk up with me, so I got her head to nodding to everything I said, and I asked her what she thought about us getting married. She nodded right into it, and I went home that evening tickled to death. I was so well pleased I couldn't sleep a wink that night.

The next morning about four o'clock I got up and got my horse and pulled for Whitesburg to the County Clerk's office. It was a distance of about eighteen miles and was on December 13, and the worst old sloppy, muddy time ever was, but I didn't care, for I was goin' to git married.

After I got my license I pulled back down the river and got to her home just before daybreak and went in. They all slept in one room, had five big feather beds, and my sweetheart was lying in one of them. I told her to get up, that I had them.

"Got what?" she said.

"The license," I told her.

She just laughed at me, and don't you know I had to set in and court her about ten more days before she would agree to marry me.

After she agreed the second time we set the day. About seventy-five or a hundred people came in to help eat the wedding-dinner, and the biggest part of them stayed for the dance. When we all started around on Elk Creek to get married I turned my horse over to my wife to ride and her father brought out an old mule for me to ride. She had the name of being the meanest mule in Letcher County. Her name was

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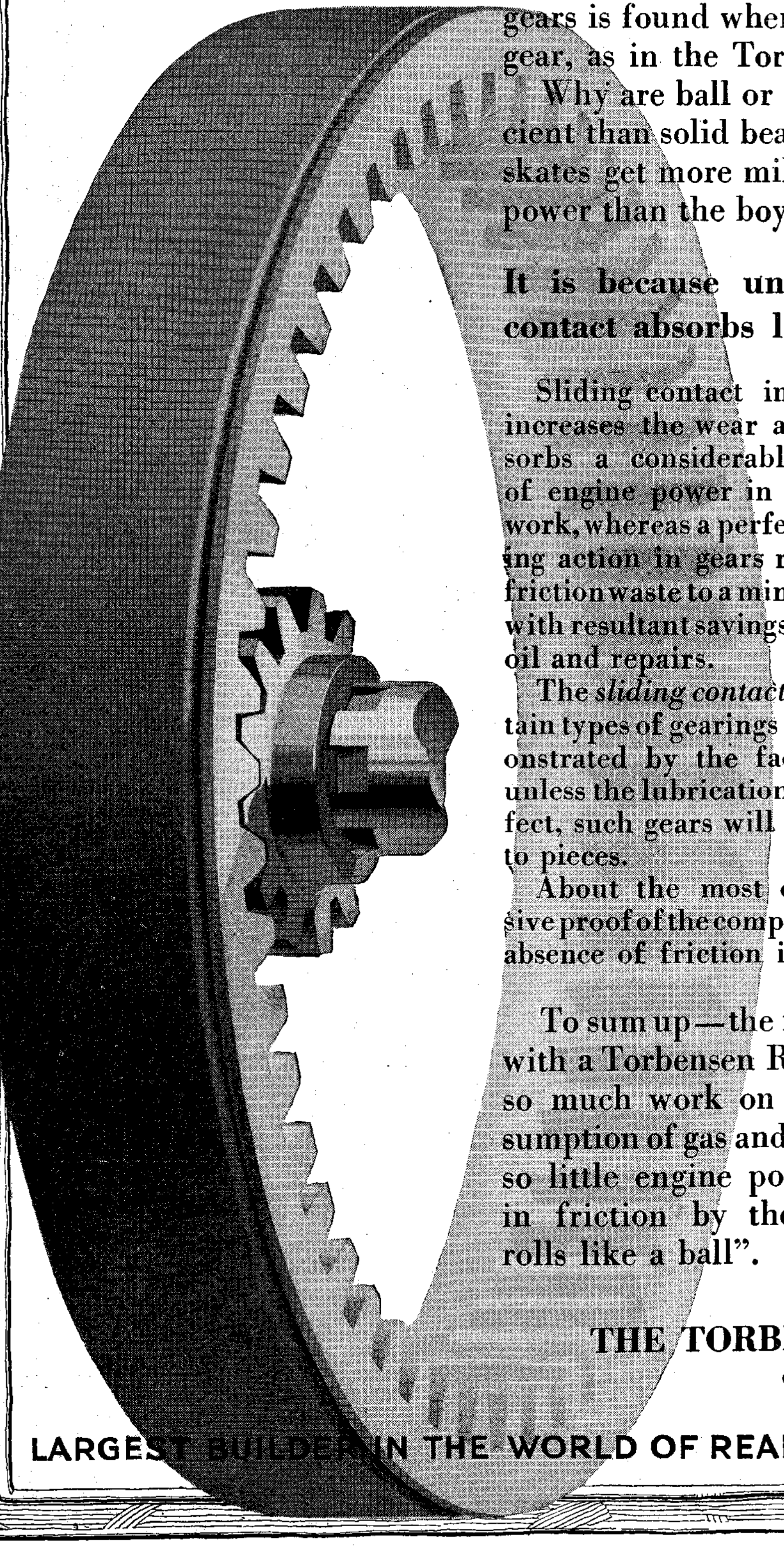
The Gear that rolls like a Ball



One reason so many truck engineers have adopted Torbensen Drive is because the least possible amount of engine power is absorbed by friction in Torbensen Gears. That is because the nearest approach to perfect rolling tooth action in gears is found where a spur pinion drives an internal gear, as in the Torbensen Drive.

Why are ball or roller bearings so much more efficient than solid bearings? Why can the boy on roller skates get more mileage out of a given amount of leg power than the boy who scuffs along on sole leather?

It is because under similar conditions rolling contact absorbs less power than sliding contact

Sliding contact in gears increases the wear and absorbs a considerable part of engine power in useless work, whereas a perfect rolling action in gears reduces friction waste to a minimum, with resultant savings in gas, oil and repairs.

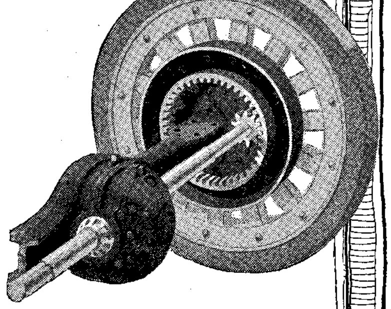
The *sliding contact* of certain types of gearings is demonstrated by the fact that unless the lubrication is perfect, such gears will be cut to pieces.

About the most conclusive proof of the comparative absence of friction in Torbensen Internal Gears is that they will operate for a considerable time with no lubrication at all.

Gears in which there is sliding contact are inefficient at slow speeds, whereas Torbensen Internal Gears are efficient at all speeds. A Torbensen Drive performs best in hard going under heavy loads.

Torbensen Internal Gears are protected from the dust and mud which lower the efficiency of a chain drive, and they are easy to keep perfectly lubricated.

To sum up—the reason a truck with a Torbensen Rear Axle does so much work on a small consumption of gas and oil is because so little engine power is wasted in friction by the "Gear that rolls like a ball".



THE TORBENSEN AXLE COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

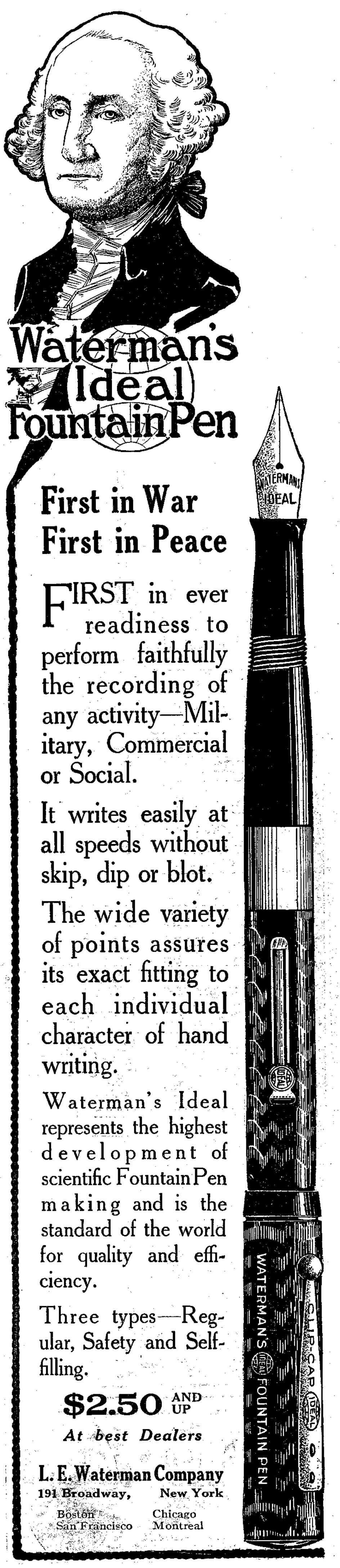
LARGEST BUILDER IN THE WORLD OF REAR AXLES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

> "Dinah." So I put the saddle on and she only humped up a little, but when I put my foot in the stirrup and threw my leg across the saddle the old mule started right around the hill with me bucking and jumping. And mother began shouting and my wife liked to fainted and had to be taken off my horse. After we-all got straightened out we-all went down on Elk Creek and the late Jim Dixon, founder of the old Regular Baptist Church of Indian Bottom, told us to stand up and to look him straight in the eye and said don't neither one of you laugh or cry. And the good old man went on and married us. Soon after our marriage we moved out to keep house in an old school-house on Burton Hill.
>
> Mother gave me six hens and one rooster, one old sow, and one pig, one cow and calf, one big feather bed and two pillows, and my wife got the same from her folks.

After his marriage Fess distinguished himself as Deputy Constable by arresting a large gang of law-breakers, taking six single-handed in one log house and trapping a woman of the gang in a cave. Home was "very nice and happy," but as Ulysses was not content with Ithaca and his Penelope, so in a very few months, Fess tells us, "my mind was on rambling." One April day the young couple were plowing together on a rough hillside. The wife happened to be dragged to the ground by a sudden rush of the steers; she cried, then Fess helped her up and the two quit work. "The birds and the toad-frogs were singing and my mind became rambling and I pulled for Texas." He took his wife with him, worked first in a lumber-yard, then in a railroad-shop. He lost the shop job because when a man named Davis went at him with a curse and a monkey-wrench he went at Davis with a "good .44 pistol." Davis got away and has never been heard of since. Whitaker was exonerated at the trial, but of course lost his place. He sent his wife home and went on a "hobo-trip looking for a job." He was on his way to Amarillo, Texas, where brother Less was master mechanic for the F. W. & D. The trip from Big Springs to Wichita Falls was exciting enough, and the yard crew at the latter place "were glad to give me dinner because I could tell a tale to suit anybody." At Amarillo Fess introduced himself to Mrs. Less. His brother took care of him for a few days, gave him some elementary instruction about engines, and then introduced him to a Santa Fé official "as an old experienced fireman of the L. & N. Railroad." By first bluffing and then getting his engineers to teach him, Fess says he "got to be a pretty good fireman" in a few weeks.

The most thrilling experience of Whitaker's railroad-life occurred when a stranger named Brisley was signed to his engine. Brisley's wife had left him, and he was drunk and reckless. When Fess got on the engine he told Brisley that they had a caboose full of old "hogheads" (slang for engineers) deadheading to Cloris to take a technical examination. Said Brisley, "I'll show them damn rascals how to run an engine." Brisley got the signal and away he went. They sped through a station called Zita at sixty-one miles an hour with only seven miles to Hanney, where there was a bad bridge, which the engineer had been ordered not to take at over eight miles an hour. But instead of slowing down, Brisley pulled out his throttle some more and was still tearing away within three miles of the Hanney bridge. As the fireman goes on with the story:

> I jumped down and went to throw in a scoop of coal. About that time we hit a steep curve to the left and the coal went in the engineer's lap instead of the boiler. He was running so fast and so many stiff curves that I first threw the coal in the fireman's seat and then the engineer's lap, and he said: "Damn it! throw it in the boiler, not in my lap." I growled at him and told him to shut her off and put on the air, and he said No, that he was showing the hogheads in the caboose how to run an engine. I knew in another moment we would be dead, and I sure began to get ready to die. By this time my lights were all shook out of the racks and my clinker-hook and shaker-bar had done fell out of the racks. I climbed up and got on my seat and fastened my arms in the little windows and tried to hold myself on the seat, *expecting to die any moment*. About this time we had hit the bridge, and just as the engine hit the bridge she jumped up about three inches, and by good luck when the engine came down it hit the rails all O.K., and at the foot of the hill there was a water-tank and we were compelled to take water, so on account of the rate of speed she was running she ran ahead of the water-tank about one-half a mile, and just as he got her stopt before he could reverse her the ten hogheads come out of the caboose just like they had been shot out of a fourteen-inch gun. And after he got her reversed he backed up to the water-tank and took water, and after he got water I simply told Brisley I was not afraid, but I did not want to be killed by a fool and refused to go, so he set in to beg me to go, and I could see every inch of the road in my mind, and from there on it was up-hill, and I knew he could not run any more. Not thinking of coming back, I agreed to go on, so we pulled out and reached Texico about 11:50 P.M. There he got one pint of whisky and we pulled on over into Cloris and cut off from our train and put our engine away, washed up and went to bed. We should have been called at 10 A.M. the next morning, but the call-boy could not find us, so we were called for 2 P.M. We got on our engine, and the head brakeman took us over to the stock pens and picked up four cars of sheep and took us back in the yard to No. 7 track and coupled us up to forty-seven more cars of sheep and cattle, and Smyers, trainmaster for the A. T. & S. F., came up to our engine and said to Brisley: "Brisley, you have been reported up three times for fast running, and I don't want to hear of it any more, but I want those cattle and sheep in Canadian, Texas, before the dog law gets you."
>
> He could run without the trainmaster giving him any hints, and I began to get scared, for I knew it was all down-hill from Cloris, N. M., to Canadian, Texas, except two hills which we had to go up.
>
> So we received our orders and pulled out. After we left Texico I don't remember very much what happened. He



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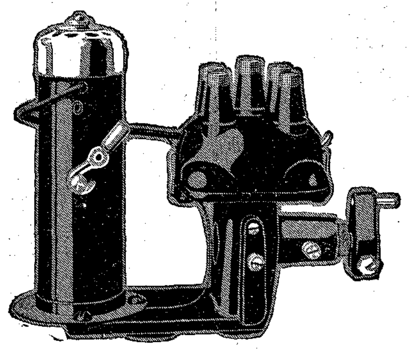

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was running so fast I could not think, as he was running faster than I could think. Every town on that road of three hundred and nine miles was cleaned of all the dust. What he did not blow out he sucked out with the speed of our train. After I got over the awful scare I noticed everybody sure did sidetrack for him, and just as we called for the Canadian station he ran over a flag and through a train, splitting six cars of sheep and one car of cattle square in two. There were sheep in every man's house, lot, and yard in Canadian, but by good luck our engine run out in the sand and turned over and neither one of us hurt. So Brisley got his walking papers, and the last time I heard from him he was in Mexico working for the Mexican Central Railroad.

Fess tells how he finally became an engineer, then returned to Kentucky, ran a store for a while, became a railroad brakeman, and then a ticket-agent for three years. In 1915 he ran for County Clerk and was defeated by 35 votes. He then went into the coal business, and in 1917 became one of sixteen candidates for the office of Jailer of Letcher County. He took naturally to stump-speaking, won friends, and made a red-hot campaign. He knew how to get after the negro vote. He tells in particular of speaking to a crowd of six hundred negroes. He went it, as he says, like "Billy Sunday preaching." He walked off the stage down the aisle to a gray-headed man who had been a slave. He "began to pat his head kindly, hugged him up and told him what our dear old friend Lincoln had done," and how "Lincoln was a man of nature." Then, he says:

I took the younger class and began to tell them what the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry done in 1898 in Cuba, when Roosevelt and I had made such a fight and that the old Ninth and Tenth Cavalry cut the wire fences and let Colonel Roosevelt through the fence and up the hill with this rough riders and the old Ninth and Tenth Cavalry cutting their heads off with sabers, and there were twenty-four pieces in the Twenty-fourth Infantry that played the band that won the United States a great battle. After we had planted Old Glory on the top of the little log house there were only two men left in the band; one was lying on the ground with a leg broke playing "Marching Through Georgia" and the other had his left arm off and was playing "Yankee Doodle." By this time I had the crowd shouting and hollering. If a man had ever stirred up a crowd I had.

Corporal Whitaker was elected by a record majority and is now jailer at Whitesburg. He gives the prisoners Sunday-school every week and preaching twice a month. He has had the jail cleaned, painted, and modernized. He has moonlight schools in his jail and has "turned out three young men who did not know a letter in the book" who "can read, write, and spell."

One of the prisoners now in jail waiting an appeal from a life sentence for murder is Mr. J. H. Frese. Jailer Whitaker

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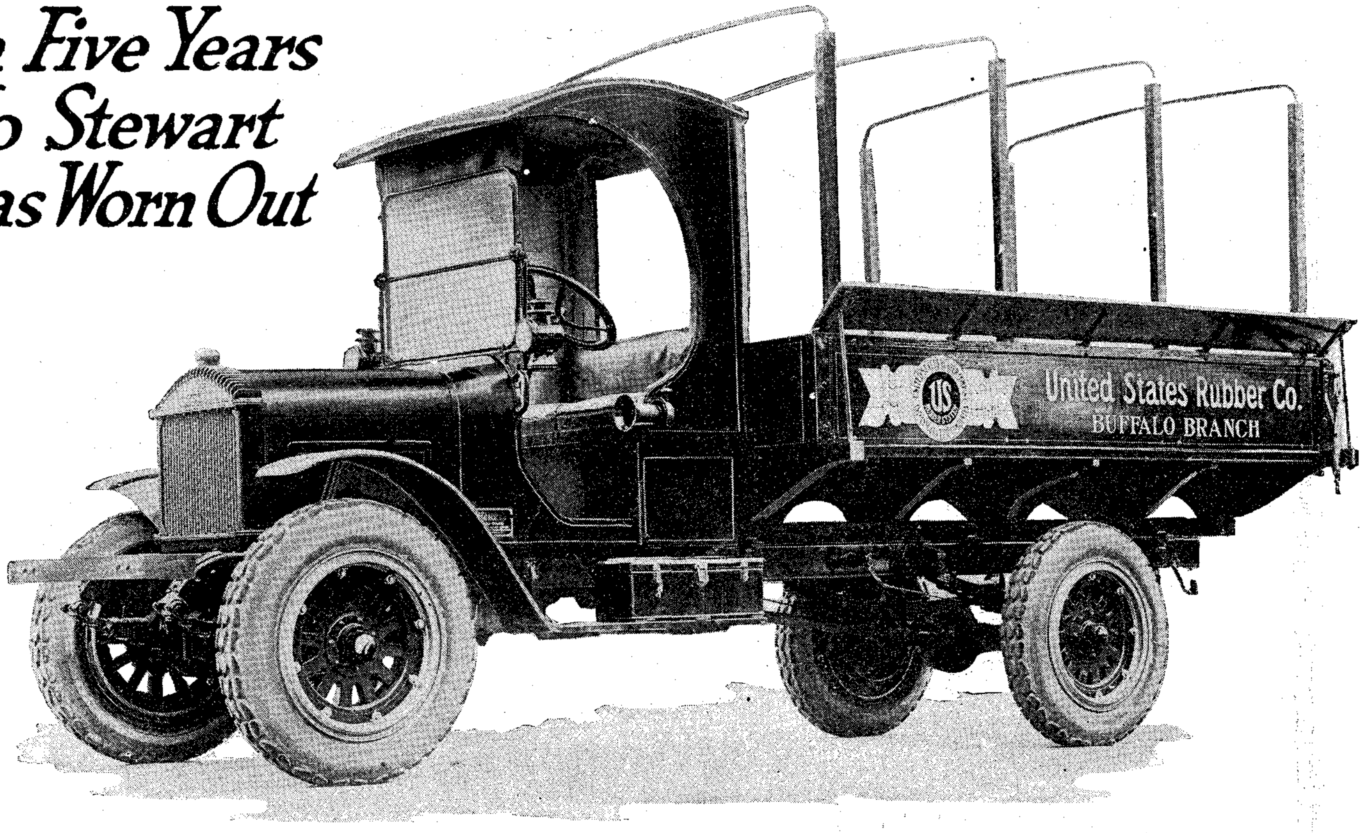

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introduces Frese in connection with another murder case, and incidentally gives a vivid picture of Kentucky mountain life of a few years since. The party of six, including a judge and prosecuting attorney, were sent from Louisville to take charge of a feud murder case which was hardly safe to leave to local officials. They rode horseback a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, and their first glimpse of Letcher County and of Mr. Frese is thus given in Whitaker's book. It may be noted that the story is told both in first and third person, with some confusion of pronouns:

> Well, they blew in on Saturday night and were all so dead beat they wanted to get to sleep as soon as they could. Just before they went to bed the proprietor of the hotel (Jim S——) came to the room for something and saw them standing in front of a couch with long white nightshirts on. He stared at them and seemed stupefied. Finally he managed to ask them what that was they had on.
>
> "A nightshirt," one said.
>
> "Do men sleep in them thar things whar you come from?"
>
> One assured him that they did.
>
> "Well, I'll be damned!" he said, and the next day they found he had surreptitiously taken their nightshirts out of their room to show some of his friends what the "furriners from down below" slept in.
>
> They got up in the morning, and, stepping out of the building which by courtesy they called a hotel, they saw a mountaineer named Bill D—— with his trousers in his boots, the typical long, fierce-looking mustache, and his pistol hanging at his left side. They had not been shaved since they left Louisville. They had been on the road about a week and needed a shave badly, and, addressing the mountaineer, one said:
>
> "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you kindly tell me where the barber-shop is?"
>
> When he turned his face on them they almost started to run from him. They did not know that they had said anything to provoke anger, but in all their life they had never seen as vicious a look as he gave them as he bellowed:
>
> "Barber-shop? Hell! You know thar hain't no barber-shop in this country, and we don't 'low for you'uns to come up to this place and make fun of we'uns."
>
> They hastened to assure the gentleman that it had never occurred to them that there was any place where they didn't have a barber-shop, and they said to him:
>
> "You see we need a shave, and we must have one. How on earth can we get shaved?"
>
> "Shave yourself," he said.
>
> "But," said we, "there are two reasons why we can't shave. We haven't any razor, and, in the second place, we can't."
>
> "Well," he said, "go over and see Jim Frese."
>
> He directed us to Mr. Frese's place and we went over there and found a nice-looking gentleman about thirty-five years of age, whose very appearance put us at ease. We stated to Mr. Frese the object of our errand, told him that we did not know there were no barber-shops here and we had not brought a razor. He said he had just finished shaving, which sounded good to us after our experience with the mountaineer on the hotel porch, and that he would be delighted to let us use his razor. We took the utensils, lathered up one man, and began shaving. He watched the process. About every three pulls he made with the razor he cut himself twice. We remember it was a very keen razor, too. He noticed the poor job he was making, and said to him:
>
> "You are not accustomed to shaving yourself?"
>
> "No," said he, "I have never shaved myself in my life before."
>
> He offered to shave the crowd, and we thanked him and told him we would be pleased to have him do it, and he leaned one of the men back in an ordinary high chair, stretched his head back, and Mr. Frese began shaving him.
>
> Mr. Frese's house was well kept, neat and clean, much more so than that of any other mountaineer with whom we had come into contact in the journey across the country, and his language was well chosen and grammatical. His whole appearance betokened a man of affairs in the community. We thought it a splendid time to commence getting information.
>
> We remember distinctly that he used the word "murder" instead of "killing." He was pulling the razor over our taut neck just about the jugular vein, and he said:
>
> "Well, the last man who was killed I killed him."
>
> We gave a start, and it was quite a bit of luck that he was not cut, so great had been our involuntary jerk. Immediately he said:
>
> "Do you want a close shave?"
>
> "No, just once over," he responded hurriedly.

We then read how Jim Frese happened to kill "the last man":

> One morning Link Banks, a mountaineer, came into Whitesburg, tanked up on moonshine whisky, and, meeting Black Shade Combs, another mountaineer, said to him:
>
> "I came in to kill somebody this morning, and I just believe I'll kill you."
>
> The prospective corpse was not "heeled," as he was not in any feud just then, and was not expecting trouble, but he knew that he would have to act, and quickly, by his wits, or he would be shot, and he turned on the fellow and said carelessly:
>
> "Oh, pshaw, don't kill me; kill Jim Frese."
>
> "Well, I believe I will," and Link Banks, the killer, staggered over to Jim Frese's store. He had never had a particle of trouble with Mr. Frese, as nobody else up in the section had ever had, but he walked into the store where Mr. Frese was behind the counter and raised his gun and cut loose at him. He missed the first shot and Frese dropt down behind the counter, ran some twelve or fifteen feet, grabbing his pistol as he went, and rising that distance from where Link Banks, the mountaineer, expected him to rise, got the drop on the latter before he could change the direction of his pistol, and killed him.

Frese was promptly acquitted for this killing, but years later another shooting affair occurred for which he is now facing a sentence of imprisonment for life. This story is less picturesque. As we gather from Whitaker's book, one William Banks was suing Mr. Frese for interfering with his domestic happiness. Banks was struck by a bullet in the main street of Whitesburg and died in five minutes. No one had seen the shot fired and the bullet was too large for any gun that could be found in town.

Frese's store was searched again and again. Finally the officers of the law found a secret hiding-place under the counter in which was the gun that fired the bullet that killed Banks.

If space permitted we could quote from this book many stories of Kentucky mountain people and many descriptions of Kentucky mountain ways. There are the old-fashioned grandmas who wore the "old-fashioned clothes with a large pocket tied to their hip to carry their old-fashioned pipe." There was the mountain strong man, Elisha Ingram, who used to carry as many as three full trunks on his back at once over the mountains and who had a cave in which he had hidden twenty-three big guns and thirty-one trunks full of old rags. There is Brother Bates, who at the age of twenty-four weighed 405 pounds and stood seven feet four inches tall, one of whose boots held one-half bushel of shelled corn. Bates joined a circus and traveled all over the world. His brother Rob is the richest man in two counties, has twenty-four children and over a hundred grandchildren, is strong and straight at ninety-three, and never wore any underwear or a collar or any socks or shirts other than the home-made variety. There is Mary Ingle, the outlaw, and Nathan Ingle, who shot his father-in-law and then calmly went to the train to meet the body and take care of it, but who was promptly arrested, tried, and "sent to the pen for life." There is "old fighting George Ison" and his partner who carried all the ironwork for the new jail on their backs over the mountain trails from Lexington. All these people are of the "pure typical mountain type; wore home-made shoes called moccasins, old jeans, pants, and coats made by their wives on the old-fashioned looms, and flax shirts." And there are animals of the mountains, the mules John and Dinah; the horses Old George and Kate; the dog Swad Dink. There are descriptions of mountain customs, of schools and church services, and trials and soap-making, and of the great commotion in the county when the first train came through on the new railroad line.

But one more story must do. The log house in which the Whitaker boys and girls were brought up has two rooms, both on the ground floor, but the one with a window in it is called "the lower room." Once after the children were grown, Fess and his wife, his brothers Gid and Little, both physicians now, and Julia, with her daughter from Texas, visited their mother in the old home. They would sit up and talk until about eleven at night; then, as Fess tells it, "we all went to bed, and this is the way we slept":

> My wife and I in the lower room, Dr. Little and wife also in the same room, and Dr. Gid and his wife in one bed, mother and Jessie, daughter of Julia, in one bed, and Julia in the other bed. All three of the beds were in the upper room. So

The Law of the Garden

Lend Mother Nature a seed that comes from a long line of perfect flowers or prime, luscious vegetables and she will return offspring full of the sweetness of the morning. But cheat her with seeds from blighted plants and she will measure them back to you in plants that bear all the ancestral blemish —this is the law.

FERRY'S SEEDS

are the direct descendants of generations of vegetables of exquisite flavor and luscious tenderness, of flowers famous for beauty and fragrance.

Now is the time to plan to plant. Your copy (free) of the beautiful 1919 Ferry "Seed Annual" is waiting for you. Write today. Ferry Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Michigan
(and Windsor, Ontario)

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THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR

THE whole Diamond T organization reflects the ideals and principles which give Diamond T Trucks the quality that has earned their reputation.

The prestige of Diamond T Trucks rests on this reputation, solidly established by years of faithful service.

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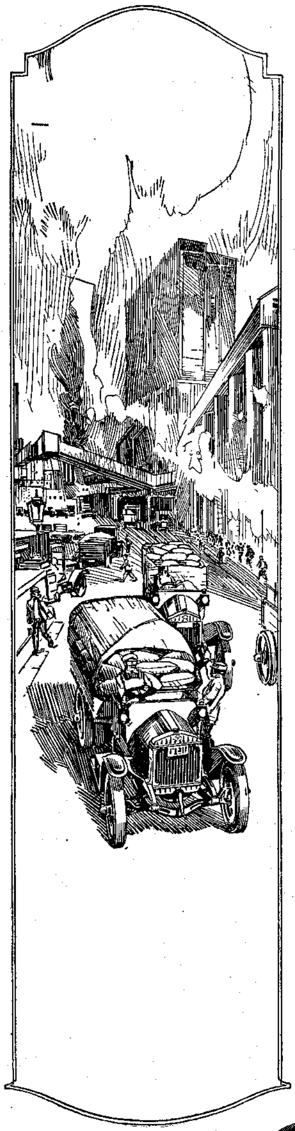
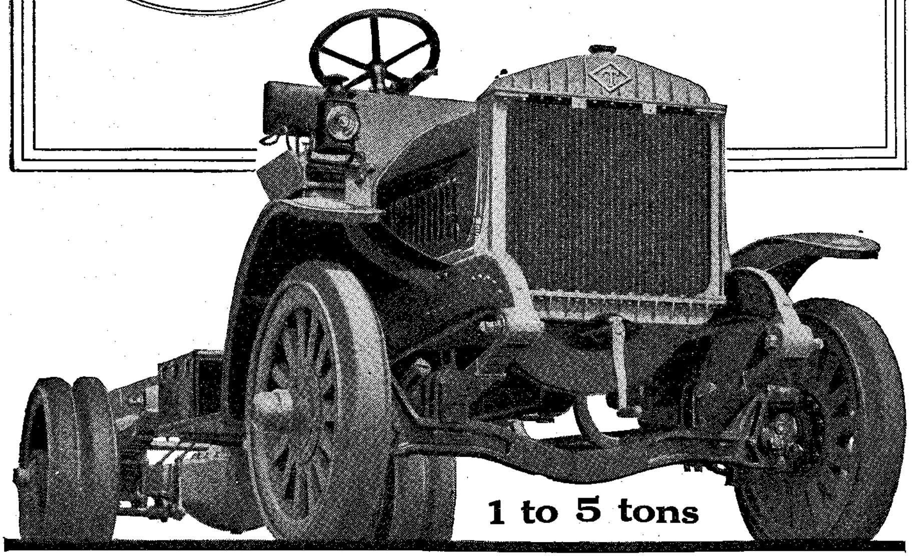
1 to 5 tons

Diamond T Motor Car Company 4505 W. 26th St., Chicago



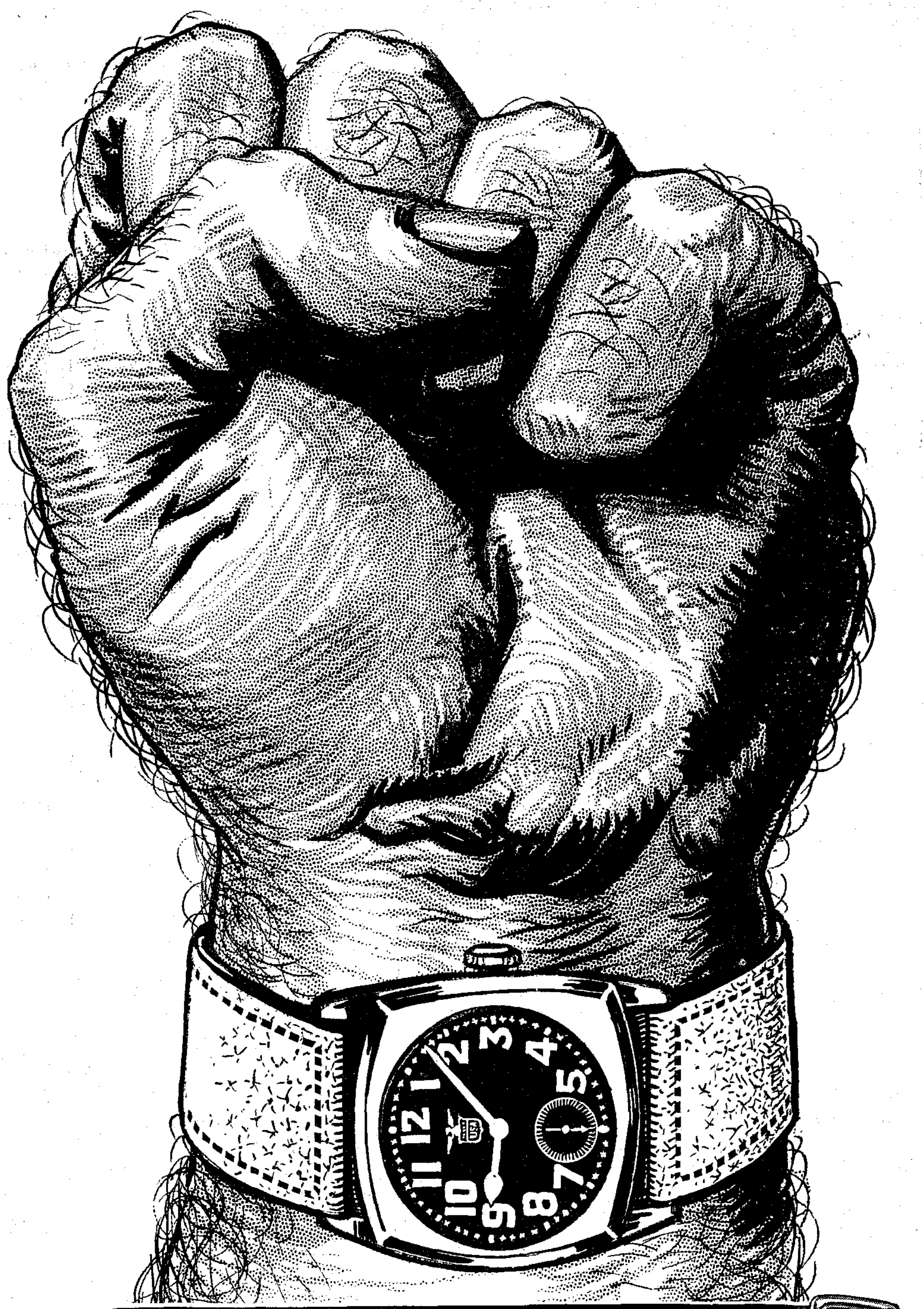


about two o'clock Dr. Gid got to dreaming about getting his head hung in the iron bed at the head of the bead and it turned into a nightmare. And Dr. Gid began hollering, "Oh, ma!" and his wife nailed him by his nightshirt, and about that time Dr. Little nailed him, and they turned the table over and broke up all of the dishes, and by that time mother and Julia were scared to death, and finally I got him and got him quiet. After the scare got off us-all we had a good laugh and never did go back to bed again that night. And Julia said that she did not want to see any more nightmares.

WHAT THE CHINESE COLUMBUS SAW WHEN HE DISCOVERED AMERICA

ALMOST exactly a thousand years before the caravels of Christopher Columbus reached the West Indies, a Chinese Buddhist monk reached the western coast of the American continent. Then, according to the Chinese annals, he went home and told what manner of men he had found in the new lands, so many thousand *li* to the east. Columbus, it is said, disappointed the Spanish court by telling too tame a story when he came back. The Chinese Columbus avoided this mistake, and so we have soberly set down in the Chinese histories a description of our predecessors in this continent as fantastic as anything Dean Swift or Sir Thomas More ever imagined. A Cuban writer, Salvador Massip, had the help of a young Chinese scholar in translating these passages into Spanish. Mr. Massip's article in the *Revista Bimestre Cubana* (Havana) is selected for translation into English by the editor of *Inter-America*, who is trying to interpret Anglo-Saxon America and Latin America to each other. An extensive controversy has arisen over this Chinese claim to a fifth-century discovery of America. Mr. Massip cites several authorities on both sides, but seems to be convinced that one Huei-Sen and a group of Buddhist priests of Afghanistan actually reached this continent in the fifth century A.D. Mr. Massip points out that the Chinese were using the compass for navigation in the fourth century of our era. He also notes that Chinese navigators are known to have made journeys about that time as far as the mouth of the Euphrates. It would be fairly easy for Chinese junks to coast along to Kamchatka and to be carried along to the coast of America by the Kurosiwo of the Pacific, which corresponds to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. And Mr. Massip remarks that "if to the ability and courage of the mariner are joined the ardent faith and the unconquerable will of the disciple of Buddha, the journey is not only possible, but it becomes an absolutely achievable undertaking." He shows that the route said to have been taken by the Chinese Columbus would have landed him on the west coast of America, and he identifies the regions described by Huei-Sen. The most impor-

—and for the Traveling Man



Elgin Strap Watch

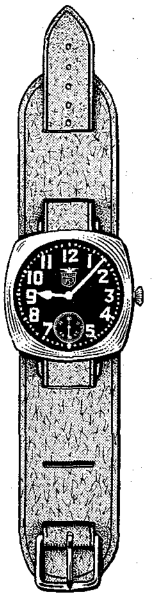
Released by the Armistice, the three most popular styles are now available for civilian use. Let your Jeweler show you these Elgins.

"Pershing"

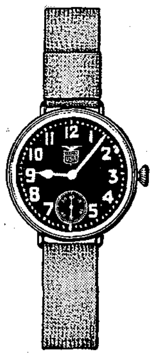
This is the "cushion shape," as pictured in above close-up of the Big Fist. Heavy pigskin strap.

Nickel - - - -	$21
Gold-filled or Silver - - -	25

"Kitchener"



"Foch"



The "Foch" style is the round shape as here shown, with khaki or pigskin strap.

Nickel - -	$18.50
Gold-filled or Silver -	$21.00

The "Kitchener" style is the square shape as shown above. Wide pigskin strap, double.

Nickel - - -	$20
Gold-filled or Silver - -	$23

Remember, these strap watches are but three of the many Elgin styles

"Life," says the traveling man, "is just catching one train after another. Like any other successful business, mine has to run on schedule, and my Elgin strap watch is the answer. With the time always before me, I know exactly where I'm at.

"Yes, and it's a satisfaction to own a watch that's never dropped, never left under my pillow—as plainly visible in my berth at midnight as at high noon. For a handy *extra* watch for a man on the road—or for any other active man—there's nothing like the Elgin strap watch with the black dial."

Genuine black-dial full-luminous Elgins, in your choice of the three styles of case and strap here pictured—now ready at your Jeweler's. The Armistice releases them for civilian use.

Handy in winter, when gloves and overcoat make fumbling in your pocket clumsy and unsafe.

Handy in summer, when you wear no vest and half the time no coat.

Buy one while you can get it.

All three styles have genuine Elgin movements—American through and through. Specially constructed for hard outdoor use. Wear one a week and you'd feel lost without—

"The Handy Extra Watch for Men"

WHEREVER men compare fair women, you hear them comment upon the beauty of their hair. Whenever women mention hair beauty, you hear of

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

for all who use it know that all the natural beauty of their hair is brought out to its best advantage. Canthrox is the favorite because it so pleasantly and quickly dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil, leaving the hair so fluffy that it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

For Sale at All Druggists

It costs about three cents per shampoo. No good hair wash costs less and none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water, thus making enough shampoo liquid to saturate *all* your hair instead of merely the top of the head, as is ordinarily the case. Then rinse, and you have an absolutely clean head of hair.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of three cents to cover postage.

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Patronize your local florist.

Flowers should come first in your list of Wedding Gifts. They convey your message.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery service.

Harris Seeds
Label on every Lot
Tells how many
will Grow
According to our tests
98 percent
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The Sweetest Sweet Corn

Like Golden Bantam, but larger, sweeter and better. Ears 8 inches long and the color of June butter. Hence the name "Buttercup." This corn is deliciously sweet and tender. There is no other corn quite equal to it.

Cabbage that is a real luxury

The Stanley Cabbage is a really delicious vegetable. As superior to common cabbage as sweet corn is to field corn. It is as tender and delicate as Brussels Sprouts and Cauliflower and far more easily raised.

Send for our free catalogue and learn about our new strains of Peas, Beans, Beets, Corn, Cauliflower, Tomatoes, Melons, etc. See why our method of selecting the Seed from the best individual plant enables you to produce better sized and more delicious vegetables in greater quantities.

Write for the free Catalogue today

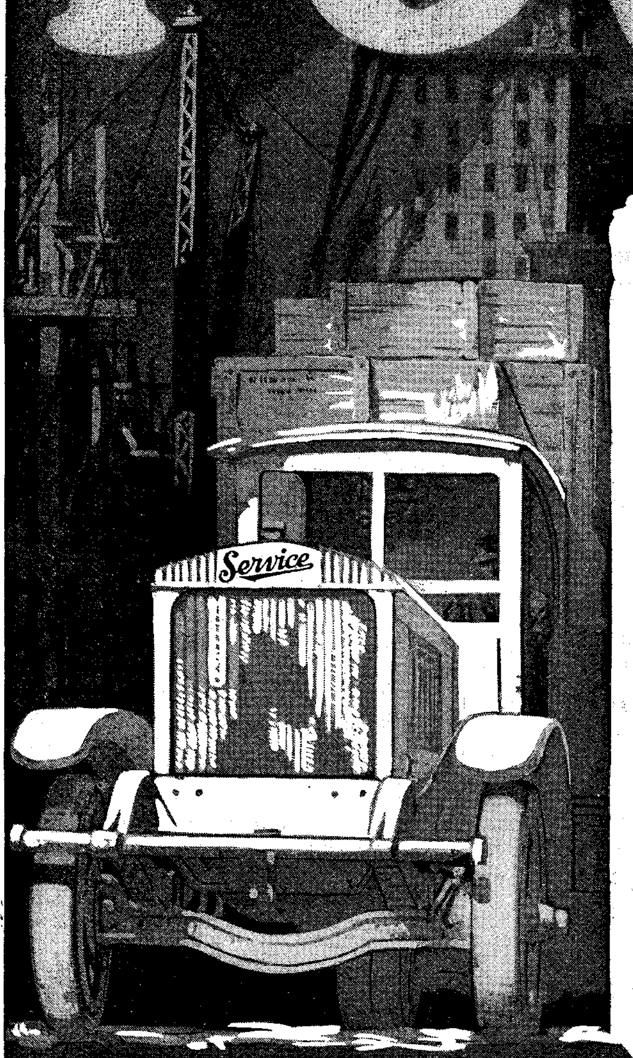
Buy direct from the actual grower at wholesale prices.

JOSEPH HARRIS COMPANY, Box 26, Coldwater, N. Y.

tant country was Fu-Sang, apparently Mexico. Then there was the Kingdom of the Women, which seems to have been located in Central America. A little afterward other Chinese explorers reached the Land of the Marked Bodies, identified as the Aleutian Islands, and the country of the Great Han, which seems to be the coast of Alaska or British Columbia. But the remarkable stories which the Chinese explorers told of the people inhabiting these lands will likely leave all our readers in the belief that Huei-Sen may have been an explorer, but was certainly a fiction-writer of a highly imaginative turn. The description of Fu-Sang and the Kingdom of the Women was taken directly from the narrative of the Chinese Columbus himself. As we quote from the translation in *Inter-America:*

> In the first year of the reign of the Tsi dynasty, a *shamanl* named Huei-Sen came to King-Chen from the land of Fu-Sang, relating the following narrative:
>
> Fu-Sang is situated 20,000 *li* or more to the east of the country of the Great Han (which also is situated to the east of the Middle Kingdom). It produces many *fu-sang*-trees, whence comes its name. The leaves of the *fu-sang* are like those of the tree that the Chinese call *tong.* Its first shoots look like those of the bamboo. The inhabitants of the country eat them, as also the fruit, which is in the form of a pear, altho of a red color. From its bark thread is made, which they weave to make their clothing. They also make from it fine cloths and brocades. The houses in which they live are made of . . . They have neither fortresses nor walled cities. They have a kind of writing, and they make paper from the bark of the *fu-sang.* They have no weapons, nor do they make war. The laws of the country ordain that there shall be two prisons, one of them in the north and the other in the south. Those who commit offenses of little importance are confined in the prison of the south; but those who commit grave crimes are confined in the prison of the north. Those who are confined in the prison of the south may be pardoned; but those who are confined in the prison of the north are not pardoned. The men and women in the prison of the north may marry; but their children become slaves, the males at the age of eight years and the females at the age of nine. When a person of high rank commits a crime, the inhabitants of the country gather in a great assembly and judge him while seated at the bottom of an excavation. They celebrate a feast and a banquet in his presence, and they take leave of him as of a dying man. If he is sentenced to death, they cover him with ashes. If his crime is of the first degree, only the criminal is punished. If it is of the second degree, his children and grandchildren are punished. If it is of the third degree, six generations are punished. The king of the country boasts the title of Chief of the Multitudes. The nobles of the first category are the *tui-lu;* those of the second category, the little *tui-lu;* those of the third category, the *na-to-oha.* When the king leaves his palace, he moves preceded and followed by drums and trumpets. The color of his vestments changes according to the course of the years. The first and second year (of a cycle of ten), they are blue; the third and fourth, they are red; the fifth and sixth, they are yellow; the

POWER



KEEP *power* in mind when you buy a truck, for just one failure to pull thru may cause a loss of hundreds of dollars.

Because of their vast *reserve power*, SERVICE Trucks "carry on" regardless of roads, loads or weather.

They keep going when many others quit. One user says:

> *"You can see why we have such faith in Service Trucks when I tell you that on several occasions the ——— trucks were unable to pull through the mud altho carrying* ***no load*** *and our Service Truck* ***pulled them out.*** *On the other hand, our Service Truck was able to pull through the same muddy sections with a load on it."*

Get the facts about SERVICE before you buy a truck. The nearest distributor will be pleased to inform you; or, upon request, we will send you catalog, giving full details of the five models—from 1 to 5 tons.

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Rauch & Lang
Electrics

An Inevitable Decision

Whatever your ideals today, you are certain to come to the conclusion sooner or later, that an enclosed automobile, like the Rauch & Lang Electric, is the ideal.

For it combines all the desirable features while eliminating the crude. Noise and vibration are absent. Likewise all the well-known annoyances and much of the expensive upkeep incident to gasoline cars.

The Rauch & Lang Electric is unlike old-time electrics. We, too, have progressed. So there is more mileage, more speed, maximum economy. There are utilitarian reasons sufficiently predominating to make every man and woman want to know and understand this superior automobile before deciding *which* enclosed car.

Each Rauch & Lang Electric represents the finest traditions of the coach builder's art. No car is handsomer. Nor more comfortable.

A descriptive and illustrative catalog will be sent upon request.

The Baker R & L Company, Cleveland

Builders of Custom Coach Bodies of Quality

seventh and eighth, they are white; and the ninth and tenth, they are black. The oxen of Fu-Sang have enormous horns and can endure great burdens. The inhabitants keep their wealth in empty horns, some of which are twenty times as large as the common ones. Oxen, horses, and deer are employed to draw the vehicles. The inhabitants of the country have herds of deer, just as the Chinese have herds of cattle. They make cheese from milk. They have a kind of red pear that keeps a year without rotting, and they also have tomatoes. In the country iron is not found, but copper is. Gold and silver have no value. In their markets there are neither taxes nor fixt prices. As to marriage, he who desires to marry a young woman constructs a house in front of the house in which she lives. For the period of a year, in the morning and afternoon, he cleans and waters the front of his house. If the maiden does not accept him then, he goes somewhere else; but if they please each other mutually, the wedding is celebrated. The ceremonies are almost the same as those in the Middle kingdom. When the father, the mother, the wife, or the son dies, the relatives fast seven days; when the grandfather or the grandmother dies, five days; when the older brother dies, the younger brother, the older brother of the father, the younger brother of the father, an older sister or a younger sister, three days. They place on a pedestal an image that represents the person who has died, and they reverence and offer it libations morning and evening. They do not wear mourning. The prince who inherits the throne does not occupy himself with affairs of government until three years after his accession. In ancient times they were ignorant and they did not know the religion of Buddha, but in the reign of the dynasty of Sung, in the second year of the period called *Ta-ming*, five men of the country of *Ki-pin* [Kabul], who were *pi-k'iu* [Buddhist monks], paid a visit to the people already mentioned and made known to them the laws of Buddha, his sacred books, and his images. They taught the people the rules of the monastic life, and at last caused the rudeness of their customs to disappear.

These descriptions appear in the Chinese annals for the year corresponding to 499 of our era. Later on, between 502 and 556, three other strange lands found across the Pacific by Chinese adventurers are mentioned. In one the men had dogs' heads; instead of speaking they barked. They fed on small beans and wore clothes which "seemed to be of cotton." Their houses were reported to be "of baked clay and circular in form, with very small doors." The Land of the Marked Bodies, which was in the Aleutian Islands according to the Cuban editor, is thus described:

> The inhabitants of the country have marks on their bodies, like those of savage beasts. They have three marks on the forehead. If the marks are long and straight they indicate that those who have them belong to the higher classes; but if they are small and crooked, those who have them belong to the lower classes. The inhabitants of the country are of a joyous nature, and they make merry when they have an abundance, altho it be of articles of little value. Travelers do not carry food, and they lodge in the houses of the inhabitants of the country. These do not have fortifications or walled cities. The residence of the king of the country is decorated with gold and silver, with precious and beautiful objects set around it. They dig ditches ten feet wide, which they fill with silver water. When it rains, the water runs on the surface of the silver water.

Finally, to the east of this country, apparently in British Columbia, was the country of the Great Han. Of its inhabitants we read:

> They have no weapons and they do not make war. They scourge those who commit crimes of little importance. They throw to the wild beasts, to be devoured, those who are guilty of crimes that they punish with the pain of death. If the accusation is calumnious, the beasts remain at a distance, instead of devouring them, and, after a night of trial, they are given their liberty.

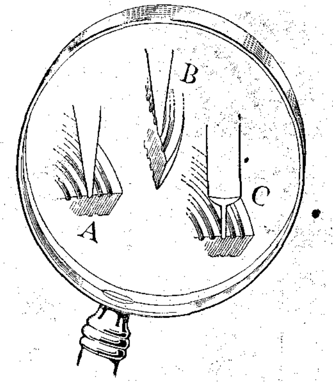
PRIVATE KEMP REPORTS ON OUR WAR IN SANTO DOMINGO

OUR little war in Santo Domingo, which has been going right along even tho we have been too busy to take much notice of it, is respectfully called to American attention by a marine who is in it. Private Alvin B. Kemp, 3d Prov. Regt., 113th Co., U. S. M. C., writes from Dos Rios, Dominican Republic, that he wouldn't have presumed to mention the trouble down there if he hadn't read of the wrongs of the "unlucky, homesick" Michigan boys in Archangel in a recent Grand Rapids paper. "Lonely Yanks Cry When United States Nurses Reach Archangel," runs a head-line which Private Kemp encloses. "Can't help it because they haven't seen an American girl in four months." This is enough to make a marine who was "so unfortunate as not to get to go over" rather peeved, writes Private Kemp, and he describes "what we must content ourselves with as being 'our bit.'" Regarding the matter of those homesick Michigan boys who hadn't seen an American girl in four months, he mentions that he hasn't seen one "to speak to" in eighteen months, and "some of the boys in twenty-four." Most of the marines in this company haven't slept even in a "regulation bunk" in the same period. None of them, he writes, remembers what the Y. M. C. A. sign looks like; and the only Red Cross they see is the one on the first-aid kit of the "Hospital apprentice who ties up our sore feet." As for those Michigan men who bewailed the scarcity of cigarets in Archangel, the Santo Domingo contingent goes "sometimes for months without an American cigaret. And all this within three days steaming of New York, and a steamer every week, almost."

On the subject of getting back home, Santo Domingo has its opinion as well as Archangel and other fronts that now enjoy the lime-light. Private Kemp writes:

> We—that is, the majority of us—enlisted for the period of the war, but so far we

Preserve Your Phonograph Records!



A—Ordinary Steel Needle, new.
B—As the ordinary needle wears down, *owing to its taper form*, it can no longer fit the record groove perfectly and has a tendency to wear the record.
C—Sonora Needle, having *parallel sides*, ALWAYS fits record groove exactly and lengthens the record life.

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

Semi-Permanent Silvered NEEDLES
Replace steel needles!
They play 50 to 100 times without wearing out.
Use Sonora Needles for mellower tone, greater economy, convenience and for longer record life.
Loud—Medium—Soft
30 cents per package of 5
At all dealers or write
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Use Sonora Needles on *all* makes of steel needle records

CAUTION! Beware of similarly constructed needles of inferior quality.

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

Fresh Hand-Picked Peanuts from North Carolina

DID you ever eat really *fresh* hand-picked Jumbo Peanuts from Perquimans County, North Carolina? Then you've got a delicious treat in store. Located right in the heart of America's finest peanut district, I select and ship only the choicest of nuts. They come to you fresh from the vines—just teeming with their natural flavor and wholesomeness. Lots of fun roasting these fresh, crisp, shelled peanuts in your own home. Make peanut candy, cookies, sandwiches, fudge and other peanut dainties. I'll send you enticing recipes.

If you even *think* you can enjoy the ordinary "peanut stand" variety after trying mine, simply send back what you have left and I'll refund your money without argument.

5 lb. Bag Extra Large Size No. 1 Shelled Peanuts—$2.00. West of Mississippi River—$2.25.

Send your order now and in a few days you'll be enjoying a peanut treat you'll never forget.

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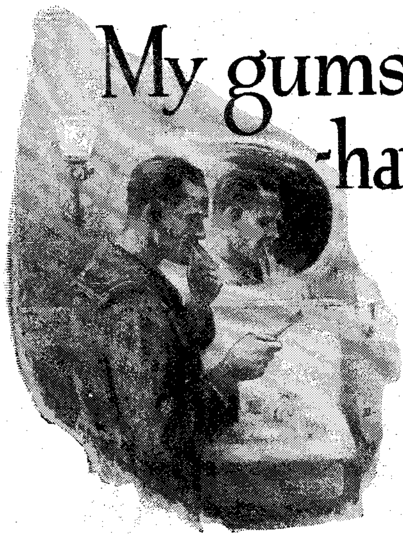


My gums are so tender—have I Pyorrhea?

"That tenderness of my gums at tooth-brushing time or when hard food is chewed—is it nature's danger signal which I should heed?"

THE first symptoms of pyorrhea are bleeding, sensitive gums. If pyorrhea's progress is unchecked, the gums become congested and inflamed; the gum tissue wastes and recedes.

Infection follows, which gradually destroys the delicate peridental membrane that holds the teeth in their sockets. The teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted. Unchecked pyorrhea has done its work.

Keep your gums healthy—and you won't have pyorrhea. Restore your gums to health—and you will have checked pyorrhea's progress.

As a safeguard against pyorrhea's start; as an effective means of correcting pyorrhetic conditions; as a home treatment that co-operates with your dentist's skill—use Pyorrhocide Powder.

Used twice daily, Pyorrhocide Powder removes the mucoid deposits and daily accretions which result in irritating tartar formations that are the principal, initial cause of pyorrhea. It soothes and heals; aids in restoring the gums to normal tone and vigor. Its superiority for general use as a dentifrice has been fully demonstrated.

Thousands of dentists use and endorse Pyorrhocide Powder because its merits have been scientifically tested.

Since 1908 the Pyorrhocide Clinic—devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and oral prophylaxis—has made exhaustive experiments with Pyorrhocide Powder. The results of this research and analysis have proved to the dental profession its value in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

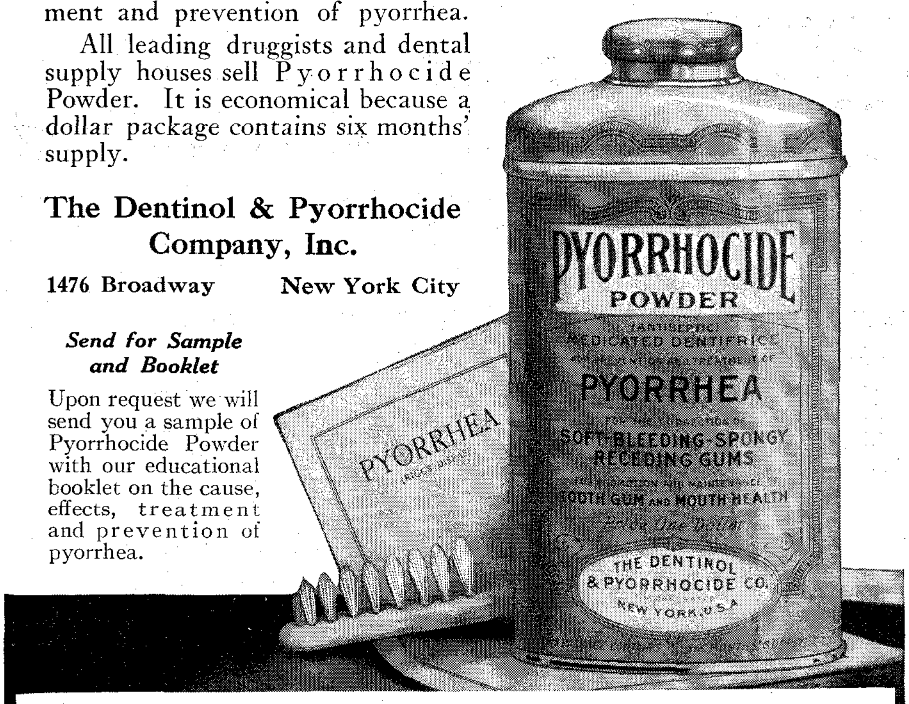
All leading druggists and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.

1476 Broadway New York City

Send for Sample and Booklet

Upon request we will send you a sample of Pyorrhocide Powder with our educational booklet on the cause, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.



We shall continue to produce through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

L V Slaight
President

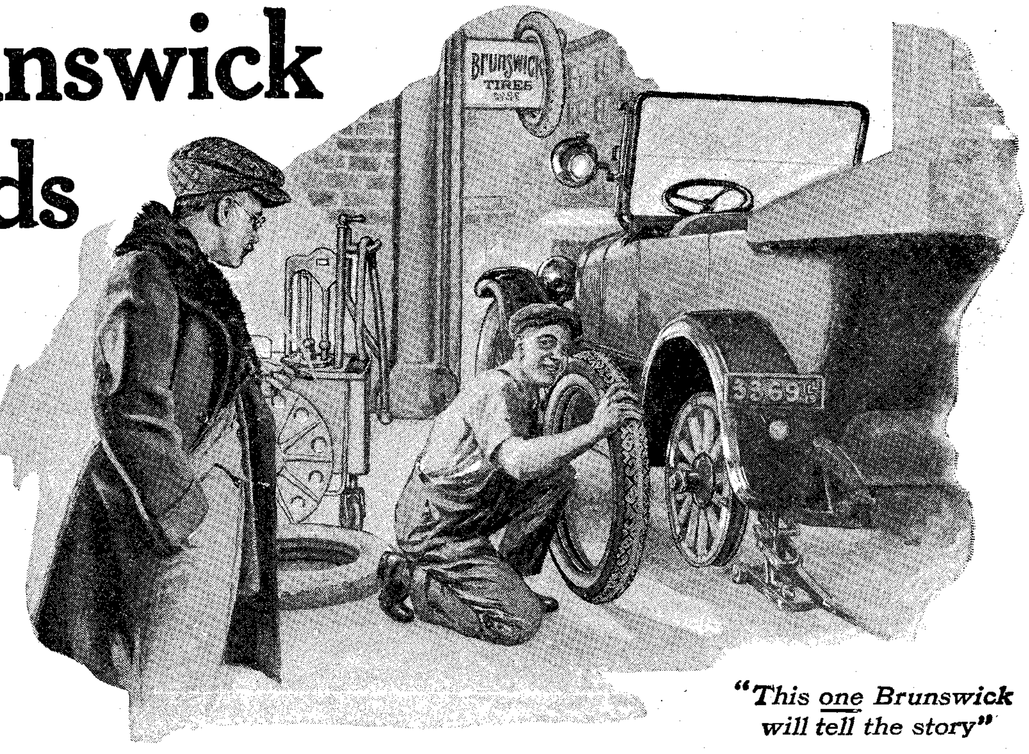
refuse to admit that the armistice is signed, as it has not affected us any. We are living in hope, tho, and possibly some day we can get back to home shores again when the Big Scrap is settled and the folks in authority "Discover Us" in this God-forsaken country.

Dealing with the present occupation of the boys down there, the writer mentions that it mostly "connects up" with revolutionists, or native Bolsheviki, commonly called bandits, armed with anything from 50–70 rifles to a home-made cannon. Shotguns, .38 caliber revolvers, and "a hundred different styles of *machetes*, or *bolos*," are also popular. Taking up personal, historical, and typical sides of his experience, Private Kemp writes:

> I am one of several hundred who enlisted in July, 1917, in the now "glorious Marine Corps." We finished our required period of training at Paris Island, S. C., and on October 4, 1917, sailed from Charleston for "Southern waters" as our information was.
>
> We landed here on the 12th, the anniversary of Columbus's day of arrival. We spent ten months doing barrack duty and additional drilling. The spring of 1918 saw local uprising among the natives in the great sugar-cane fields and marines had to be sent to the field to quell them. As early as April, 1918, there was trouble, and it continued to July, when it developed a leader in a native Dominican who had quite a record as a common bandit. This leader manages to evade capture by hiding in the vast mountainous region adjacent to the sugar-cane fields and has been known to have from ten men upward to two hundred in his gang. As a consequence here we are stationed in different districts of the territory in which the bands operate and here is how we are situated.
>
> We are twenty miles from "civilization," that is anything but swamps, rivers, mosquitoes, and wilderness in general. Supplies are transported by native ox-carts or by a pack-train of mules all closely guarded. Our bunks, except in the "Field Headquarters," are made of poles and covered over with what is known as "Jagwa," or common palm-tree leaves, which come from near the top of a royal palm and are similar to a giant banana-leaf which is dried and stiff. The houses we occupy are covered by these leaves also and are really quite dry. The sides are open for quick exit in case of attack, and of course lots of pure air—which, by the by, gets rather cool some of the nights as we have only our one blanket and "shelter half" or half "pup tent."
>
> We are lucky in having clear, cold mountain streams in which we bathe as often as twice daily when in camp. Our eats consist of the usual canned beef, hard-tack, salmon, beans, corn, and peas, also tinned, native sweet potatoes (leave off the sweet, for they are not), boiled rice, bacon, and lots of coffee, without sugar lots of the time, despite the fact that we are protecting vast properties of sugar and sugar-cane fields. Our cooks are among the most resourceful in the world, however, and they quite frequently have a surprize for us in the way of an egg each for breakfast (at five cents each), sometimes a mess of fried "*platino*"—a native cross between a banana and some other tropical fruit.
>
> Our mail comes out about once a month along with the supplies. As to our manner of operating, we go out in detachments of

The Brunswick Standards

As Applied to Fine Tire Building



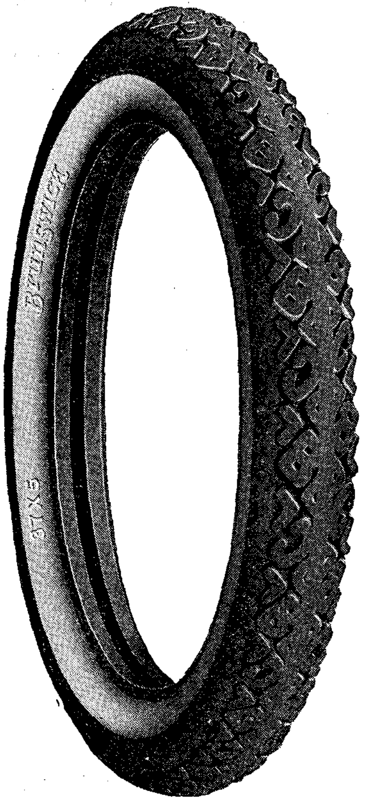
"This one Brunswick will tell the story"

The House of Brunswick—famed for 74 years for its superlative standards—is now expanding its production of Tires and Tubes.

In a very short time this line has won, and deservedly so, a ranking position, such as held by other Brunswick products in their respective fields.

When, in 1915, the House of Brunswick decided to apply The Brunswick principles to tire making, it was a momentous step. The prestige of the House was at stake. But the success of the venture was assured. For it was backed by painstaking preparation, including two years of final laboratory work before the first tire was built.

Our aim was to combine, as never before, all the supremacies of Tiredom into one final type tire. Hitherto each tire was noted for an outstanding feature. No single one combined them all.



First, came a model plant, built and equipped under able tire experts. A plant where every method, every process is the latest and the best.

Second, a staff of exceptional experts, selected from the factories which build unusual tires. Each had been chosen for special knowledge, for unique ability in some detail of tire building.

Third, an accurate knowledge of all good Tires and Tubes. We made an elaborate study of each—made countless tests and comparisons. In two years over 200 types were classified.

We learned the best formulas, the preferable fabrics, the best treads. We learned the approved construction methods. We know by tests which leave no room for question. We recognize the methods to avoid.

The Brunswick idea is always to pay perfection's price. So the best was adopted—in every detail—regardless of initial cost.

That is all there is to good tire making. It is simply a question of knowledge and standards and skill. No secrets nor patents prevent making an ideal tire.

But standards come first. In tire-making there is vast room for skimping, for subtle economies, for hidden shortcomings. Makers without high standards don't build high grade tires.

Brunswick standards are known the world around. Every Brunswick product has attained and held supremacy. Now we ask that more and more people believe that, staking our reputation on Tires and Tubes, we apply those standards there. Time is proving it—thousands of car owners prefer Brunswicks.

Better tires of their type are impossible—or better tubes. That we guarantee.

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from twenty to thirty men in command of a captain, a lieutenant, or, on occasions, a sergeant. We carry our blanket-roll and ammunition and a corporal carries on his shoulder a Lewis machine gun (37), and this gun is passed from one to another as one tires, which isn't long, for we sometimes hike as far as thirty miles a day across the mountains and open swamps in this tropical sun and it surely gets one quick. Sometimes we go out for as long as ten days. On these occasions we take two or three pack-mules for rations and packs. We search the hidden trails out—there are no roads—and search the mountains for bandit camps and stray natives who look suspicious. In several engagements on finding these hidden camps we found the Lewis gun came in handy, as these men hide behind the thick brush and fire on us unseen, and the only way to silence them is to sweep the trees with a burst of fire.

So far we have been very lucky and have had few casualties, but have inflicted great damage to the enemy, just how many we are not allowed to state; but suffice it to say that to keep up their strength they are now "forcibly conscripting" men, that is, they slip out at night and take peaceful natives prisoners and force them to join them. We have two mounted outfits operating with us, but they don't seem to be as successful as the infantry, from the fact that they make too much noise approaching. These natives are very sharp-witted and can easily step aside ten paces in the brush and laugh as we go by. Once in a while the marines outwit them, however, and then they scatter in every direction shouting: "*Cuidado la carabina loca*," or "The crazy rifle, look out!"

WHY LIEUTENANT HEINRICHS IS "THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WAR"

"THE luckiest man in the war" is Lieut. Waldo H. Heinrichs, late of the Ninety-fifth Aero Squadron, the first of the American flying squadrons to take the air against Germany. That judgment is not made from the view-point of the man who gets his thrills from a newspaper, says the Baltimore *Sun*, nor even from the view-point of the dough-boy or the sailor who risked his neck on the high seas, or under them. Lieutenant Heinrichs's claim to the title of luckiest is based on "the testimony of the luckiest bunch of fighters that ever faced the Hun, the combat aviators of the Allies, whether British, Italian, or American."

The Luckiest Aviator recently arrived in this country from France; before that, he had spent two months in a prison hospital in Metz. He was in the same fight in which Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt was killed, and his own roommate, Lieut. William H. Taylor, was killed the day after Heinrichs was shot down. Here, on the authority of *The Sun*, are some of the things that happened to Heinrichs:

> Dodged splinters from propeller, which was torn completely off when he was flying at full speed at height of 1,500 feet, landing without a scratch.
>
> Fell a mile in plane from which most of top wing had been stript in collision with Hun he was fighting, but landed right side up.
>
> Turned a double somersault in machine,

Would YOU pass?

EUCHRE—hearts trumps—you have the first say. Should you pass or order up with a hand like this? Our book tells you. Gives not only the latest rules but *hints on the fine points of play*. Get a copy and a pack of

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and you are ready for *real* card-playing. Bicycle Cards release your mind from the mechanics of playing—shuffling, dealing, leading, etc.—and let you concentrate on the game itself. They do not stick together, do not slide off the table, do not crack, do not break. Flexible—easy to hold. Big indexes—easy to read. *The most economical cards to be had.* (40c a pack postpaid if your dealer can't supply you.)

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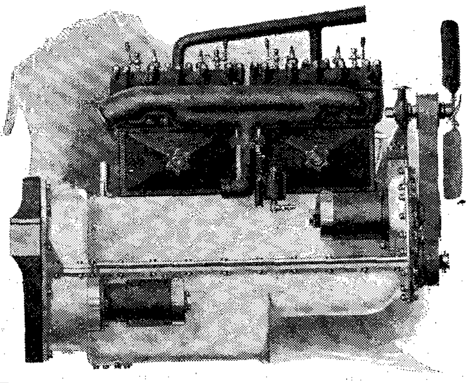
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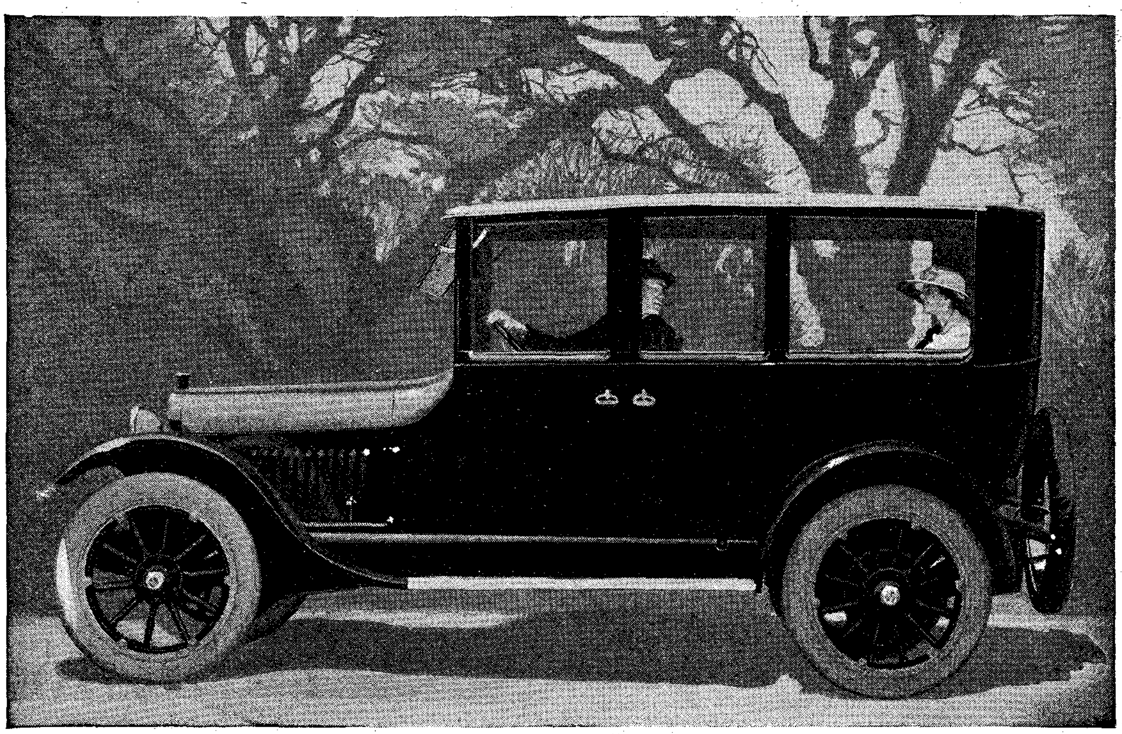

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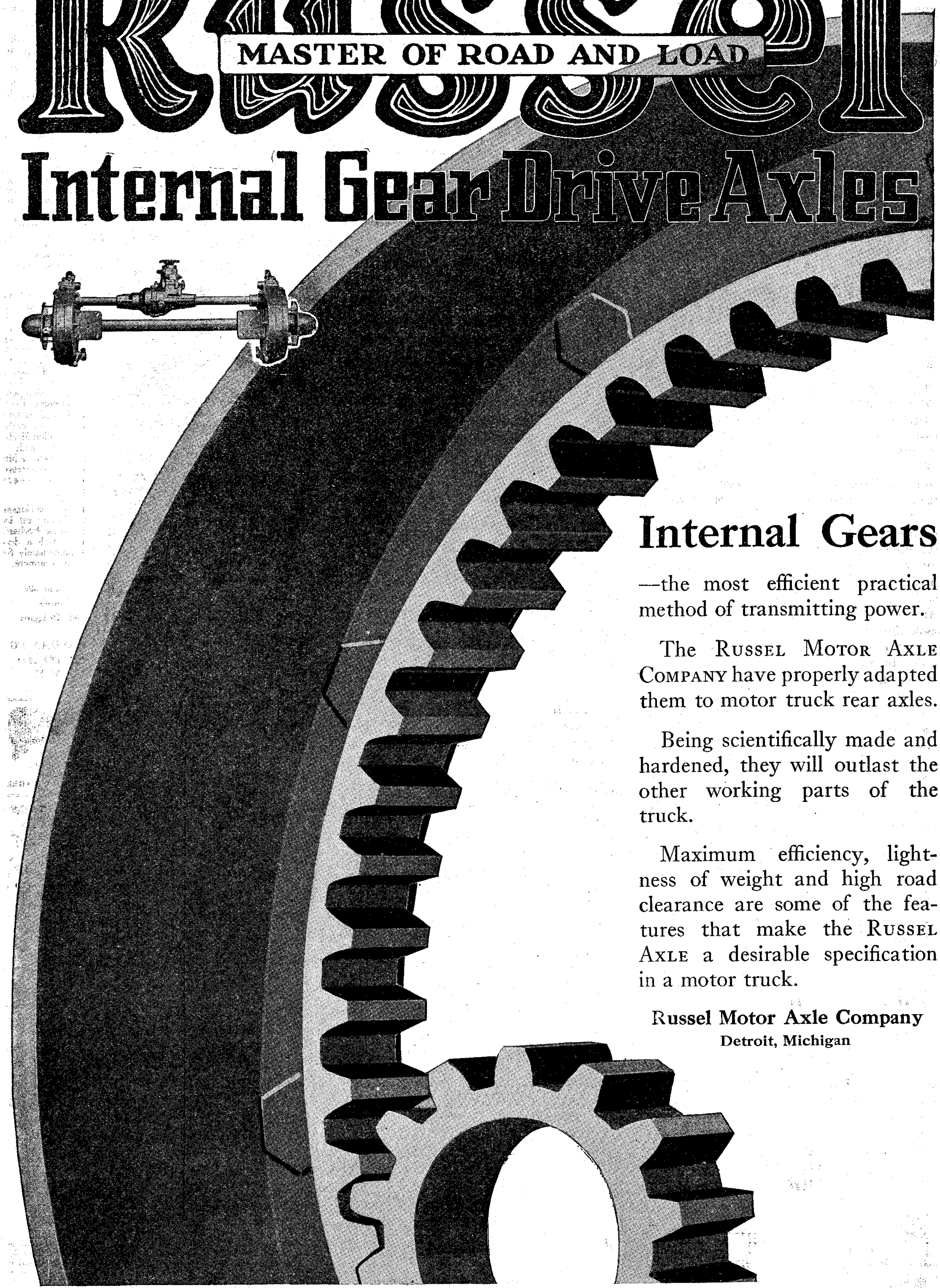

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Being scientifically made and hardened, they will outlast the other working parts of the truck.

Maximum efficiency, lightness of weight and high road clearance are some of the features that make the Russel Axle a desirable specification in a motor truck.

Russel Motor Axle Company
Detroit, Michigan

which was blown into ditch as he was making landing. Escaped without a scratch.

Fell three thousand feet, wounded in ten places, yet dived through some telegraph-wires and made a safe landing.

With arm broken in two places, elbow smashed, both jaws broken, two bullets in hand, one in thigh, wound in right ankle, another in left heel, fifteen teeth gone, and right side of face torn out by explosive bullet, he lived two months in a prison hospital which had three surgeons and six nurses to care for six hundred men.

And last, but most important of all, Heinrichs was found in that hospital in the nick of time. He had lived only on his nerve, the surgeons agreed, and his morale was at its lowest ebb when Willard H. Williams, the Young Men's Christian Association secretary, who was the first American to enter Metz, appeared in the hospital, the first visible confirmation that the Allied forces were close at hand.

"And let me say that he was a welcome citizen," Heinrichs declares. "Since I have got back I have heard things said about the 'Y' that don't correspond at all with my experience with that organization. There was a 'Y' outfit with our squadron most of the time, and it was one of the biggest helps we had. You can try to imagine how we all felt when that 'Y' man reached us at Metz—an example of enterprise if anything is. And after I left the hospital I was entertained by 'Y' men at Tours, at the officers' hotel. I have nothing but good to say of them."

The scars of ten wounds and the *Croix de Guerre* with a palm are some of the evidences Heinrichs bears that he was in the war. He enlisted as a private in the ground school for aviators at Boston Tech., and was one of the ten honor graduates. He went overseas a year ago last July, took the finishing courses at Tours, Avord, Issoudon, and Cazaux, and on February 14 went to the Champagne front with the Ninety-fifth Squadron.

Heinrichs got his first taste of war on patrol duty between Châlons and Reims and had his first fight within a week. It was a quiet sector, however, and the squadron was transferred at the end of two months to the Chemin des Dames. The next shift was to the region about St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson. Then things began to liven up a bit.

German fliers grew venturesome and the Americans were doing a good average business when one day Heinrichs encountered a Hun who wanted to fight. After a little preliminary maneuvering Heinrichs got in close and dived on his antagonist, his machine gun going full tilt. As he ran the German down he passed so close under him that he struck the tail of the Hun machine. He saw his foe falling, apparently shot down.

Almost at the same moment he found that he himself was falling. He pulled up on his "stick," but the plane did not respond. A glance at his wing showed that half of it had been stript off from end to end, and that there consequently was nothing to buoy up the machine, which was down in a nose spin. For over five thousand feet Heinrichs whirled downward before he could get his craft on an even keel. By that time the "archies," as the anti-aircraft guns are called, were peppering him from the German trenches, but it was almost dusk and the Huns "weren't shooting very well," Heinrichs says. He made the American lines and managed to land.

In June Heinrichs's squadron was sent to Château-Thierry, and it was there that he won his *Croix de Guerre*. He and Lieut. John Mitchell, of Manchester, Mass., were up on patrol when they encountered six Hun fliers—part of the famous Baron von Richthofen "aerial circus" and led by a young brother of the celebrated ace.

The fight lasted some fifteen minutes, and one of the Hun fliers was shot down, possibly two. Heinrichs's man was soon joined by a second, who also opened fire. To avoid the four Huns who stood by, and at the same time to engage his two, forced Heinrichs to every acrobatic stunt he knew. Meanwhile Mitchell and his men were at close range some hundreds of yards away, and Heinrichs could see frequent bursts from their machine guns as they swooped and turned.

Heinrichs was doing well with his two men, but in making a turn he got carried out of position a little. As he met his antagonists in another rush, he dived to get under them and at the same time turned to come about. As he did, one of the Germans who had taken no part in the fight up to that time came with a rush from behind, his machine gun wide open, and Heinrichs turned just in time to fly right into the hail of shot.

A bullet struck him in the left heel and another grazed his right ankle. An explosive bullet entered his left thigh and another his left elbow, smashing the elbow and fracturing his arm above and below. Two explosive bullets went through his right hand and one struck him in the face. This bullet exploded in his mouth, breaking both jaws, knocking out fifteen teeth, and tearing out the right side of his face.

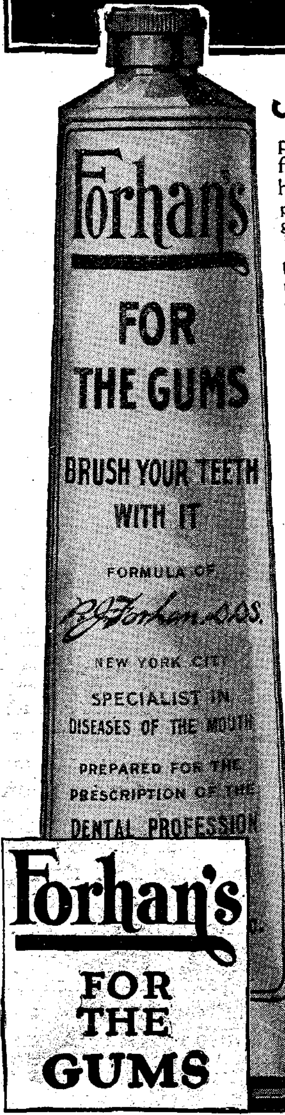
Despite his terrible injuries, Heinrichs went into a nose spin, righted himself after dropping some three thousand feet, skimmed under some telegraph-wires, and landed in the German lines. With one arm useless and the other hand shot through, he had got himself unstrapped and was out of his machine, trying to set fire to it when a German lieutenant and forty men came running up and trained their rifles on him, taking him prisoner.

"I was left lying on the ground within sight of our own balloons for about an hour before the stretcher-bearers came and carried me to a field dressing-station," Heinrichs says. "They put a splint on my broken arm and I was next taken to a field-hospital and given an anesthetic. At the field-hospital the German orderly stole everything I owned—clothes, watch, money, photographs, and everything. The only part of my equipment that I ever saw again was handed me in an envelop when the Germans abandoned the Metz hospital—one shoulder bar."

At the Metz hospital the equipment and personnel were meager to the last limit. The surgeons had no oils, all the bandages were of paper, and disinfectants were seldom used. There were three cases of death, which Heinrichs knew of, where the men died of blood-poisoning due to the failure of the German surgeons to operate in time. By November 16, the Germans had left Metz, taking with them all the medicines, bandages, surgical instruments, and even the records of the patients, leaving only the Alsatian cooks and the few convalescent patients who had been serving as orderlies.

Heinrichs had been flat on his back in bed for two months when, the night before the Allied forces arrived, there was a stir down at the end of the big ward in which he lay and in walked

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and free from tartar. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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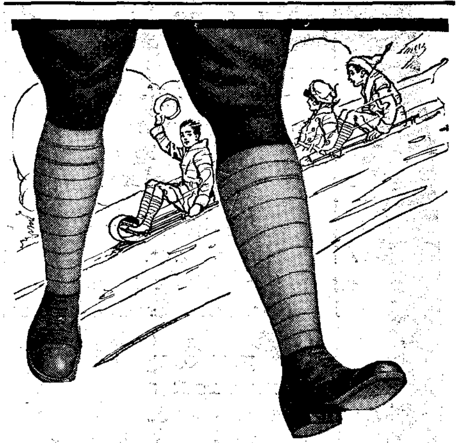

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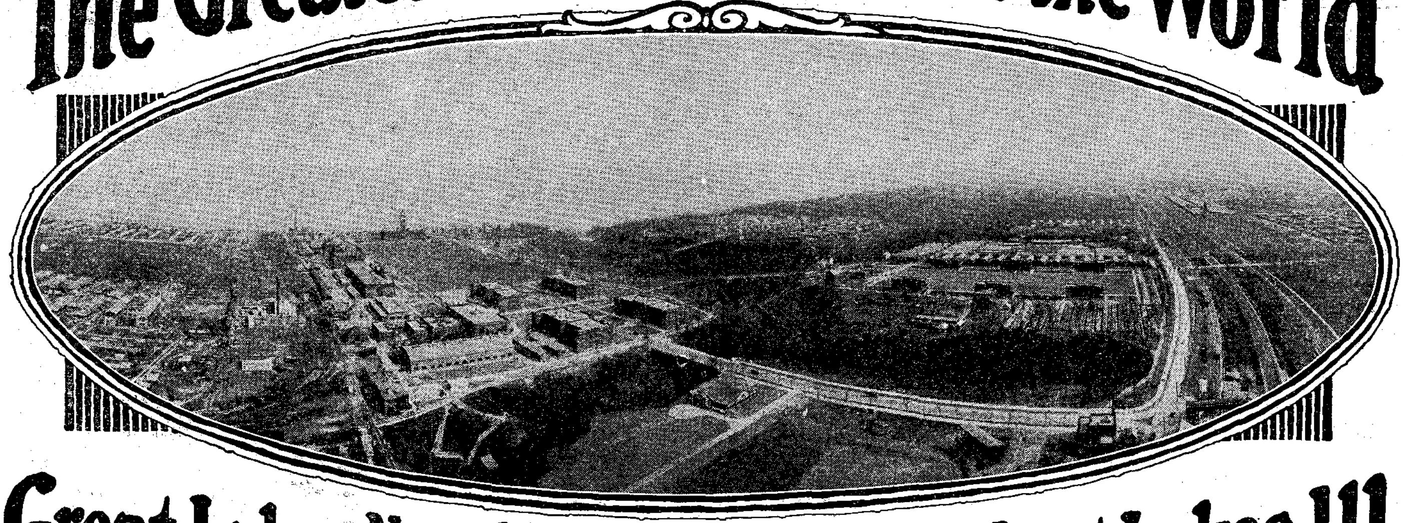


Great Lakes Naval Training Station – Great Lakes, Ill.

FORTY miles North of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan, and fully exposed to the roaring Nor'easters that sweep unchecked across this inland sea, stands the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

It is the most imposing and the most important establishment of its kind in the Universe, and it has played an intensive part in the work of fitting the Nation for war.

It was here that thousands of civilians of untrained muscles and peaceful mind, were whipped into resistless human fighting machines and hurried abroad to subdue the Hun.

During the progress of the war, more than 150,000 superbly trained sailors were sent to sea duty and to European waters from Great Lakes, and most of the time there were more than 40,000 men in camp.

They came from all directions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to Canada —from every variety of civilian occupation—in all conditions of physical fitness and unfitness. There were few in all those thousands who were in shape to withstand vigorous effort or exposure to the elements.

Yet, within a few months, all became ideal American sailors, eager and willing for sea service—fully fit to combat the elements and every form of man-made war.

Can you draw a mental picture of the tremendous effort and the unremitting care that were necessary to produce such a result? Can you conceive the thought, the study, the labor required to transform men of peaceful tendencies into trained sailors who longed for battle, and who were in every sense fit to cope with the Hun who had been drilled in the business of war from infancy?

Imagine, if you can, what a vast corps of able instructors was essential to not only educate these raw civilians in the ways of the Navy but to guide their mental processes into entirely new channels, to feed, clothe and care for them properly with a view to adding to their moral and physical stamina, and to inspire them with that clean patriotism which is the first step towards successful warfare.

The instructors were obliged to watch over these myriads of young men as a Mother watches over her children. They had to keep them warm, comfortable and happy. They had to entertain them to remove the sting of homesickness and prevent monotony and melancholy.

Even the air they breathed, the food they ate and the water they drank had to be scientifically pure and free from contamination. Every nerve in their young bodies had to be trained to resist the attacks of unseen and insidious foes.

And to this end the Government chose its most eminent Naval authorities, sanitary engineers, heating engineers, food experts, physicians, surgeons and dentists so that not one solitary detail of the sailors' daily lives was left to chance.

Their schools, mess-halls, drill-halls, barracks, warehouses and hospitals were fitted with the most approved modern appliances which kept them clear of contagion and as comfortable and cosy as home could be.

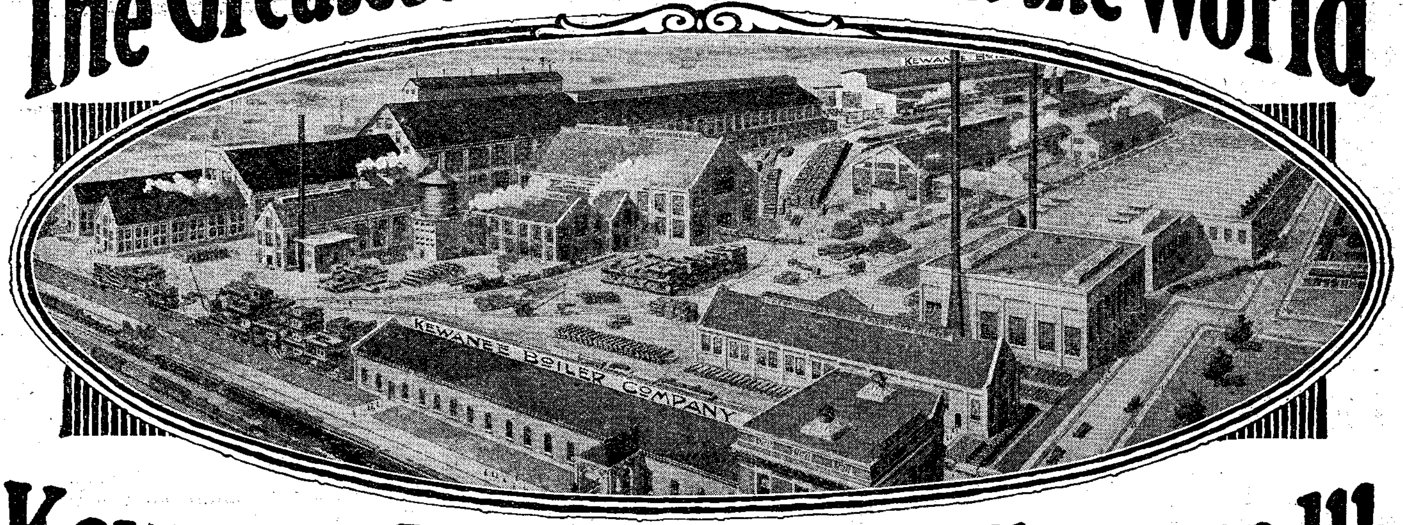
And all of this Wonder-Work was magnificently accomplished.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station became one of the Eight Wonders of the World and of lasting credit to the officers who presided over it from the beginning to the end of hostilities.

Yet, of all the serious problems to be solved —and they were legion—the one that stood head and shoulders over all the others, was that of **sufficient and sanitary heat.**

On the very edge of Lake Michigan, within a few hundred yards of the water, in fact, the Naval Station stands on an utterly flat shore, 70 feet above the water and entirely exposed to the Wintry winds which are often hurricanes and blizzards. During the bitter weather of December 1917 and January and February 1918, great suffering was entirely obviated because the heat problem had been satisfactorily and thoroughly solved.

The Greatest Heating Plant in the World



Kewanee Boiler Company at Kewanee, Ill.

THE many buildings were distributed over approximately 1200 acres of ground and the big problem lay not alone in choosing the right type of heating plant, but in distributing the heating plants in such a way that one part of Great Lakes would be as warm as another.

The problem was solved in such manner that Great Lakes will go down in history as the best built, the warmest and most comfortable of all the American Training Camps.

Not a solitary item was left to chance. No influence was great enough to have the slightest effect. The big problem was solved strictly on its merits and this led the Board unerringly to the **Kewanee Steel Firebox Boiler** which has served this Nation, and the people in it, with signal success for the past thirty years or more.

The Station bought and installed, either direct or through contractors, 190 Kewanee Steel Firebox Boilers and thus, in mechanical equipment, the Great Lakes Station became unique in that it has in operation more heating boiler capacity than any other single institution in existence—and thus **it is the greatest heating plant in the world.**

These 190 boilers were all furnished by the Kewanee Boiler Company of Kewanee, Ill., since July 1917.

Combined, these boilers have 22,362 horsepower or an average of 117 horse-power per boiler.

If placed end to end, these 190 boilers would cover a space of more than half a mile. If set close together, side by side, the battery would have 984 feet frontage or nearly one-fifth of a mile.

These boilers contain 217,547 feet of boiler tubes and 4820 square feet of grates. The smoke-stacks furnished with the boiler, if placed end to end would make a stack 6,652 feet, or more than one mile high. That would be the greatest smoke-stack in the world for a heating plant.

These 190 boilers have a combined capacity of over 2,200,000 square feet of direct radiation or an average of 11,900 square feet per boiler, or to put it in other words, **four hundred carloads of radiation.**

These 190 Kewanee Steel Firebox Boilers are distributed among 22 camps at the Great Lakes Station. Every heating unit is equipped also with Kewanee Hot-Water Storage Tanks and, the larger units, with Kewanee Water-Heating Garbage Burners.

Naturally we are proud of the fact that the Kewanee Steel Firebox Boilers have been chosen to create The Greatest Heating Plant in the World. But we are prouder of the results that have been achieved. We feel as though we have "done our bit" in promoting the comfort and health of these thousands of courageous young men who went away to sea. And, perhaps, while you who read this, will be apt to accuse us of blowing our own horn, we would like to ask **you** if **you** wouldn't blow **yours** if **you** had participated in a line of endeavor that helped make capable and happy sailors who went fully prepared, to the four points of the compass, to fight for our flag?

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KEWANEE, ILLINOIS

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SALT LAKE CITY—Scott Bldg.
MILWAUKEE—Majestic Bldg.
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DALLAS—Southwestern Life Bldg.
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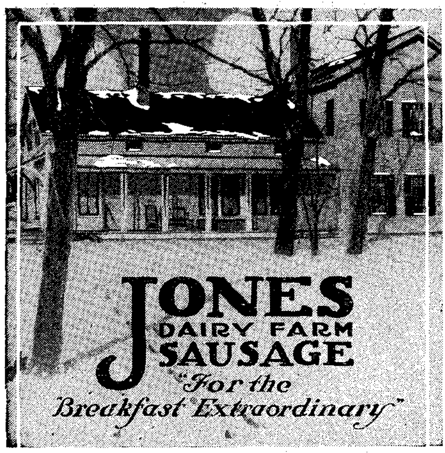

—from the snow-covered Wisconsin fields to those who prize good food.

More than thirty years ago the neighbors came through the drifts to the Jones homestead to get it.

And today Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is the same as it was then — a sausage made by a treasured New England recipe from choice young pork and home-grown spices.

Ask your grocer or market man about it — and ask him about the Jones Farm Hams and Bacon in anticipation of Easter's special spread.

There is the pure, open-kettle Lard, too, of the same Jones selected quality.

If your dealer cannot provide you, write to us at the farm.

The Jones Dairy Farm Products come in net weight packages of perfect freshness and all-meat purity.

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to express, in speech or writing, the exact thought you have in mind. *English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions*, by JAMES C. FERNALD, L.H.D., will give you just that word and just the right preposition to follow it. Cloth, $1.50, by mail $1.62. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York

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It's impossible to get *this guarantee* with any but Utica Pliers—no conditions—no loopholes—covers everything.

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Write for "Plier Pointers"—it's FREE. A handy book for the handy man around the house. Tells you how to fix things.

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Williams, the Young Men's Christian Association secretary. Williams spent several hours giving the men the latest news of the advance and handing out cigarets and chocolate and such other supplies as he had.

On his arrival from the hospital Heinrichs was taken to the officers' hotel at Tours, where he was the guest of the Young Men's Christian Association men for several days. He then was removed to one of the convalescent hospitals, where he remained until his return to the United States. Even on his arrival Heinrichs played true to form, for he made his landing on American soil dangling from a cable stretched from Fire Island beach to the rigging of the *Northern Pacific*, the big liner which went aground on New-year's eve.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAW AT BELLEAU WOOD

"WHILE farmers successfully plowed the fields, carefully avoiding the little graves scattered about," writes Lieut. Joseph Brady, late of the 5th Regiment of Marines, now a correspondent on the staff of the New York *Evening World*, "President Wilson visited the black, tangled jungle of Belleau Wood, that square mile of timber set in the heart of a great farming country where, for six weeks, two regiments of American Marines met and cut to pieces six German divisions." While the President passed over that historic bit of ground, a man who had been there told the story of the battle, and the President pictured it in his mind. "I am going to try to tell you what the President saw as he listened to the tale," writes Lieutenant Brady, who himself was in the thickest of the fighting:

As he rode down the Paris-Metz highway in his motor, the President saw on all the roads leading up thousands of young Americans in khaki and the field-gray of the marines. Then he saw them turning off to the fields right and left, loading their rifles. He passed a ruined farmhouse where General Harbord and Colonels Neville and Catlin stood in the doorway shouting orders to officers passing with their commands. The soldiers melted away in the tall wheat of the fields.

Then from the north came a line of retreating French soldiers, firing as they went back. They ran into the quiet American line, which was there, unknown to most of them. The *poilus* and their officers yelled to the Americans to get back! Get back; the *Boches* were coming and all would be captured!

The officers caught the American officers by their arms and begged them to go back, and some one records that an American officer said: "Go back! Hell, we just got here." I heard Col. Fred Wise say those very words in the cemetery at Marigny, but at the same time it was coming from a thousand tongues and every officer in the 9th and 23d Infantry and the 5th and 6th Marines was saying about the same thing to the French officers.

Suddenly, the French gave up and obeyed their orders to retire, and a moment later, a half-mile to the north, there came into view the marching thin columns of the German Army. Every boy said a prayer and looked at the sights on his rifle. Suddenly white puffs of shrapnel broke over the advancing German line and here and there a handful dropt. Then came the word to fire, and out of the tall wheat came the blast of death to the *Boche*. He broke, then tried to reorganize, but finally turned and fled into the woods. The next day the *Boche* began to fight us, but if I am to tell what the President saw from that time on I must assign him to the 2d Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wise.

For four days, assuming that now the President is with the 2d Battalion, 5th Marines, he lay in a little hole in a wheat-field, with nothing to eat and nothing to drink, and he clutched and dug deeper into the earth as every minute a shell tore up the earth about him. He saw hundreds of his comrades carried out and new men rush in to take their places, and he saw hundreds of Germans fall as they tried to approach the unbreakable line. Suddenly, in early dawn, terrific machine-gun fire swept from the left of the line, a score of marines rushed into it, and a moment later he heard the e-e-e-y-a-a-h cry of the Leathernecks.

Then he saw the score of men come back with dripping bayonets. They were the first bloody bayonets I had ever seen, and I felt sick all over for a minute. Then I realized they meant victory, and I was all with the crowd when a moment later the shout went along the line for permission to attack.

These worn boys—I can't call them anything else because they were so young—hungry, thirsty, living on their nerve alone, wanted to attack. The next day they did and the Battle of Belleau Woods began. We who had been in for four days were put in reserve when the others swept across the wheat-fields and into the wrecked forest. Exhausted, we fell asleep. We were asleep when hundreds of German shells, high explosives and gas, fell into the woods. My captain told me I slept through the opening rounds of the barrage falling all around. Many others were so tired they did the same.

My first recollection is of a blinding flash and a sense of going through space. Then another roar and flash and then a hundred breaking shells all around and human legs and arms scattered everywhere. Half carried by the chaplain, Father Brady, I got to an aid station and lay there for three hours. Then I slipt out and got back in time to hear that things were going well, but Captain Hamilton was surrounded on Hill 142 with his men and was believed to be dead.

We were just cursing the luck that took Hamilton, one of the best, when the following message came from him: "I'm not dead. Send me mortars and a thousand grenades."

I had qualified as a mortar expert and I got the job. We started with a rush up the road to Hill 142. Two men were killed as we reached the hill. We raced on, the gunners with their mortars and a score of men with grenades. We were crossing the bald face of the hill when the Germans opened with machine guns and rifles, but we got through, and a few minutes later the Germans, trying to get up the slopes from which Hamilton had driven them, were dividing grenades among themselves and yelling for help.

The next day the attack switched into the center of the Belleau Woods. For eight days we covered the left of the woods with the mortars while the Germans

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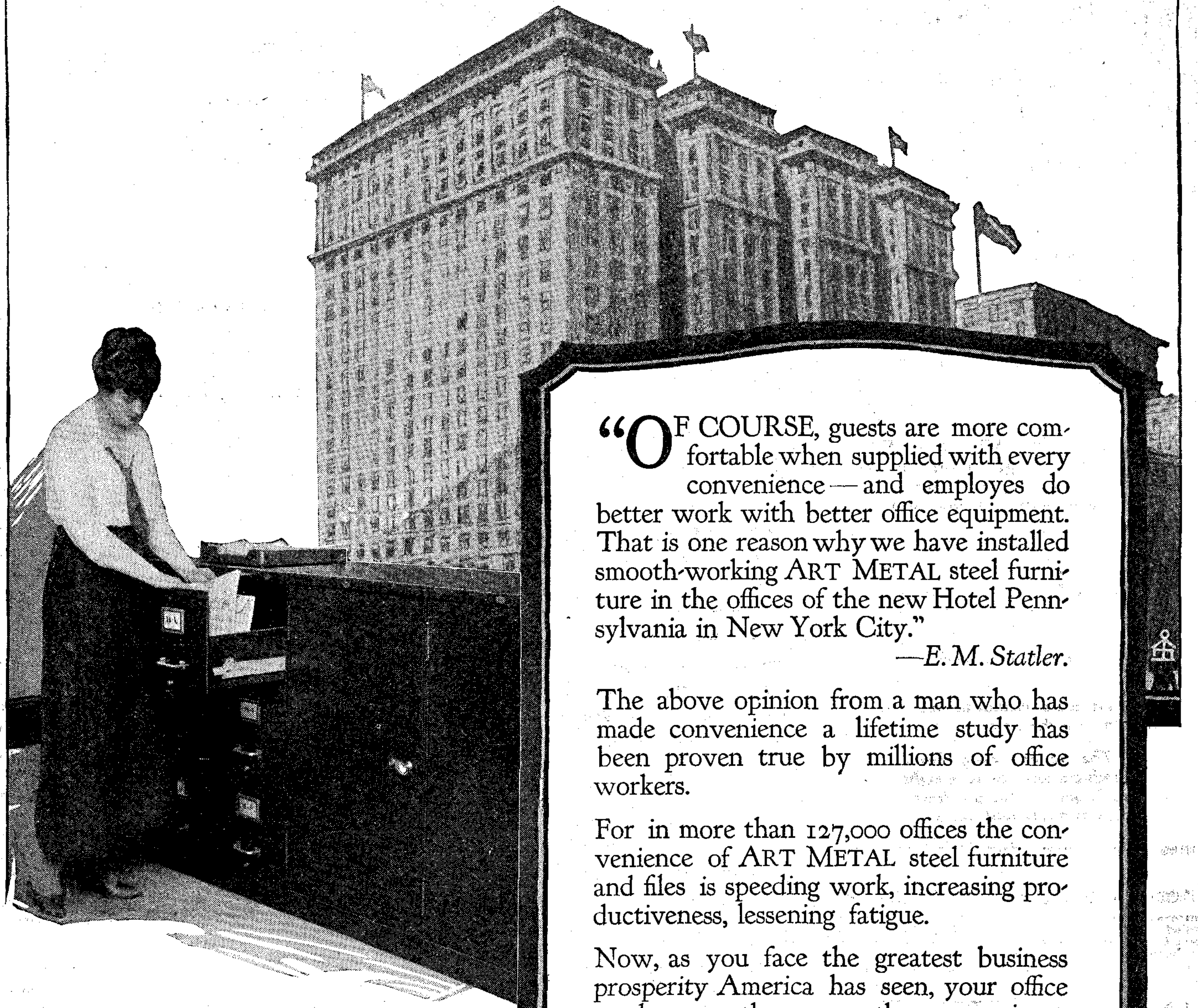

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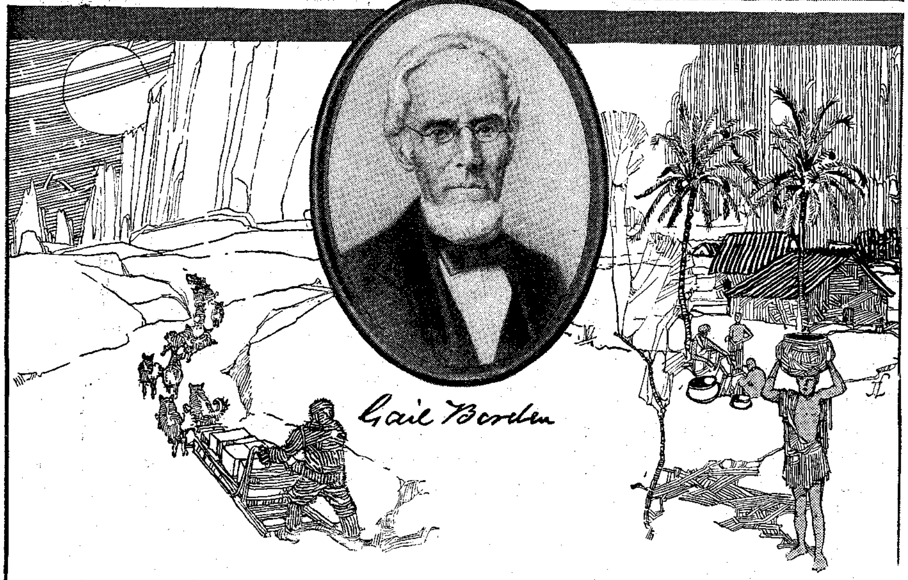

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continually bombarded and counter-attacked in the woods. Along the western edge dead Germans and marines lay thick, often in the embrace of a last life-and-death struggle.

Finally, we were relieved for four days, only to return to find that the Germans still held the north corner. Major Shearer with his battalion and one company of our battalion was ordered to take the corner. He went over in the morning and at eight o'clock that night I received for Major Keyser, who was sleeping for the first time in days, the following message:

"We put the United States Marine Corps hard on them this day and the woods are full of dead Germans. We are in full possession. Good luck, old top.

"SHEARER."

I awakened the Major, for I knew there was just one thing more to do, and that was to bring the line to the left of the Belleau up 600 yards to hook up with the tip of the woods. A single patch of woods, and the Germans in the Belleau Woods, had held this movement for days. We put heavy artillery on the little patch of woods for a half-hour and then I started out with two men to see whether there were any Germans left there. It was a bright moonlight night and I decided on a novel method of patrolling.

"If these *Boches* are still alive they will fire on us," I told the two men with me. "And it would be much more comfortable to be hit while near our own lines than away out there, so let's stand up here and walk boldly out."

We advanced rapidly across the fields, cautiously approached the woods, and crept in. Dead Germans were all about. Those who had survived had retreated. The men remained while I hurried back with the news. Instantly I was ordered out to find our men, dug-in in the wheat-fields, and organize them to advance. Lieutenants Lyle and Matthews volunteered to go along, and we almost ran through what had in the afternoon been forbidden ground.

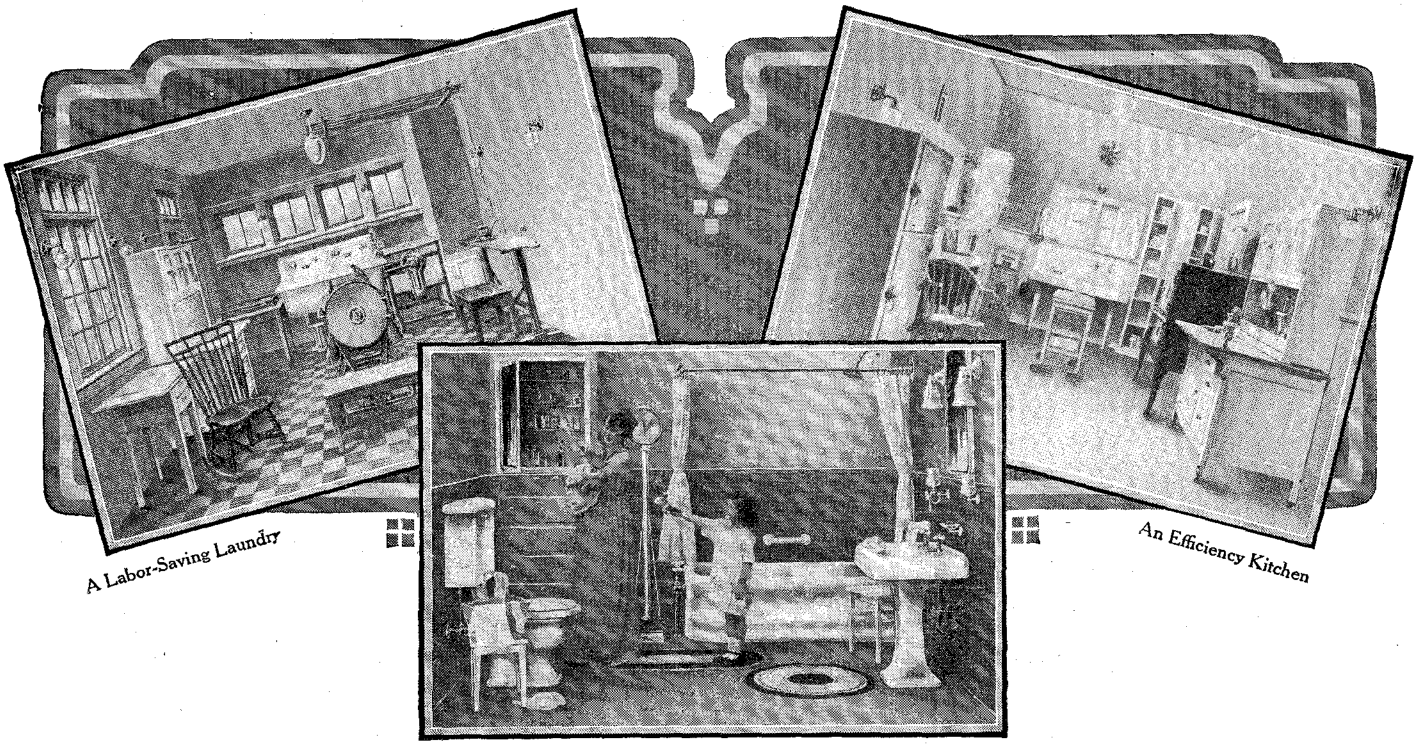
We hurried so that we passed our outposts, and before we knew it came on the first German line. Not a German was in sight; and we dropt into their trenches and huddled there while we figured the direction of our own men. Our own artillery was breaking right back of the line we were in, and that probably accounts for the fact that the Germans had temporarily left that spot. We crept back, found the men, gave the necessary orders, and in fifteen minutes were advancing. We made 600 yards without the loss of a man, took over part of the old German line, and over the telephone we had dragged along sent back the following message:

"The chickens have arrived and are scratching."

In the morning the Germans saw a new American line right up under their noses, and the Belleau Woods had been captured and made safe.

Waste of Time.—One Hoyt was fishing from the banks of a stream when there approached him an individual named Gates, who remarked, with a yawn: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours and you ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gettin' a bite."—*Harper's.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

February 5.—In order to make the idea of a Society of Nations acceptable to the French Government, says *Le Temps* (Paris), France must be guaranteed quick aid in case of war.

Existing alliances between the various nations will not be affected by the League of Nations, according to a statement made by Arthur J. Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, to newspaper correspondents in Paris.

Conferences held by the members of the Commission on the Society of Nations have developed that in order to reach an agreement compromises will be necessary, states a Paris dispatch. The American delegation, therefore, is said to urge publication in full of the League constitution previous to its adoption in order to test American public sentiment.

February 6.—The Russian *Soviet* Government, in a wireless message to the Entente Governments, sent out from Moscow by Mr. Tchitcherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs, announces that it is willing to begin conversations with the Entente, with the object of bringing about a cessation of military activities. The Russian Government declares its willingness to acknowledge financial obligations to the creditors of Russia and offers to guarantee payment of interest on its debts by means of stipulated quantities of raw materials.

President Wilson is reported in consultation separately with Vittorio Orlando, the Italian Premier, and Mr. Trumbitch, the Jugo-Slav Foreign Minister, in an effort to end the Italian-Slav boundary difficulty.

February 7.—The Allied Premiers, meeting as the Supreme Inter-Allied War Council, fix new terms for the extension of the armistice with Germany. In order to meet the threat by Chancellor Ebert that Germany may break off negotiations, the new terms, it is reported, will be harsher than the old.

So far, according to an interpretation of French policy in Paris, France has been yielding on various points, notably in the Bolshevik matter, and on the question at what stage in the general proceedings the matter of the League of Nations should come, but she will be firm on full reparation for the losses she has suffered.

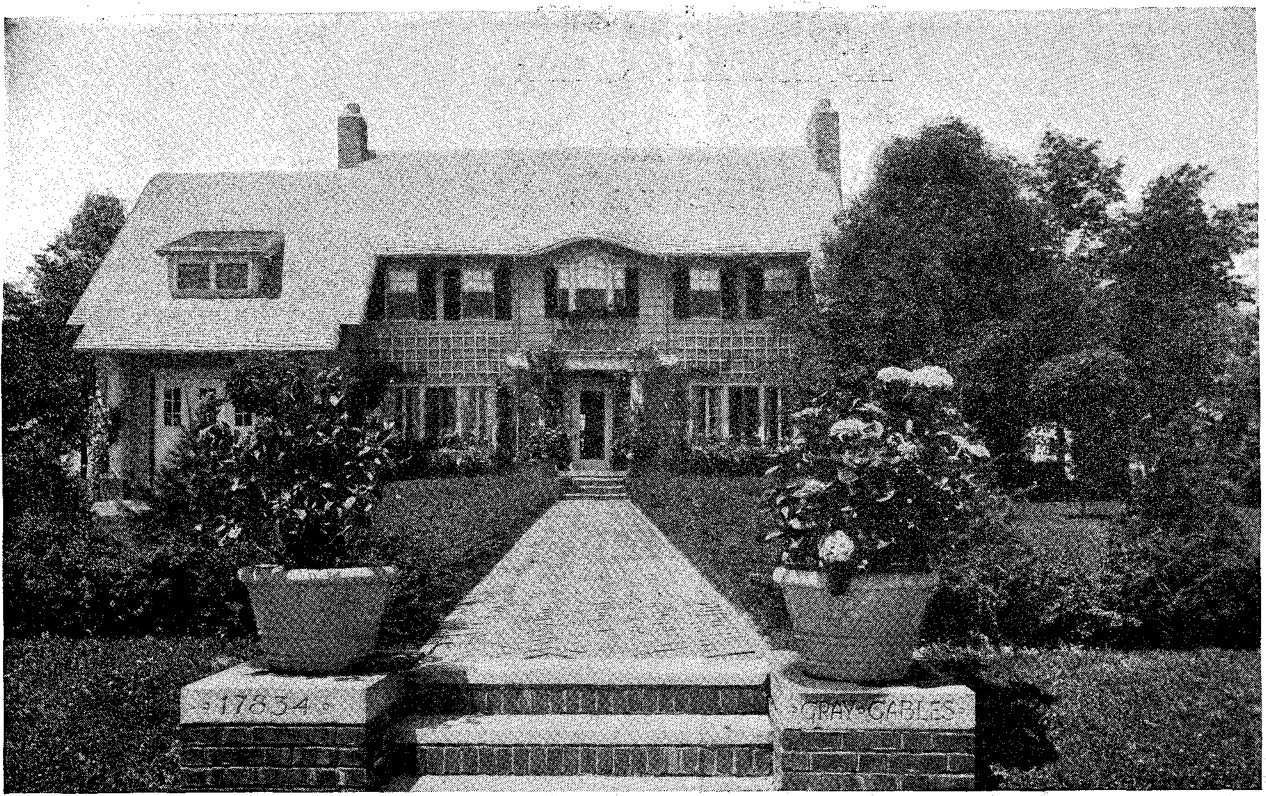
The financial claims of Belgium against Germany are urgent, says Baron van den Heuvel, a member of the Belgian Peace Delegation and of the Peace Conference Committee on reparation, and he urges that Germany be forced to make partial reparation at once, to repair damages.

The Chinese delegation to the Conference objects that the Ishii-Lansing agreement is the one blemish on "America's otherwise clean slate," and asks that this be abolished together with other concessions wrung out of China by Japan.

Claims of the King of Hejaz, as explained by the delegation headed by Prince Feisal, reports Paris, include Syria, Mesopotamia, Damascus, and Bagdad. French critics place these claims on a par with stories in the "Arabian Nights."

Secretary of State Lansing, in a formal statement, recognizes, in behalf of the United States, the union of the Servian, Croatian, and Slovenian peoples.

The Polish National Committee in Paris is instructed by Ignace Jan Paderewski to urge that the Allies



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agree to send to Poland the Polish army in France.

William Allen White, novelist and newspaper writer of Emporia, Kansas, and Prof. George D. Herron, Socialist author, have been appointed American delegates to the Marmora conference with the Russian factions.

February 8.—It is reported from Paris that in retaliation for Germany's refusal to evacuate territory claimed by the Poles, Marshal Foch will demand occupation of Danzig and the Danzig-Thorn railway.

On resolution of President Wilson, the Allies decide to create a Supreme Economic Council to replace all bodies dealing with food, finance, the blockade, shipping, and raw materials for the period of the armistice.

Only a few articles of the draft of the League of Nations, it is reported, remain to be agreed upon.

Nicholas Tschaikovsky, President of the Provisional Government of Northern Russia, arrives in Paris to confer on the future of his country.

February 9.—The first concrete idea of the League of Nations, given out by Ferdinand Larnaude, head of the Paris Law Faculty and French member of the Conference committee on the constitution of the League, includes a plan for "an international army to back the decisions of the strong league executive, with a staff of interallied officers." The principle of the reduction of the military establishments of the Powers banded together in the League, he said, already had been adopted, altho the details await discussion.

Stephen Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, in his weekly talk to the foreign newspaper correspondents, says that the Allies are not willing confer with the Bolsheviki.

In case America refuses to become responsible for some of the captured German colonies, says a report from Paris, all the captured lands are likely to revert to the individual captors.

February 10.—The question of moving the Peace Conference to a neutral country, reports the Associated Press, may be considered by the Conference if what is characterized as "the obstructive policy of the French press and certain French officials" continues.

A wide-spread belief that President Wilson is striving to compel the opening of negotiations with Germany and the settlement of peace terms, instead of the associated nations imposing the conditions of peace they deem just, reports a special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, is responsible for the day's sensational decline of *rentes* on the Paris Bourse. "The diplomatic struggle between President Wilson and the French is now in full blast," telegraphs another correspondent of this journal.

The Commission which is forming the plan for the League of Nations has so far advanced its work as to reach the first reading of the draft.

Japan has notified China that China must work in harmony with Japanese interests at the Peace Conference and must undertake not to reveal to the Conference secret Chino-Japanese agreements, according to a Reuter dispatch from Peking, dated February 3.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

February 5.—German Government troops have ousted the Spartacides from Bremen, says a report from Copenhagen, after heavy fighting. Many persons are reported to have been killed in the bombardment which preceded the attack of the Government infantry. Armed Spartacides from Eisenach and

Gotha are said to be on their way to Bremen to the support of the Spartacides there.

The three thousand German leaders in Weimar for the Constituent Assembly, says a dispatch from that city, are guarded by cavalry and infantry against Spartacide attack.

February 6.—Serious disorders have broken out in Magdeburg, capital of Prussian Saxony, according to Berlin advices. Soldiers and sailors smashed in the doors of the court-house, liberated 160 prisoners, broke shop-windows, and pillaged shops. Government troops are said to be attacking the revolutionists.

A dispatch from Bremen announces that during the fighting in that city three days ago 85 persons were killed and several hundred wounded.

Chancellor Ebert's speech opening the German National Assembly includes denunciations of the Allied terms, which he calls "unheard of" and "ruthless." He was frequently interrupted by the Independent Socialists.

February 7.—Dr. Edward David, for many years one of the leaders of the Social Democratic party, and at present one of the under-secretaries for Foreign Affairs, is almost unanimously elected President of the German National Assembly at Weimar.

Prof. Hans Delbrück, German historian and publicist, declares that if the Germans are made "wage slaves" by the Allied terms they will rise again and obtain justice in a new war, says a dispatch from Berlin.

All the city officials of Düsseldorf, reports Berlin, have "walked out" as a protest against the Spartacide government. Bankers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, and other members of the *bourgeois* class have also quit work.

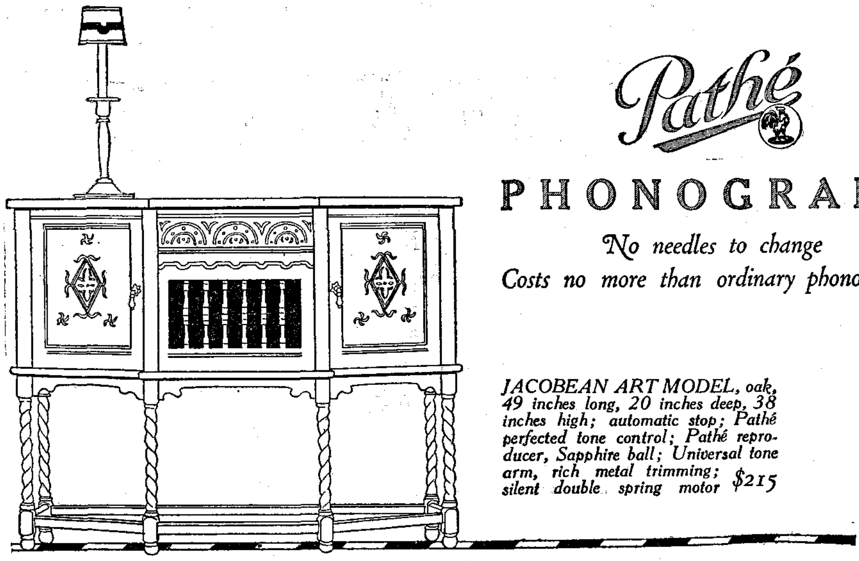
The Congress of Soldiers' Councils attached to various German army corps, concluding its session in Berlin, adopts a resolution calling upon the Central Council of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Boards to summon a general congress of all the German *Soviets* by February 20.

February 8.—The German National Assembly at Weimar passes the first reading of the provisional constitution by acclamation. The constitution provides for choosing a national President by a majority vote, the creation of a "Committee of State," which shall occupy the position of a "quasi-second Chamber," and empowers the Assembly to enact "such national laws as are urgently necessary."

Basel reports a fresh outbreak of Spartacan activity in Hamburg. The report that Government troops recaptured the town hall by storm on Tuesday, February 4, is erroneous according to the advices received in Basel.

February 9.—The situation at Bromberg is rapidly growing worse, the correspondent of the *Tägliche Rundschau* reports from the German-Polish front. The German troops are said to be engaging in politics instead of warfare, with the result that the Poles have captured the towns of Schubin, Netzwalde, and Gruenthal station, and were bombarding Nekel when the dispatch was filed.

February 10.—Grave Spartacan disorders are reported from Berlin by way of Zurich. Soldiers and sailors commanded by former Chief of Police Eichhorn are reported to have occupied Alexander Platz, with a loss of eight killed and forty wounded on both sides, on the evening of February 8. The German censorship is said to be withholding details of the trouble.



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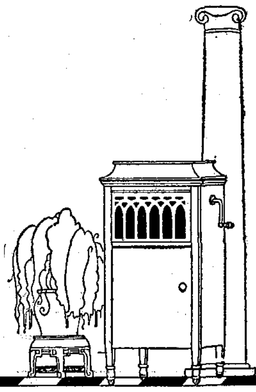

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Old methods of teeth cleaning do not end it, as everybody knows. But dental science has for years sought a way to do it. Now that way is found. Clinical tests have proved this to dentists, and now we are urging everyone to prove it. The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we send an ample test to anyone who asks.

Watch It For Ten Days

We urge you to ask for a 10-Day Tube. It is free. Then let your own teeth decide its action on the film.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible, because it must be activated. The usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. And that invention has made pepsin possible.

Pepsodent was submitted to many clinical tests before it was offered to users. Able authorities proved its results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption. Now it is felt that everyone should know it, and at once; so we publish this trial offer.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Judge it by what it does. Prove it for your own sake and your children's sake. When you see these results you will not again try to clean teeth without it. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 441, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name ....

Address ....

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(158)

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

February 5.—Two divisions of Bolshevik troops were virtually annihilated by Siberian troops under General Gaida, fifty miles southeast of Perm, according to an official statement given out at Omsk on February 3. General Gaida's forces are now twelve miles from Ufa, which was taken by Bolshevik troops some time ago.

Archangel reports that heavy losses were inflicted on the Bolsheviki by the American forces on February 4, when the enemy was driven back in disorder from the village of the Vistavka, on the Vaga. American casualties were five killed and several wounded.

Zhitomir, capital of the Government of Volhynia, has been captured by the Bolsheviki, according to reports reaching Copenhagen.

February 7.—British and Russian troops, supported by American machine-gun and trench-mortar units, begin an attack against the Bolsheviki on the Petrograd road south of Kadish. The Bolsheviki are continuously shelling the American positions in the Vaga sector.

February 8.—The Bolshevik Government has decided that all males in Russia, irrespective of nationality, must serve in the Red army, says a Copenhagen dispatch to London.

Negotiations between Polish and German emissaries looking toward a cessation of hostilities have resulted, according to advices received in Copenhagen, in an armistice which will be effected to-morrow. Polish forces have occupied Bialystok, 115 miles northwest of Warsaw and the danger from Bolsheviki is diminishing, says a Warsaw dispatch, along the Polish frontiers.

Allied forces advanced five miles down the Petrograd road from Kadish yesterday, reports Archangel. Two Bolshevik guns were captured by the Allies. Heavy reenforcements arrived for the Bolsheviki, who drove the Allies back to new positions three miles south of Kadish. Allied airplanes bombed Bolshevik positions at Seltsoe, on the Dvina, and Shegovari on the Vaga.

Basel dispatches received from Kovno report that as a result of the success of the Lithuanian troops, and an advance by Finnish and Esthonian troops, the Bolsheviki have evacuated Vilna.

The Canadian Press reports from Omsk that the Russian Government there has accepted an offer from Japan of men, money, and arms to settle the Bolshevik difficulty. This step is said to be due to reports that the Allies are to withdraw their forces from Siberia and also to a fear that the conference at Princes' Island will result in recognition of the Bolsheviki.

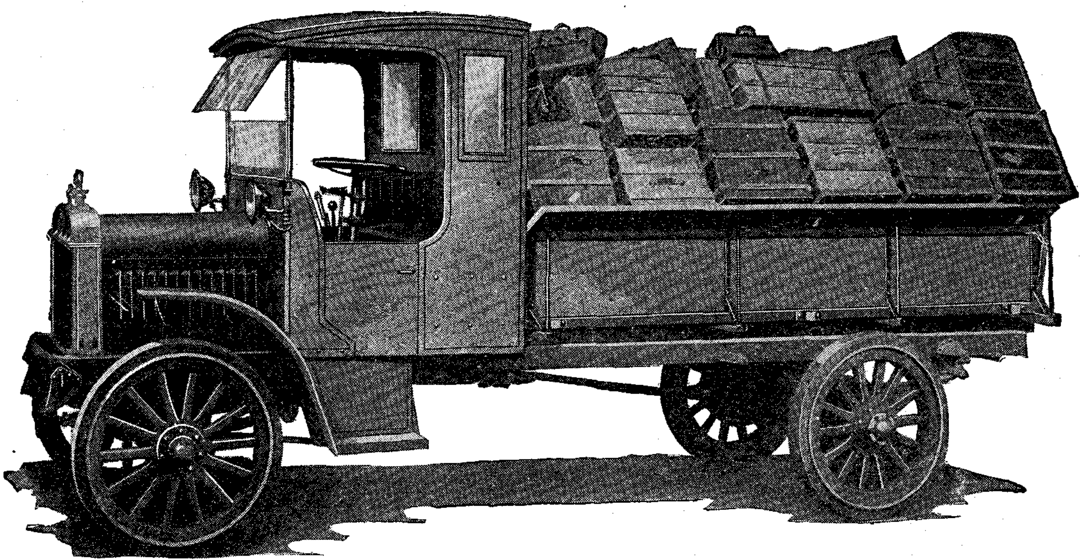
February 10.—Copenhagen hears that Kief, the Ukrainian capital, is again in the hands of Ukrainian forces.

The Lithuanians, according to news received at the Lettish Bureau in Berlin, have arrested the Bolsheviki advance on the Lithuanian front.

British and Russian planes, says a report from Archangel, continue to harass the Bolshevik forces in the frozen timberland between the Vaga River and the Vologda railroad.

FOREIGN

February 5.—The British Government, says a report from London, has invoked the Defense of the Realm Act, which makes it punishable to shut off London's light, in order to meet the threatened strike of the Electrical Powers Engineering Association. The strike situation in Belfast and Glasgow is said to show improvement, and it is "the best informed opinion to-night



A 1½-Ton Truck Worthy of the Name It Bears

The 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein is built as you would expect B. A. Gramm to build it.

The name alone, supplemented by a price so moderate, was enough to attract instant attention among thoughtful truck buyers.

Business men know what that name has stood for during the past 18 years.

But even had the name of this 1½-ton truck been strange—its outstanding superiorities would have been recognized at once.

Strong Evidence of Unusual Value

That's what they are—strong, outstanding, positive evidences of value which stamp it instantly as an unusual 1½-ton vehicle.

As an illustration, take the one important item of springs.

These Gramm-Bernstein springs are longer than you would expect to find in a truck this size. They have more leaves. And in addition, they are made of Vanadium alloy steel.

Less costly springs might do as well. But B. A. Gramm will not endanger the remarkably fine, clean reputation his trucks have been 18 years building.

Rear Axle Fit for a 2-Ton Truck

The same thing applies to the rear axle—the load-carrier. It would stand up under a 2-ton truck. Its bearing sizes are from one to two sizes larger than those specified for many other axles of the same stated capacity.

But Mr. Gramm puts this axle into a vehicle he rates at 1½ tons. He goes to such lengths to insure his buyers a long-lived thoroughly reliable truck.

That has been his practice throughout. Some engineers doubtless would consider his transmission gears entirely adequate for a 2½-ton truck. Mr. Gramm knows they are exactly right for a 1½-ton truck.

Both Brake Sets Work on Rear Wheels

Mr. Gramm has found that a brake working on the propeller shaft imposes excessive wear on the rear bearing of the transmission.

So he takes the better—likewise costlier—method of operating both sets of brakes on the rear wheels.

The propeller shaft is two-piece, with three universal joints instead of two. This does away with the "whip" of the ordinary one-piece shaft.

Misalignment and undue strain of the frame are prevented by the extra size of this member. It has six sturdy cross members—which are gusseted for greater strength—and rear corner braces, in addition to the usual corner gussets.

You see now why we call this 1½-ton truck an unusual value, deserving of far more than ordinary consideration.

It is unusual in the character of its units. It is even more unusual in the practical experience and engineering skill which are evident in its design and construction.

It Will Uphold a Good Truck Name

It is the first 1½-ton quick-delivery truck we know of which combines, *at an attractive price*, all these elements—which are necessary for successful truck operation.

It is worthy, in every way, to take its place alongside Gramm-Bernstein trucks of greater capacity.

The Gramm-Bernstein line is complete, including all required capacities from 1½-ton to 5-ton—all chainless drive.

We ask truck buyers and business men to look into this line, and to examine carefully the Gramm-Bernstein records for economical operation and remarkably long life.

$1895

F. O. B. Lima, Ohio

1½-Ton Chassis with Driver's Seat

$1975 1½-Ton Chassis with all-weather cab, doors, curtains and windshield.

$2110 1½-Ton Truck, complete as illustrated, with flare-board express body, which is convertible into a slatted express body and a covered, slatted express body.

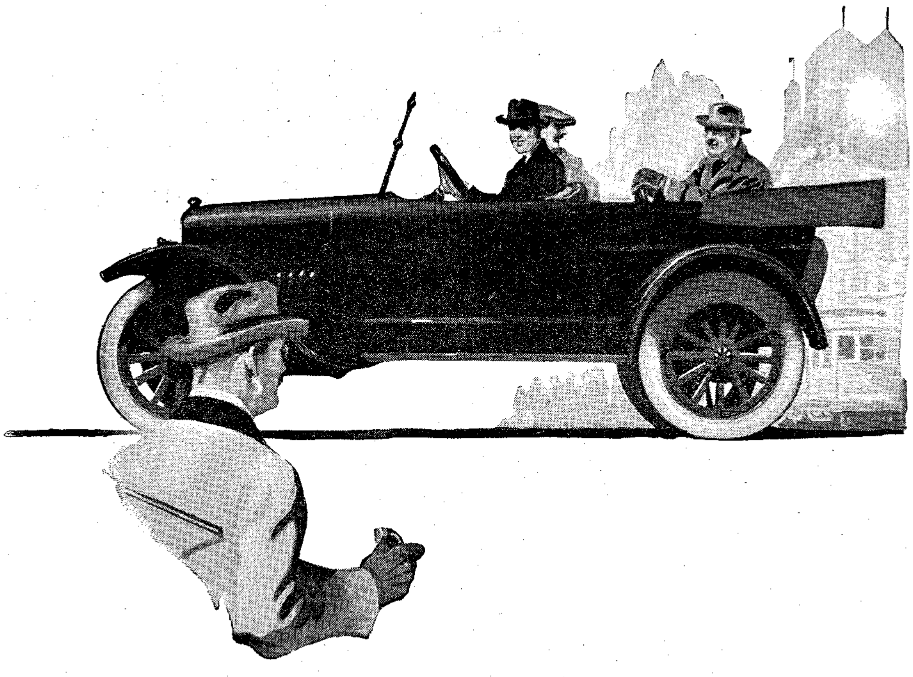
THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

GRAMM BERNSTEIN

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE CHAINLESS MOTOR TRUCKS - 1½-2-2½-3½-5 TONS

Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.

Builders of the first standardized Liberty U. S. A. Truck



BRISCOE

Touring
and
Roadster
Types

The enjoyment of the owner is heightened by the knowledge that upkeep and maintenance have been reduced to the minimum.

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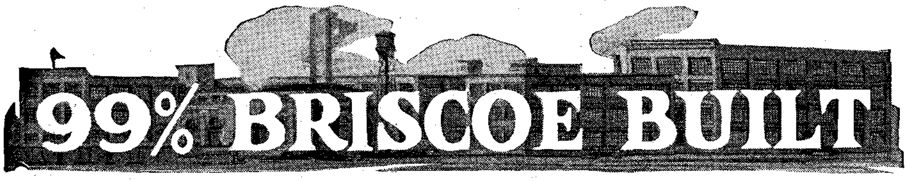
The price is merely a minor reason for the popularity of the car.

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION
JACKSON MICHIGAN



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

AND HOW TO MAKE THE APPARATUS, a handy manual for the amateur or the expert. Shows how to make, erect, and control every part of a small working wireless plant. *Cloth, illustrated with helpful diagrams, by mail, 83 cents.*
Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

HOW TO AVOID MISTAKES IN ENGLISH

Send 25c for cloth book "Helpful Hints in English"—shows how to use the right word in the right place and improve your English speech and writing immensely.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, N. Y. City.

Condron Company
***for* Concrete Buildings**

This Building
8 Miles Long—4 Stories High—60 Feet Wide

represents the aggregate size of the concrete factories and warehouses built on our plans and specifications.

Correspondence invited with those contemplating new buildings.

Condron Company, Industrial Engineers, 1432 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago

in London," says an Associated Press report, "that the menace of a general strike has been removed."

The British troopship *Penarth*, reports South Shields, England, is sunk twenty-three miles off the Thames River by a mine.

Monarchist troops on February 2, says a dispatch from Lisbon, were defeated in an action southeast of Oporto near the Spanish frontier, by Republican forces, who are advancing on Guarda. Communication with Lisbon has been restored as far north as Aviz.

The Swiss National Council, reports Bern, yesterday rejected by an overwhelming vote the motion to reduce the military budget for the year.

February 6.—A satisfactory settlement of the London railway dispute has been reached, it is reported from London. The settlement is said to include the tubes and all the London railway systems.

Elections in Poland for members of the Constituent Assembly, according to a telegram from the Polish official news agency, resulted in the list headed by Premier Paderewski obtaining fifty per cent. of the total votes, while thirty-five per cent. went to Jewish candidates, and the remaining fifteen per cent. to the Polish Socialist party.

February 8.—The railway strike was finally settled, reports London, following a renewed disagreement, after a prolonged conference early this morning. The electrical trades union has ordered an immediate resumption of work by its members pending action on the question of the change of the attitude of the Government with regard to the strike.

February 9.—Forces of the Portuguese Republican Government, aggregating 50,000 men, are concentrating around Oporto, the Royalist stronghold, according to advices from Lisbon. The railways are said to be operating under normal conditions. Premier Relvas has formed a Supreme Republican Council, which is composed of members of all the Republican parties.

Poland's first constitutional assembly meets in Warsaw to elect a President of the Republic and to consider the adoption of the constitution, which has already, for the greater part, been drafted.

The strike situation in London is reported "superficially better, but really unchanged." London tubes are still out of commission. The situation in the Clyde area, where the presence of military force prevents further disorders, also remains unchanged.

February 10.—Miners, railway men, and transport workers numbering 1,500,000 begin a campaign for reforms, says a report from London. A committee of the Miners' Federation asks for a six-hour day, a 30 per cent. increase in pay, and full pay to demobilized miners during unemployment.

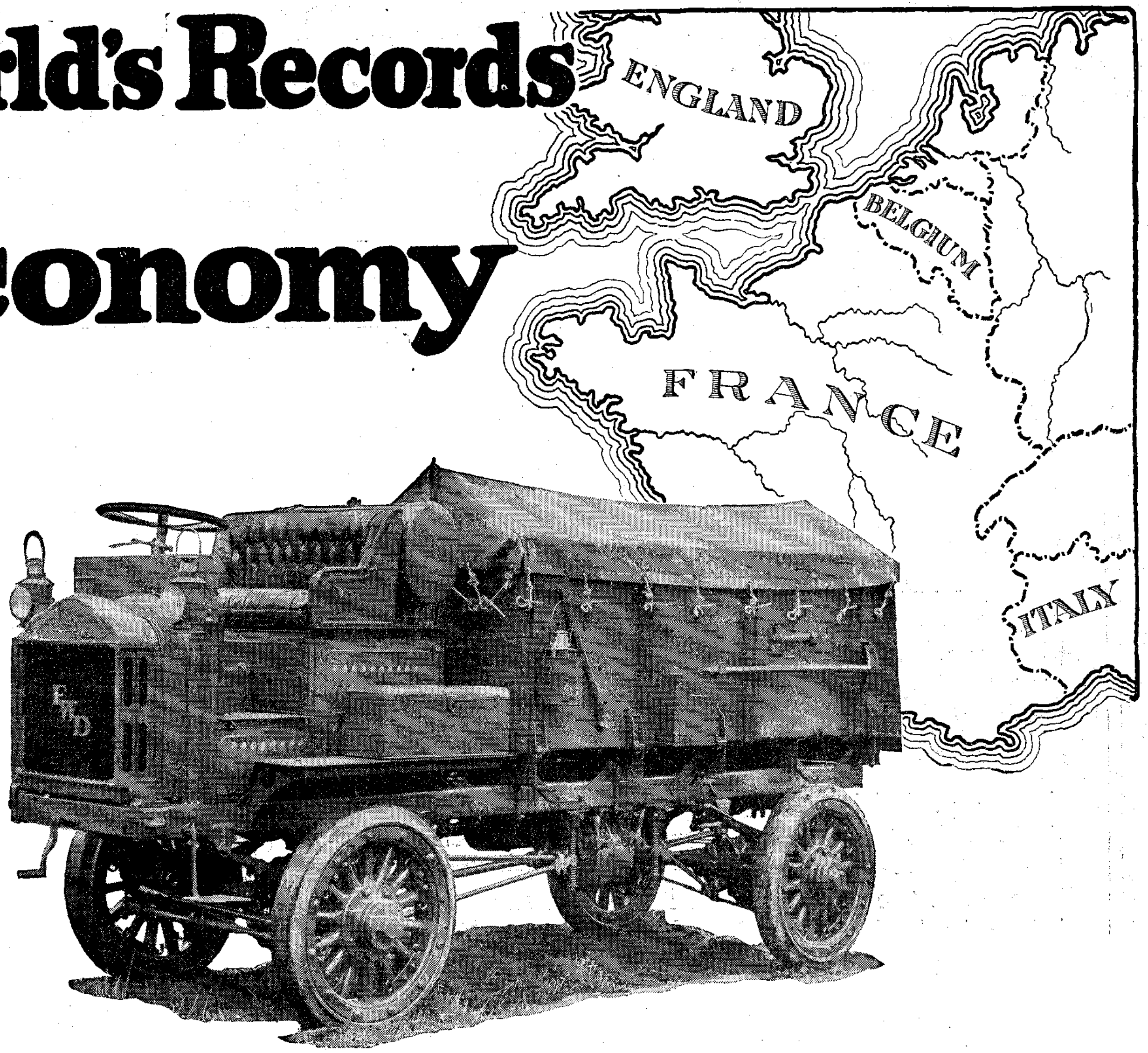
DOMESTIC

February 5.—The Senate debate on the embargo established by Great Britain against certain imports from the rest of the world calls forth expressions of fear from representatives of both parties that our industries will be hurt.

Speaking at the opening session of the national Rivers and Harbors Congress, at Washington, Secretary Baker declares it to be "an unthinkable thing that any soldier who put on the uniform of this country and who either fought or was in training in this country, will be allowed to remain without a job if he wants one."

February 6.—The War Revenue Bill as agreed upon in conference, the largest

World's Records of Economy



ON the Mexican border, where truck after truck went down to defeat, the F-W-D set a record for efficiency and low cost of upkeep that remained unbroken until—the F-W-D went to Europe.

Over there, repair parts sold the British Government for over 3,000 F-W-D Trucks, cost an average of $7.14 per truck per month. Beating the F-W-D Mexican border record of $10.52 per truck per month.

These records stand unmatched. In them is food for thought for users whose trucks of equal capacity are averaging much higher. But this is not all: Back of these records stand a 35% saving of tires and 15% saving of fuel. Thus the F-W-D won its right to the first call on economy while holding first place as the truck of certainty and adaptability.

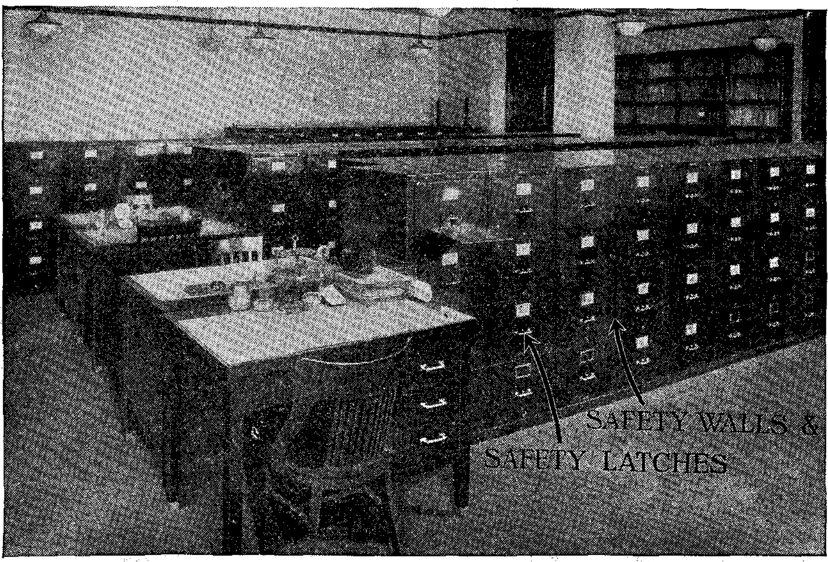
Its power, its extreme ease of handling, its dependability in emergencies, further moved the allied governments to take the entire 1918 output of our own and three other huge factories—a total of **$65,000,000.00** worth of F-W-D Motor Trucks—another world's record!

The unparalleled performance of the 3-ton F-W-D Truck entitles it to the prime consideration of users employing trucks of 2 to 5-ton capacity.

The F-W-D Auto Company
Clintonville, Wisconsin

FWD TRUCKS

The boys from the Front will tell you



"Y and E" Fire-Wall steel sections in the offices of The National City Co., Bond Department of the National City Bank, New York

Are *your* steel cabinets built with asbestos?

After a period in which the Government required all the "Fire-Wall" cabinets we could make, we are again able to offer these supremely protective filing cabinets to the general business public.

These are the only cabinets built with safe-like insulation—double walls all around, lined with asbestos. This construction is necessitated by the heat-conductivity of steel without asbestos.

For further protection, the drawers are equipped with automatic safety latches—another exclusive "Y and E" feature.

System service is given without charge, with every installation. Ask for particulars about our Service; and about our "Fire-Wall" and other grades of steel cabinets. We also manufacture wood cabinets for every type of system—and system supplies for every type of cabinet. Write for new handbook on Vertical Filing.

"Yawman and Erbe" Mfg. Co.

Main Offices
Rochester, N. Y.

"Fire-Wall" Steel Filing Cabinets

the only cabinets built with asbestos—like safes

SERVICE TABLE WAGON

Large Broad Wide Table Top — Removable Glass Service Tray — Double Drawer — Double Handles — Large Deep Undershelves — "Scientifically Silent"—Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels. A high grade piece of furniture surpassing anything yet attempted for GENERAL UTILITY, ease of action, and absolute noiselessness. Write now for descriptive pamphlet and dealer's name.

IT SERVES YOUR HOME & SAVES YOUR TIME

COMBINATION PRODUCTS CO.
★ 200 Tower Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

BUNGALOWS
AND
COTTAGES
BY THE 1000
NEW IDEAS
TINY 2 STORY
THAT ARE
"SWELLERS"

Send 15c Stamps for 32 Very Latest Designs
W. J. KEITH, Arch't, 1500 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Grow **GLADIOLI**

FLOWERS ALL SUMMER FOR $1

There is no flower that is so easily grown and blooms so readily as the Gladiolus. The long spikes are graceful and fascinating in their great array of colors; if cut as first flower opens and placed in water, the flowers develop for a week, even to the last bud. Commence planting in April and repeat at 10-day intervals until end of June, and you will have flowers until late Autumn. Leaflet "How to Grow" included in each order.

"Homewood' Gladiolus

60 Fine Bulbs, Many Kinds Mixed FOR $1.00. MAILED FREE to customers within fourth postal zone (600 miles) from Chicago or New York. **For further zones add 16 cents in stamps.**

144-page colored catalogue mailed FREE everywhere.

Vaughan's Seed Store
31-D Randolph Street CHICAGO
41-D Barclay Street NEW YORK

money bill in history, is submitted to the House. It is estimated that the proposed legislation will produce $6,070,000,000 in taxes.

Federal troops from Camp Lewis, near Seattle, are reported quartered in Seattle and Tacoma, in connection with the general strike of 45,000 union men, in sympathy with 25,000 shipyard workers who walked out on January 21, to enforce demands for higher wages.

Two million railway employees, representing, they say, with their families, eight million persons, are in favor of a plan which, reports Washington, will be presented to Congress to-morrow, recommending Government ownership of the railroads and their operation by a corporation formed from the employees and run upon a cooperative basis.

February 7.—Efforts to settle the general strike, called in sympathy with the striking ship-builders which has tied up Seattle for two days, have failed, say reports from that city. Mayor Ole Hanson notifies the unions he will put the city under Federal control in order to insure industries and all law-abiding citizens of ample protection.

The Clyde Steamship Company decides to suspend the operation of three of its coastwise lines to South-Atlantic ports. "The high wages, afloat and ashore, the high cost of fuel, and the inefficiency of labor" are given as reasons for the suspension.

The Central Federated Union of New York City adopts a resolution to submit to the affiliated bodies the question whether they are to go on strike in opposition to prohibition. The Essex Trades Council, which represents 75,000 trade-unionists in Essex County, N. J., has unanimously adopted a resolution "to resist the enforcement of this unanimously condemned and fanatical law." Buttons inscribed "No Beer, No Work," are being worn by trade-unionists in Newark, N. J.

Butte, Montana, reports that the copper-miners have voted to go on strike in protest against the wage reduction in the copper-mines. The wage scale put into effect is $4.75, a reduction of one dollar a day from the recent scale. The I. W. W. men are demanding a six-hour day and a $6 wage scale.

February 8.—The general sympathetic strike, says a dispatch from Seattle, now includes 60,000 workers. Business houses are beginning to reopen. The municipally owned street cars are operating, and a few cars from a private traction company's barn made trips without molestation.

By a vote of 310 to 11 the $6,000,000,000 Revenue Bill passes the House of Representatives.

Mass-meetings of workingmen will be held in every city and State throughout the nation, it is reported in New York City, to mark the beginning of labor's protest against prohibition.

February 9.—Roosevelt Memorial day is observed throughout the United States, in European capitals, and by American troops in Germany and France.

President Wilson is burned in effigy by militant suffragists in front of the White House, says a dispatch from Washington. Forty-seven women, many of them socially prominent, were arrested and, refusing to give bail, are held in the district jail until to-morrow when they will be sentenced.

Butte, Montana, reports the formation of *Soviets* by I. W. W.'s and other groups. The strikers are said to be creating a a semimilitary organization fashioned after the Russian Red Guards.

The general strike at Tacoma, Washington, says a dispatch from that city, has been called off by the general strike committee.

In Seattle about 60,000 workers continue their strike.

A sympathetic strike is called for February 10 in the allied building trades throughout the country. It is expected to affect 85,000 men and to tie up more than 120 construction jobs throughout the United States, many of them contracts for the Government. The strike is declared only against employers who are members of the Building Trades [Employers' Association, which numbers about 800 firms. A lockout by a New York employer is blamed by the union-leaders, who ask that the case be put before the War Labor Board.

The Central Labor Union of Brooklyn, New York, with a membership of 150,000, according to an announcement by its president, has "entered the lists with numerous other labor bodies fighting prohibition."

February 10.—The woman-suffrage amendment is again defeated in the United States Senate, one vote being lacking to secure the necessary two-thirds.

Secretary Glass asks Congress to increase the amount of Liberty bonds authorized but unissued to approximately $10,000,000,000, and to give him broad powers to determine the interest-rate and other terms of the Victory Liberty Loan, to be floated late in April.

Action on the President's three-year naval program, attacked as a "bluff" to be used at the peace table, is prevented in the House of Representatives by a point of order raised by the Republican leader, James R. Mann.

A clean-up to rid the country of aliens with criminal records, or who on account of their radical records are regarded as a menace to the nation, is under way, says a dispatch from Chicago. Sixty-six "undesirables," forty-one of whom are from Seattle, five from Chicago, and the others from various cities, are on their way to New York to be deported to the countries whence they came. Another car-load, consisting of those who have records as "persistent agitators," says the Chicago report, will be sent forward within a few days.

United States Regulars use bayonets to disperse a meeting of I. W. W. and returned soldiers in Butte, Montana. Two men and one woman are reported wounded. The participation of many returned soldiers in uniform on the side of the strikers is reported.

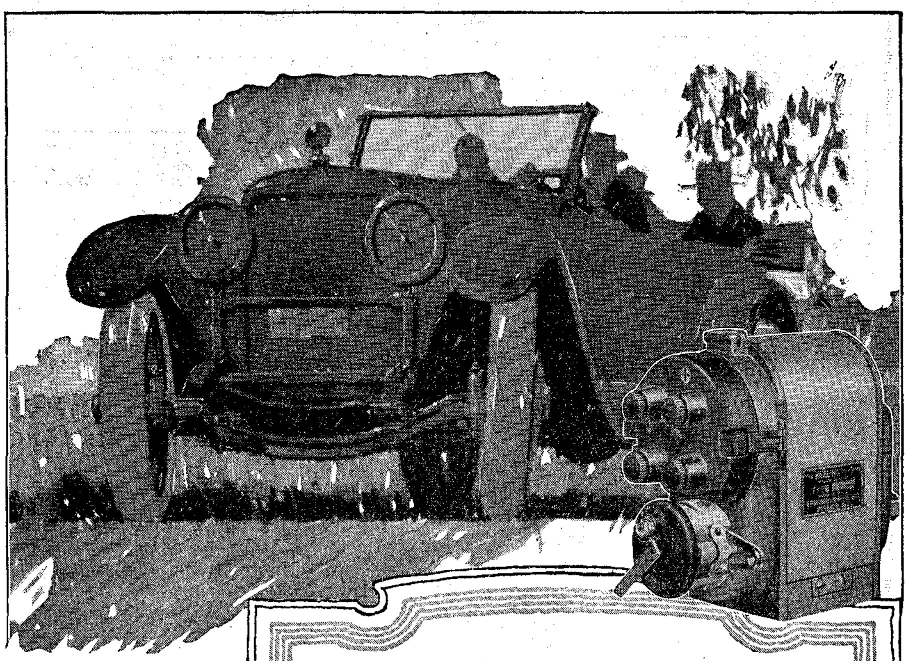
Seattle's general strike, the first of its kind ever attempted in the United States, is called off by the general strike committee.

The loom-fixers employed in the mills of Lawrence, Mass., vote to accept the manufacturers' offer of forty-eight hours' pay for a forty-eight hour week.

Strike-breakers are employed by the Turner Construction Co. on a $45,000,000 Government contract in Brooklyn, New York, to break the strike of the union carpenters. The unions retaliate by ordering out other workers whose number when the order is effected will, it is said, increase the total number of strikers throughout the country to 150,000.

A Falling Market.—"I'll give you two dollars for this anecdote about President Wilson," said the editor.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the hack writer. "You gave me four dollars for that anecdote when it was about President Taft."—*Boston Transcript.*



Why the Mercer standardized on the Berling Magneto

In the great war—more American airplanes were sparked by Berlings than by any other ignition.

The Mercer Company's choice of the Berling is significant—

It is simply in line with their standard of excellence for everything that goes into the Mercer car.

And their official tests of the Berling proved this magneto to be:—

1st. Absolutely dependable.

2nd. Very simple in construction, and practically trouble-proof.

3rd. Possessed of a hot, fat, power-making spark.

ERICSSON MANUFACTURING CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Berling Magneto
WORTH MORE DOES MORE

ESTABLISHED 1865

One of the Best Industrial Investments Ever Offered

6¼% to 6½%

First Mortgage Bonds of $500 and $1,000 denominations.

Assets nearly five times entire loan.

Annual net earnings in excess of 50% amount of bond issue.

Business well established and output largely sold ahead.

Product is one of our most important necessities.

Send for Circular No. 1023R

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1865)
10 South La Salle St.
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ESTABLISHED 1865

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and np which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. $25 Certificates of Deposits also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans

Partial Payment Suggestions

$100 Anglo French 5% Bond due 1920.
$100 So. Pac.-San Francisco Terminal 4% 1950.
$100 N. Y. New Haven and H. 6% 1948.
$100 Virginian Railway 5% 1962.
$100 Amer. Tel. & Tel. collateral trust 5% 1946.

How these securities rank as investments and how they may be bought on the Partial Payment Plan, described in our Circular M-9.

"Partial Payment Suggestions"

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
61 Broadway, N.Y.

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

HOW POOR A YEAR 1918 WAS FOR BUILDING

WHILE 1918 was a poor year for the building trades, the same was true of 1917, "when high-priced materials, scarce money, deficiency of labor, and railroad and water route congestion operated to reduce the volume greatly," says *Bradstreet's*. But there was still a difference in the two years. Building was classed as "a non-essential industry" in 1917, but it was "a proscribed pursuit last year, that is, until late in the autumn, when the advanced stage of the season and conditions as to money, material, and labor made any rally from earlier dulness absolutely impossible." December's total of building was, in fact, the poorest not only for 1918 but for any month since *Bradstreet's* first instituted building reports. As with the month so with the entire year, which was "the poorest there is any record of since any considerable number of cities began compiling building figures." These conclusions refer, says *Bradstreet's*, only "to what might be called ordinary civilian building, as distinct from ship, cantonment, and warehouse construction for the Government, which was large as it was in 1917, but for which exact statistics are not available." Further facts are set forth:

"The total value of building done in ordinary civilian lines in 1918 at 154 cities was $406,384,067, as against $690,090,564 in 1917, a decrease of 41.1 per cent. from 1917, which year in turn showed a decrease from the $1,000,000,000 construction value of 1916, the record year, of about 29 per cent. Compared with the 1916 construction, the 1918 total, allowing for the slightly smaller number of cities reporting, is about 59 per cent. short. For the purpose of giving a precise measure of the building comparisons over a period of years, the following table, showing the aggregate expenditures at 120 identical cities for ten years past, will be found interesting:

1909	$888,114,741	1914	$728,801,072
1910	846,991,622	1915	763,343,811
1911	824,147,884	1916	919,435,203
1912	879,094,308	1917	633,483,813
1913	814,509,360	1918	372,793,978

"It will be seen that 1918 construction was less than half that for seven of the past nine years. Following is the usual two-year comparison at 154 cities in permits and values:

	No. of Cities	No. of Permits 1918	Values 1918	1918 Compared with 1917 Permits	1918 Compared with 1917 Values
New England	25	12,150	$33,152,440	D 33.2	D 53.3
Middle	29	41,898	108,485,805	D 24.1	D 45.6
Western	22	43,043	70,880,765	D 19.0	D 47.6
Northwest	17	16,700	74,294,146	D 26.8	D 37.7
Southwest	14	16,693	27,075,828	I 8.5	D 33.0
Southern	25	19,889	33,228,950	D 21.7	D 37.3
Far-Western	22	47,028	59,266,133	I 13.9	D 16.4
Total U. S.	154	197,401	$406,384,067	D 15.0	D 41.1
Canada	11	11,817	27,981,204	I 6.9	I 20.5

"Every group of cities, it will be seen, showed a decrease in value of construction, ranging from a 53.3 per cent. drop in New England to 47 and 45 per cent. decreases in the Western and Middle groups respectively, 37 per cent. decreases in the Northwest and South, 33 per cent. loss in the Southwest, and 16.4 per cent. loss in the far West. In the matter of permits more irregularity is shown, the Southwestern and far-Western groups reporting gains, while the rest showed decreases, due largely to a certain gain in small construction caused by housing movements and other means of providing for large populations drawn to war-work centers.

"As an example of the falling off in building values noted in the past two years, the following figures of total value of construction in four of the five boroughs of Greater New York for a period of years will be of interest:

1918	$53,214,767	1915	$169,144,499
1917	100,430,547	1914	130,338,608
1916	215,567,675	1909	264,565,919

"If these figures indicate anything at all, they would seem to point to a banking up of potential building activity which should seek expression if, when and as labor, material, and financial conditions should render advisable. The following list of twenty leading cities shows the tendency toward decreased values, only four gaining while sixteen declined from 1917 in percentage:

New York	D 47.0	Washington	D 44.9
Chicago	D 46.0	Buffalo	D 33.3
Detroit	D 56.0	Portland, Ore	I 69.7
Cleveland	D 46.4	Boston, Mass	D 74.3
Philadelphia	D 54.7	Milwaukee	D 45.9
Seattle	I 61.1	St. Louis	D 43.2
St. Paul	I 40.2	Kansas City, Mo	D 44.5
Los Angeles	D 49.1	Minneapolis	D 41.7
Pittsburg	D 30.7	Jersey City	I 40.3
San Francisco	D 49.0	Cincinnati	D 42.0

"Following is the summary of building expenditures, monthly, quarterly, and yearly, for thirty-six months past:

	1917	1916	Change per cent.
Jan., 160 cities	$57,709,936	$55,773,061	I 3.4
Feb., 161 cities	55,588,805	55,763,235	D .3
Mar., 161 cities	83,731,089	86,308,283	D 2.9
First quarter	$197,029,830	$197,844,579	D .4
April, 161 cities	$83,841,929	$93,179,332	D 10.2
May, 162 cities	75,935,961	116,321,767	D 34.7
June, 162 cities	65,541,223	97,826,327	D 33.0
Second quarter	$225,319,113	$307,327,426	D 26.6
Six months	$422,348,943	$505,172,005	D 16.3
July, 161 cities	$59,286,893	$117,207,687	D 49.4
Aug., 162 cities	51,000,972	77,218,540	D 33.9
Sept., 161 cities	53,942,091	70,729,034	D 23.7
Third quarter	$164,229,956	$265,155,261	D 38.0
Nine months	$586,578,899	$770,327,266	D 23.8
Oct., 162 cities	$45,944,061	$86,763,158	D 47.0
Nov., 162 cities	45,473,037	74,421,685	D 38.9
Dec., 162 cities	32,665,366	72,583,774	D 55.0
Fourth quarter	$124,082,464	$233,768,617	D 46.9
Twelve months	$710,661,363	$1,004,095,883	D 29.1
	1918	1917	
Jan., 162 cities	$26,993,051	$57,792,513	D 53.3
Feb., 162 cities	28,925,617	55,700,681	D 48.0
Mar., 162 cities	39,311,313	84,809,835	D 53.6
First quarter	$95,229,981	$198,303,029	D 52.0
April, 162 cities	$51,608,700	$84,071,540	D 38.6
May, 162 cities	49,966,614	75,935,900	D 34.2
June, 161 cities	45,294,793	64,912,892	D 30.2
Second quarter	$146,870,107	$222,598,532	D 35.0
Six months	$242,076,138	$423,105,076	D 42.7
July, 162 cities	$43,948,112	$59,636,858	D 26.3
August, 162 cities	43,088,649	51,695,649	D 16.4
Sept., 161 cities	33,674,518	48,619,165	D 30.7
Third quarter	$120,711,279	$159,951,672	D 24.5
Nine months	$362,787,417	$583,056,748	D 37.8
Oct., 162 cities	$23,741,522	$45,484,922	D 47.8
Nov., 162 cities	18,916,538	45,574,972	D 58.5
Dec., 154 cities	17,367,604	30,832,066	D 43.6
Fourth quarter	$60,025,664	$121,891,960	D 51.2
Twelve months	$422,813,081	$704,948,708	D 40.0

THE FUTURE OF THE RAILROAD LEVEL OF WAGES

Official figures assembled in Washington show that between 1917 and 1918 the average rate of pay for all railway employees was increased from $1,000 to something between $1,400 and $1,500. The increases added a total of $900,000,000 to the annual pay-roll of the companies. They make a larger sum than the returns made on the capital and invested in the roads. In detail, a writer says in *The Wall Street Journal:*

"These figures include additions to the pay-roll on account of both advances in the wage-scale and increase in number of employees. The latter has been a comparatively small factor. Before the Senate Committee and in private conversation, railroad executives, shippers, and their counsel, and members of Congress have all conceded that no general or extensive reduction of railroad wages in the near future was possible. R. C. Fulbright, speaking for the most militantly aggressive shippers in the country, those of Texas, told the committee that the shippers did not desire to see railroad wages brought down and intimated that they were correspondingly reconciled to the present general level of rates established by Director-General McAdoo. When the brotherhoods appear before the committee, they are going not only to serve notice that the present wage scale shall be confirmed as a minimum, but also to demand that the employees shall have equal representation with the owners of the roads and the general public in regional boards of management, or the boards of directors of regional operating companies. It may be inferred that they support Senator Cummins's plan to divorce management from ownership.

"Assuming an average wage on the railroads between $1,400 and $1,500, it is instructive to note that this average is substantially higher than that for the brotherhoods alone at the time they began the memorable fight of 1916, which culminated in the passage of the Adamson Law. The average for train-crews was then $1,250, for all other employees between $600 and $700, and for all employees around $890. In two years, therefore, the average wage of all railroad-workers has been increased about 68 per cent. For a great many of them the proportion of increase has been far greater, because about one-fourth of the men, and those the better-paid classes who man the trains, have got much less out of the past year's readjustment than the others. This the Lane commission considered equable because the train-crews had received an increase of approximately 25 per cent. through the Adamson Law, dating from January 1, 1918.

"The brotherhoods have refused to abide by this equalizing process and months ago made their demands for an upward revision. An award will be made them about March 1, amounting probably to not less than $60,000,000. Company executives say it will work out nearer $100,000,000.

"Official calculations of the wage increases have been delayed and confused by the fact that different awards have been retroactive to different dates. But they have steadily tended to confirm the estimate of railroad executives that the awards already granted effect increases totaling $900,000,000 for a full year's accrual. If the brotherhoods get $100,000,000, railroad wages will have been increased by a round billion a year. That is, the men will have obtained from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 more in additions to their previous pay than the entire annual payment to the owners of the railroads as income upon their investment. The latter is frequently referred to in round numbers as $20,000,000,000. On that valuation the war-time return allowed by the Government is less than 5 per cent. It stands on the books

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THE booklet of investment offerings published every month by our BOND DEPARTMENT is of interest to bond buyers of all classes:

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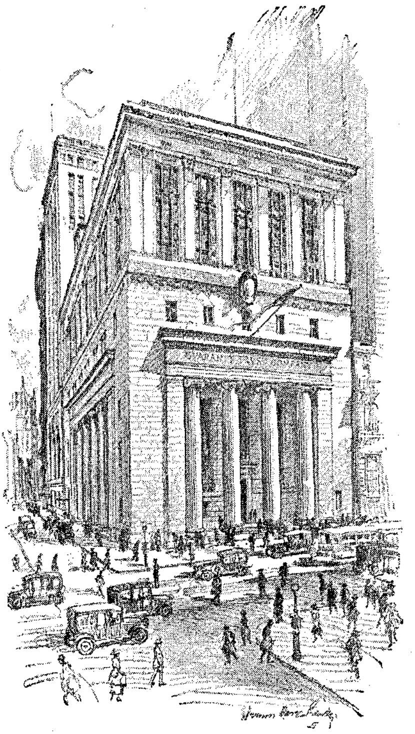

This booklet lists and describes various Government, municipal, railroad, public utility, and industrial bonds and notes yielding from about 3½% to about 7%.

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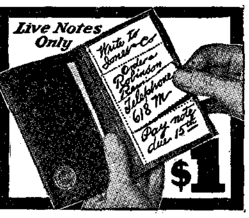

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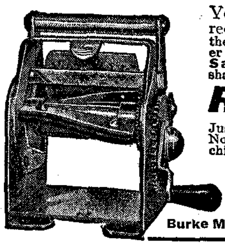

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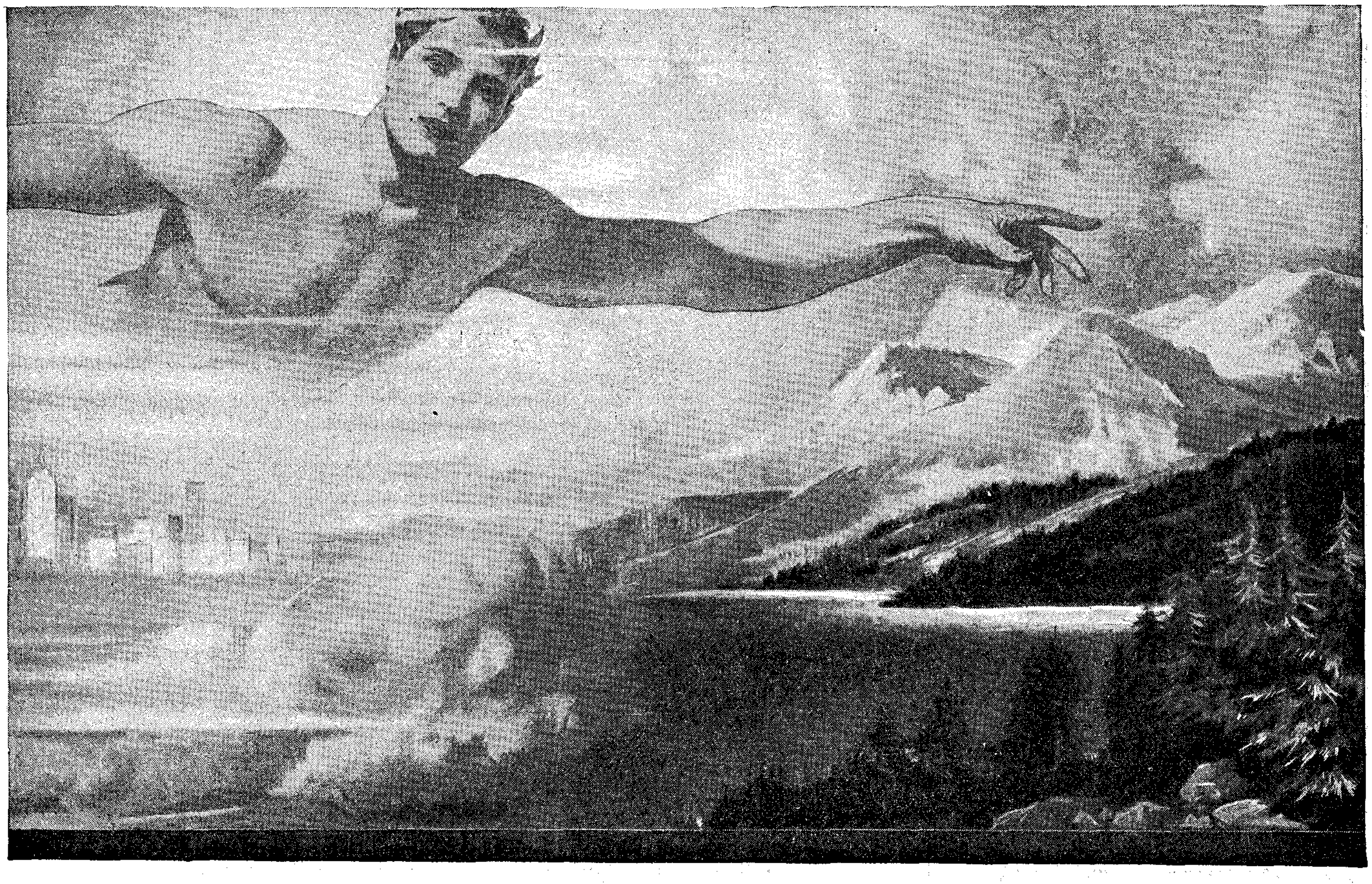

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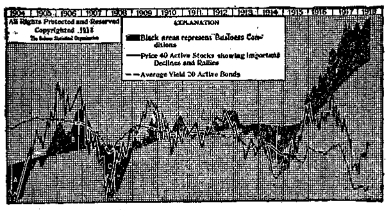

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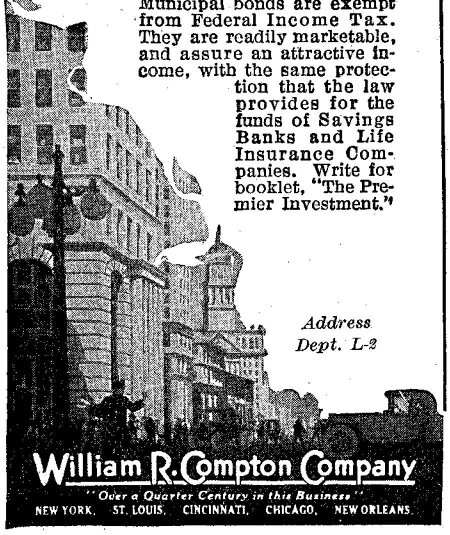

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as approximately $18,000,000,000. The Federal compensation (not yet officially determined) is around $930,000,000, or 5.16 per cent.

"The owners were paid the average income of three previous years, not in addition to anything, but as full war-time compensation for the use of their property. The men were given more than the same amount in addition to what they were getting before the Government stept in. If they had asked for the property and got it, they would be no better off, indeed, not as well off, as they are. It is not intended to raise any question as to the justice of these wage-adjustments, but only to make clear what has been done and to point out the impossibility of expecting a reduction in railroad freight-rates or passenger-fares while these wages prevail. If any one in Washington thinks that railroad wages should be reduced or are going to be in the near future, he is keeping his opinions to himself. The most any one suggests in that direction is an ultimate change to a somewhat lower basis, accompanying a general readjustment of prices during the next two or three years."

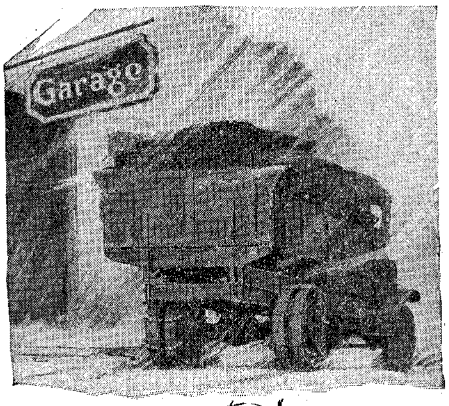
GERMANY'S BILL FOR THE WAR, AND THE FOOD-SITUATION

According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the war's cost to Germany includes, besides the public loans floated, "at least $10,000,000,000 of borrowed money," to be classed as floating debt. As to Germany's last war-loan, the writer notes that Rudolph Havenstein, president of the Imperial Bank of Germany, has declared that the amount subscribed to that loan, which was the ninth, was $2,609,000,000, of which 93.14 per cent. had been paid. This, says *The Journal*, "would be about $1,000,000,000 less than the amount raised in the eighth war-loan floated last spring." Moreover,

"Defeat was almost upon Germany when the last loan was being raised and the Government had great difficulty in floating it. It would be interesting to know how much of the amount said to have been raised represents genuine subscriptions. If the truth were known probably a large portion was forced, or was artificial in some way, for, considering the circumstances and the great demoralization that must have been prevalent throughout Germany at the time, the figure seems considerable. It is known that the Reichsbank has been issuing an enormous amount of paper money lately. Between October 1 and November 23, about $1,250,000,000 of emergency money had been issued by the Reichsbank and the various note-issuing institutions.

"That there must be a tremendous part of Germany's war-debt not represented by the public loans is indicated by the aggregate of the votes of credit passed by the Reichstag during the course of the war. Including the ninth war-loan, the total loans issued amount to $23,300,000,000. But the votes of credit aggregate at least $33,000,000,000. The last vote, for $3,750,000,000, was passed June 23 last, and it is to be supposed that the Government fully made use of this credit during the four months that elapsed before the collapse of the German Empire.

"There is a difference, therefore, of about $10,000,000,000 between the public loans and the votes of credit. This may represent funds raised on floating treasury bills which would be held largely by banks, corporations, and moneyed institutions, under more or less compulsion or obligation. At any rate, the above difference is a much greater floating debt than any other large belligerent had outstanding in the war. Great Britain has kept its floating debt of treasury bills in the neighborhood of $5,000,000,000. George Bernard, editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, recently declared that at the end of the war Germany would



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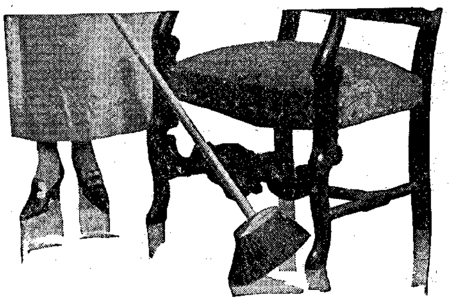

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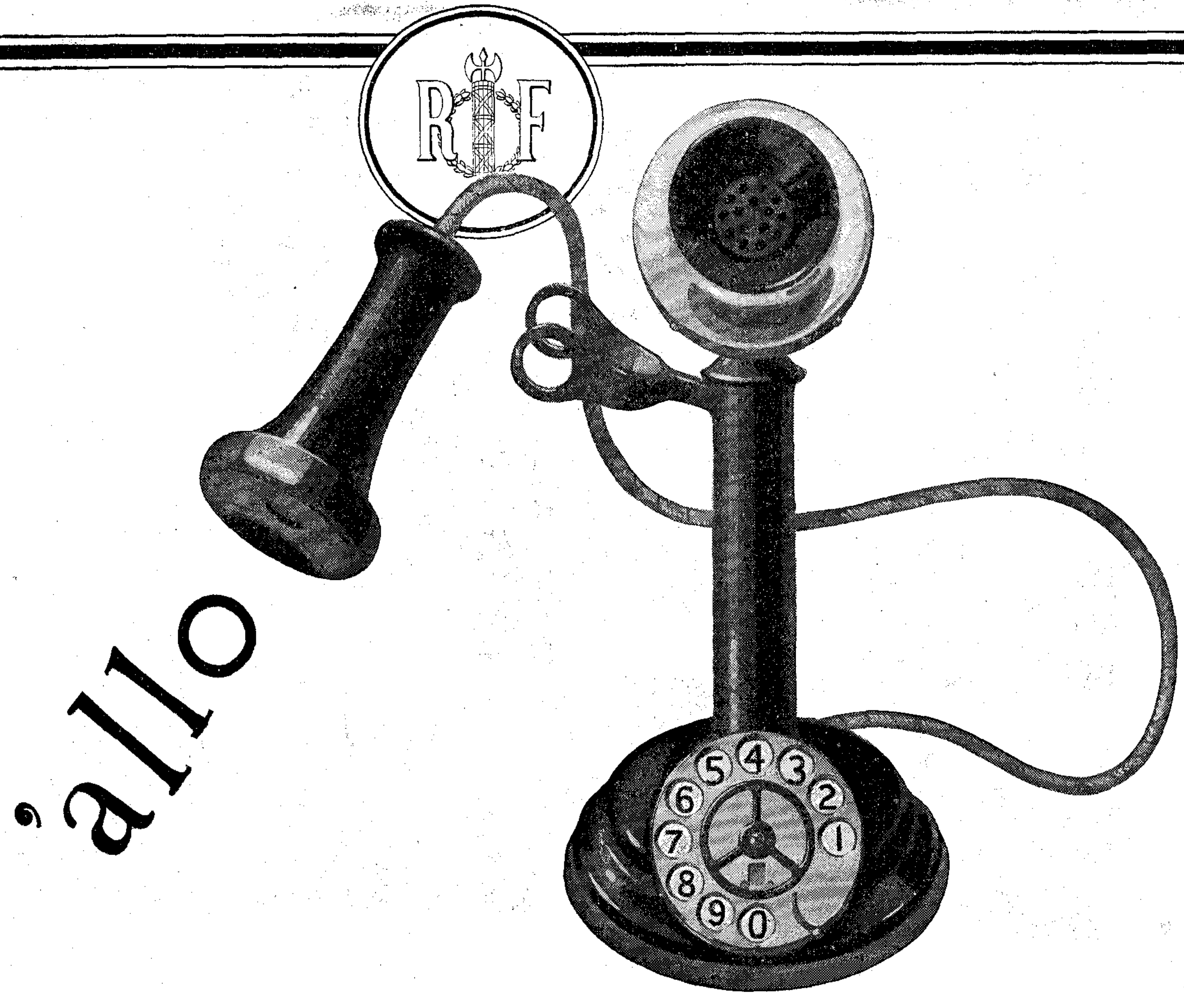

It is their pronunciation of the American hello—that French telephone greeting. They adopted it probably because their first telephones came from America. And just as Britain and Italy, Australia and Argentina, Cuba and Canada, so also France still looks to America for telephone progress. French engineers were quick to recognize the advantages of the Automatic and before the war they had already begun to equip their cities with the Automatic system. During the war all public improvements were halted, but even though cities could not continue to better their telephone service by installing Automatic equipment, great business institutions—munition plants, engine works, banks, stores and offices—were able to speed up production and accomplish more with fewer workers through the use of the P. A. X.—The Private Automatic Exchange.

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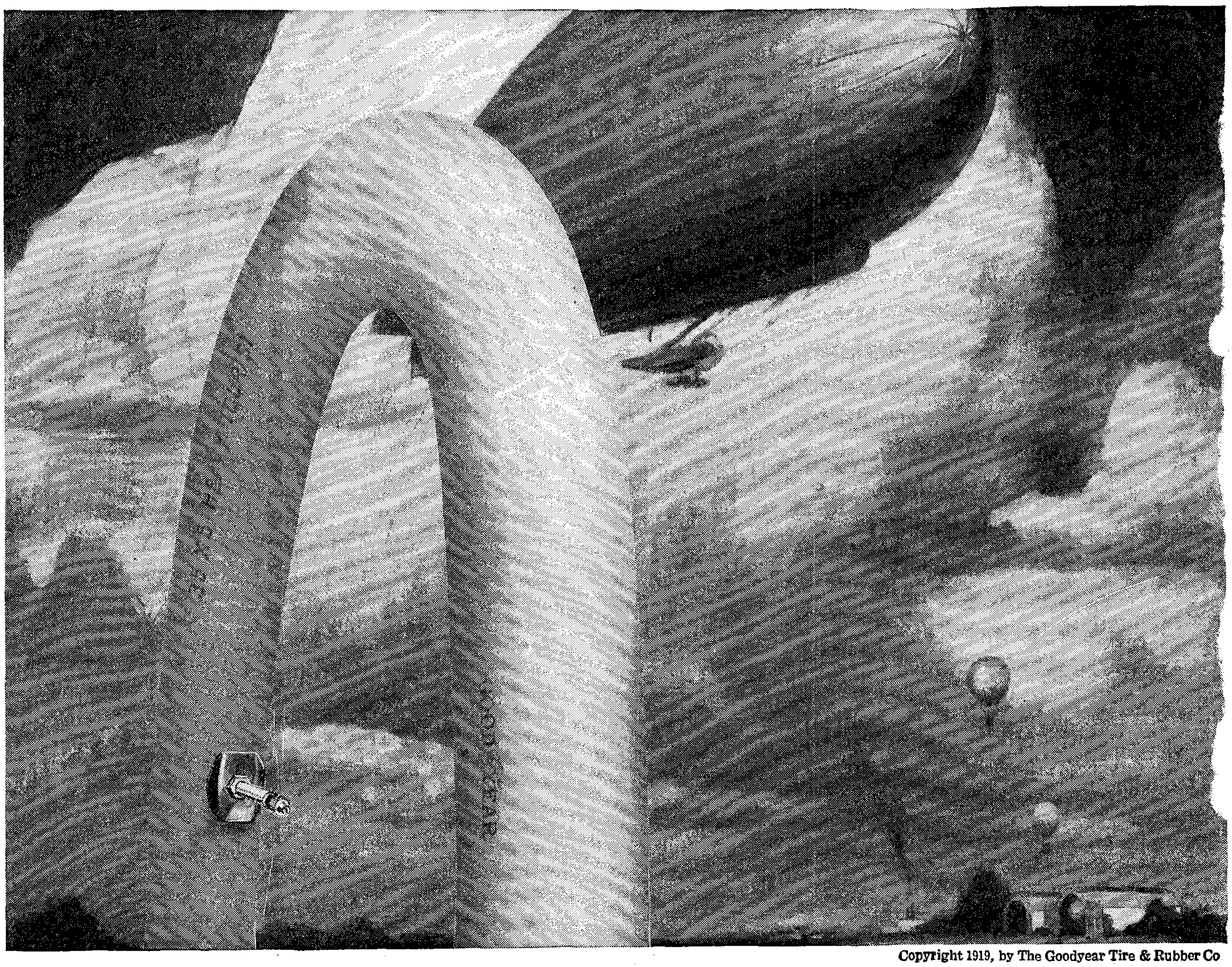

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There is sound basis for such assertion. Both tubes and gas bags present problems of inflation.

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But it has been conclusively established that stout, light fabric, impregnated with rubber and *built-up layer-upon-layer*, forms the most practical container for this elusive gas.

Is it not quite logical, therefore, that this same *built-up* principle of construction should be successfully applied to tubes whose sole function it is to hold air?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are built on this principle and their valve-patch is *vulcanized-in*. Built up as they are with several plies of pure gum, they are the best air containers we know of.

There are thousands of passenger-car owners who use Heavy Tourist Tubes exclusively, gladly paying the slightly added cost in the firm belief that they thus protect and get more mileage from their tires.

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probably have a debt of 150,000,000,000 marks, as against 5,000,000,000 before the war. This is another apparent indication of a very large floating debt, as the actual war-loans scarcely amount to 100,000,000,000 marks. Following is a record of the amounts subscribed and the number of subscribers, where known, for the nine German war-loans:

Loan	*Issue*	*Amount*	*Subscribers*
	September, 1914	$1,030,000,000	1,267,235
	February-March, 1915	2,094,000,000	2,691,060
	September, 1915	2,797,000,000	3,966,418
	March, 1916	2,476,000,000	5,279,645
	September-October, 1916	2,460,000,000	3,809,976
	March-April, 1917	3,253,000,000	6,768,082
	September-October, 1917	2,904,000,000	5,213,373
	April, 1918	3,690,000,000	
	October-November, 1918	2,609,000,000	

George Renwick, one of the regular war-correspondents of the New York *Times*, in a dispatch from Amsterdam, says that as regards the economic state of Germany, he has learned some striking details "from an observer who has been closely watching the course of events," among them these:

"Should the war-loans be honored, the interest charge would involve an increase in taxation over the last peace budget of about $3,500,000,000. The handsome surplus previously yielded by the Prussian State railways has now disappeared and the result of working the railways is more likely to be a deficit. The financial situation is aggravated by the loss of the feeling of security. A traveler who recently returned from Berlin tells me that money is now worth only a day's purchase, as no one knows what may happen the following day. With no incentive to save, the people are indulging in a wild orgy of expenditure, determined to enjoy money while they have it.

"As evidence of the state of affairs regarding raw materials with which Germany is faced, my informant gave me the following figures about iron ore: In order to produce her annual product of some 14,000,000 tons of iron, Germany required 50,000,000 tons of ore. Her own output of ore, exclusive of that from Alsace, amounted to only about 8,000,000 tons, the difference having to be imported mainly from France, Luxemburg, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Tunis, and Algeria, while about 1,000,000 tons were obtained from Alsace.

"With the French and French-controlled markets closed against her, and Luxemburg probably lost to the German Customs Union, Germany will be hard put to it to find raw material to feed her furnaces. The effect is felt already at Krupp's, whose employees have been reduced from 20,000 to 10,000. It must be remembered that Germany's purchasing power is heavily reduced because of the fall in the mark, which now equals about one-third of its normal value.

"As regards food, my informant, who followed the Food Dictator's announcements and distribution-cards for a period of two years, tells me that these cards entitle people to only one-fifth of the nourishment considered necessary by scientists, and the supplies authorized by the cards are not always forthcoming. Prior to the war Berlin consumed about 00,000 liters of milk per day, while the supply now available is only some 180,000 liters. Practically there has been no milk, butter, eggs, or cheese for months past. The sugar-ration per person is now a pound and a half per month, that of potatoes about seven pounds per week, bread—and that very bad—half a pound daily, with, until lately, twenty grams of fat per day. But fat has now practically disappeared. With the Russian food-supplies lost to her, with home-production of food reduced to one-sixth of the previous output, and with the potato crop left to be frost-bitten in the ground owing to lack of labor, it can be said that Germany's food-supplies have really broken down. Her potato-supply will last only a few weeks, her cereals only until February.

"How this has affected the population can be gathered from the following statistics, prepared by the old régime, but only lately made available: In 1917 the mortality rate for the whole of Germany was 32 per cent. higher than for 1913, and for only the first three-quarters of 1918, 34 per cent. higher. In towns having populations of over 15,000, deaths from tuberculosis amounted in 1913 to 40,334 and in only the first half of 1918 to 41,800. Deaths from respiratory troubles amounted in 1913 to 46,000; in 1917 to 61,000; and in only the first half of 1918 to 34,500. These statistics do not contain the very large number of deaths from the Spanish sickness."

OUR FUTURE BURDEN OF BOND INTEREST

After the Victory Loan has been taken up in April, or May, this year, it is estimated that the interest money to be paid annually by this country will reach $1,100,000,000. That amount has been arrived at through calculations made by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, of New York. It will be a sum "fifty times greater than the nation's interest obligations of two years ago, and will exceed by $100,000,000 the combined interest payments of all European Powers in 1913, the year before the war." But this sum represents not more than one-third of the taxes the American people will be called upon to pay, because, added to the interest on war-bonds, the Government's normal running expenses will require direct and indirect tax payments of more than two billion dollars next year. Large as this amount is, however, it is below what any of the large European nations will be obliged to impose on their people in taxes. Payments will be required in Great Britain amounting to $3,400,000,000. Entirely apart from indemnity payments, at least an equal amount will be required of the German people. French people will have to contribute taxes of more than three billion dollars for the nation's support. The writer adds:

"If we make no allowance for indemnities to be received, France apparently will require upward of 40 per cent. of her people's peace-time income, as that income was formerly figured, to meet the interest obligations and upkeep expenses of the nation in 1920. Russia apparently will require more than 45 per cent. of her people's income, as that income was figured prior to the war. Before meeting any indemnity obligations, Austria-Hungary will require 48 per cent. and Germany 31 per cent."

On the basis of annual peace-time income as it was figured in 1913 (when inflation and other war-conditions had not come to confound the national currencies) the following table sets the people's total income against their prospective taxation in 1920 (000 omitted):

	Annual Income	*Taxes 1920*	*Cent.*
United States	$40,000,000	$2,100,000	5.2
Great Britain	12,000,000	3,400,000	28.3
France	7,500,000	3,000,000	40.0
Russia	7,000,000	3,200,000	45.5
Italy	4,250,000	1,100,000	26.0
Entente Allies	$70,750,000	$12,800,000	18.1
Germany	11,000,000	3,400,000	30.9
Austria-Hungary	5,000,000	2,400,000	48.9
Teutonic nations	$16,000,000	$5,800,000	36.3
Total, all	$86,750,000	$18,600,000	21.4

A glance at the above figures will be comforting to American tax-payers, with its indication of only 5.2 per cent. to come out of incomes for taxes. The writer of the bank's bulletin believes that circumstances will meanwhile contribute to increasing the people's income, and thus will lessen the burden of taxes. "A significant thing about all proposals that look to overcoming the future burdens of war-debts," it observes, "is that they are essentially economic rather than financial."

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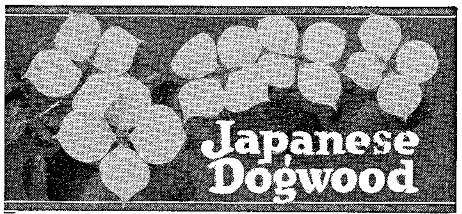

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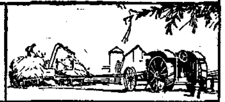
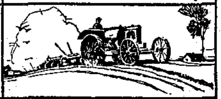
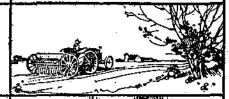
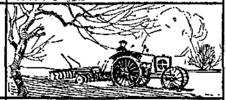
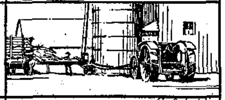
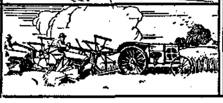
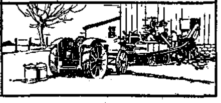
PARRETT Tractor Calendar

JANUARY Corn-shelling, feed-grinding, baling, stump-pulling, wood-sawing, hauling, logging and ice-harvesting.		**JULY** Harvesting, threshing, plowing, baling, discing.	
FEBRUARY Corn-shelling, baling, feed-grinding, wood-sawing, stalk-breaking and stone crushing.		**AUGUST** Plowing, pulverizing, discing, threshing, baling, corn harvesting.	
MARCH Plowing, discing, rolling wheat, dragging roads, stump pulling and dragging corn shocks.		**SEPTEMBER** Seeding, threshing, silo-filling, haying, hauling, harvesting.	
APRIL Plowing, discing, seeding, road-building, stump-pulling, manure-spreading.		**OCTOBER** Plowing, seeding, baling, clover hulling.	
MAY Plowing, discing, road-dragging, harrowing corn, cultivating corn.		**NOVEMBER** Corn-husking, plowing, clover hulling.	
JUNE Road-dragging, harvesting, haying, hauling, baling.		**DECEMBER** Corn-shelling, hauling, feed-grinding, corn-shredding, straw-baling, stump-pulling.	

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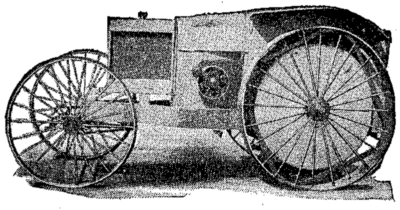

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Not a Colyum.—"Did you see Trajan's Column when you were in Rome?"

"Read it every morning."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Vice in Advice.—Advice is the most worthless commodity in the world. Those who might profit by it don't need it, and those who do need it won't profit by it—if they could, they wouldn't need it.—*Life.*

Feminine.—"My husband is so jealous."

"How absurd!"

"Why, isn't yours?"

"Of course not."

"How humiliating!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A Tip for the League of Nations.—Paderewski is going to be the President of Poland. Then, why not place John McCormack, the Irish sweet singer, at the head of the population of the Emerald Isle, and elect Caruso President of Italy? Thus might harmony be established in Europe.—*New York Globe.*

The First Food-Monopolist.—"This ought to make life easy from now on," remarked Noah as the ark landed.

"To what do you refer?" inquired Japhet.

"Our monopoly of eggs, butter, milk, beef, etc., with not a soul on earth to start an investigation."—*Washington Star.*

Too Much.—THE AUTHOR—"Ha! so you have been in the trenches. Then, of course, you will delight in reading my latest book, entitled 'Ten Days on the Western Front.' It is only—"

And then the man who had really been there calmly wiped the gore from his bayonet and replaced it in the scabbard.—*Life.*

Legs at Bargain Rates.—OLD LADY (to severely wounded soldier)—"Poor man, have you lost your leg?"

TOMMY—"Yes, mum."

OLD LADY—"Oh, poor fellow! Do have an apple."

TOMMY (to his chum, when the old lady had departed)—"Bill, I think I'll have my other leg off before she comes next week. I might get a banana."—*Tit-Bits.*

The End of an (Aviator's) Perfect Day

When you sit on the edge of a cloud all day,
Holding a map in your hand,
And you search for a spot that is far away
Out there in No Man's Land,
When you see the shrapnel bursting fine,
The four hundred on the way,
And you find you have busted the German line—
It's the end of a perfect day.
—*Stars and Stripes.*

Pride That Went Before a Fall.—Of the innumerable stories told of the ex-Kaiser's vanity, none surpasses one concerning a little incident that took place on board a British war-ship a few years ago. The recently deposed emperor was being entertained at dinner during a visit to the British Fleet, and, when smoking began, took up a cigar and looked round for a cutter. One not being handy, an officer immediately offered him a penknife, which William used and returned with the solemn remark, "Keep it, and guard it well; one day it will be historic."—*The Argonaut.*